THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

In This Number: George Pattullo—Henry Milner Rideout—Irvin S. Cobb Stewart Edward White—Corinne Lowe—Donn Byrne—Samuel G. Blythe

99 Per Cent Efficient, Say 11,000 Owners

Motor	*99.9%*	*Electrical System*	*99.5%*
Transmission	*97. %*	*Rear Axle*	*99.7%*
Clutch	*98. %*	*Frame*	*100. %*

YOU'VE heard, time and again, what a wonderful hold the Hupmobile has on its owners. Eleven thousand of them now tell you why.

The net result is a tribute such as no car has ever had.

Classified and tabulated, these thousands of opinions result in a rating of 99 per cent for Hupmobile efficiency.

Until we cast up the result we did not know what a gold mine of good opinions we had uncovered:

A Gold Mine of Good Opinions

We have encouraged owners of the present model Hupmobile—11,000 out of our total ownership—to be frank in their criticisms, complaints and comments.

The engineering department especially sought evidence covering every unit in the car. They wanted to know the source of any and all troubles the owner might have had.

Motor, transmission, clutch, electrical system, rear axle, frame, etc., etc.—every unit in the car was subject to possible criticism.

Owners' estimates varied, of course. Some had had minor troubles in one part of the car, some in another.

Within One Point of Perfection

But the net result, out of the 11,000, was an overwhelming vote of complete satisfaction. It figured down to an exact 99 per cent of efficiency. In other words, spreading the test over eleven thousand separate standards of merit, the Hupmobile was just one per cent short of perfection.

We never expect to come closer to the goal. No human effort can. We don't think any car other than the Hupmobile ever attained this high peak of popular approval.

Performance Is the Answer

Doesn't this astonishing result make many things clear to you? Doesn't it explain why better than 50 per cent of Hupmobile owners buy the Hupmobile year after year?

Do you understand now why the Hupmobile is known as the best "repeater" on the motor car market?

Isn't it plain why the Hupmobile public has not been won away by multi-cylinder promises?

Performance, of course, is the one and only answer.

In high gear work, for instance, these 11,000 owners know that the Hupmobile daily duplicates—if it doesn't actually outdo—cars that have more cylinders, or cost more money.

In pulling power, and quick getaway, they see nothing under another name that they do not have.

In flexibility, they find themselves relieved of gear-shifting to an amazing extent.

In smooth, steady motor action—in the effortless development of power, the swift response to the throttle—they believe they have the motor car maximum.

The Broadest Service System

In the Hupmobile service system, they know they are getting more than any other car offers: expert inspection, adjustment and care each month for eight months by trained Hupmobile experts at Hupmobile service stations. A service they pay for with coupons which we supply ***free of cost.***

Do you wonder, then, that 11,000 owners vote the Hupmobile 99 per cent efficient?

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

The Mark of Superior H *Motor Car Service*

Five Hupmobile Points for You to Remember

PERFORMANCE—A high-gear performer in the usual low-gear situations—hill-climbing, mud-plugging, city traffic. Flexible to the *nth* degree, with amazing pulling power on high, and instant, smooth acceleration.

COUPON SERVICE—Regularly each month for eight months, free labor, inspections and adjustments at any one of more than 5000 authorized Hupmobile service stations in the United States and Canada.

ECONOMY—In line with the well-known Hupmobile repair cost record of ¼ cent per mile. This is real economy—maintenance economy. Car is easy on tires, fuel and oil.

EFFICIENCY—Eleven thousand owners report the Hupmobile 99 per cent efficient.

REPEAT SALES—Fifty and eight-tenths per cent of the Hupmobile output is sold to Hupmobile owners, because they are completely satisfied with Hupmobile Performance, Service, Economy and Efficiency.

In the United States—Prices f. o. b. Detroit
5-Pass. Touring Car $1185 *Roadster $1185* *7-Pass. Touring Car $1340*
In Canada—Prices f. o. b. Windsor
5-Pass. Touring Car $1650 *Roadster $1650* *7-Pass. Touring Car $1875*

Hupmobile

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AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

FOR the satisfaction of appearing well dressed, and the comfortable feeling and personal pride that accompany well-tailored apparel, let your next suit be Society Brand. For *double satisfaction* buy Society Brand "*Double Service*" Clothes—made of extra fine fabrics.

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Made in Montreal, for Canada, by Society Brand Clothes, Limited

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STRENGTH that none can dispute, power that makes the car climb the steepest hill with comparative ease, endurance that has proved itself a thousand times over—these, with its silent, silken-smooth performance, are features of the Series 17 Studebaker Six, at $1085, that have earned for it the enviable reference as the biggest six-cylinder value the motor-car industry has ever known.
The car is built to give the quality of service that mountain trail and rugged motoring demand. To every call for power, speed and flexibility there comes an immediate response that carries with it the assurance of perfection that can only be linked with the name of Studebaker. To equal this six in power, size and quality of materials, you must pay from $200 to $400 more.
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ONCE A MEXICAN, ALWAYS?

By GEORGE PATTULLO

THE Border question is eighteen hundred miles long, with a different answer for every hundred miles; but there is a phase of it engaging the earnest attention of the military and civil authorities at this moment which the general public hears nothing about. For sufficiently good reasons the soft pedal has always been put on it. With the Mexican population outnumbering the whites two hundred to one in some of our Border counties, what may be expected from them in the event of war?

Perhaps you have wondered recently over the clamorous appeals for more protection and yet more that have been shot at the War Department from towns along the Line, when considerable forces of regulars and the National Guards of the frontier States were already there. It must have seemed to you that they had ample troops to cope with bandit invasions. Then why the furious outcry?

One motive was that some of the local authorities feared what the Mexican element in their communities might do, but for political and business reasons did not dare to come out and say so.

Go into any Border town and ask the mayor how things are going and what the citizens of Mexican blood will probably pull off should intervention finally cap the notes, and he will turn on you a gaze childlike and bland, and say: "Trouble? Why, we never had any trouble round here. Over at Lyford they've had some; but then, what the Sam Hill could you expect? No, sir. All our people are peaceful, and they'd be loyal to Uncle Sam in a pinch."

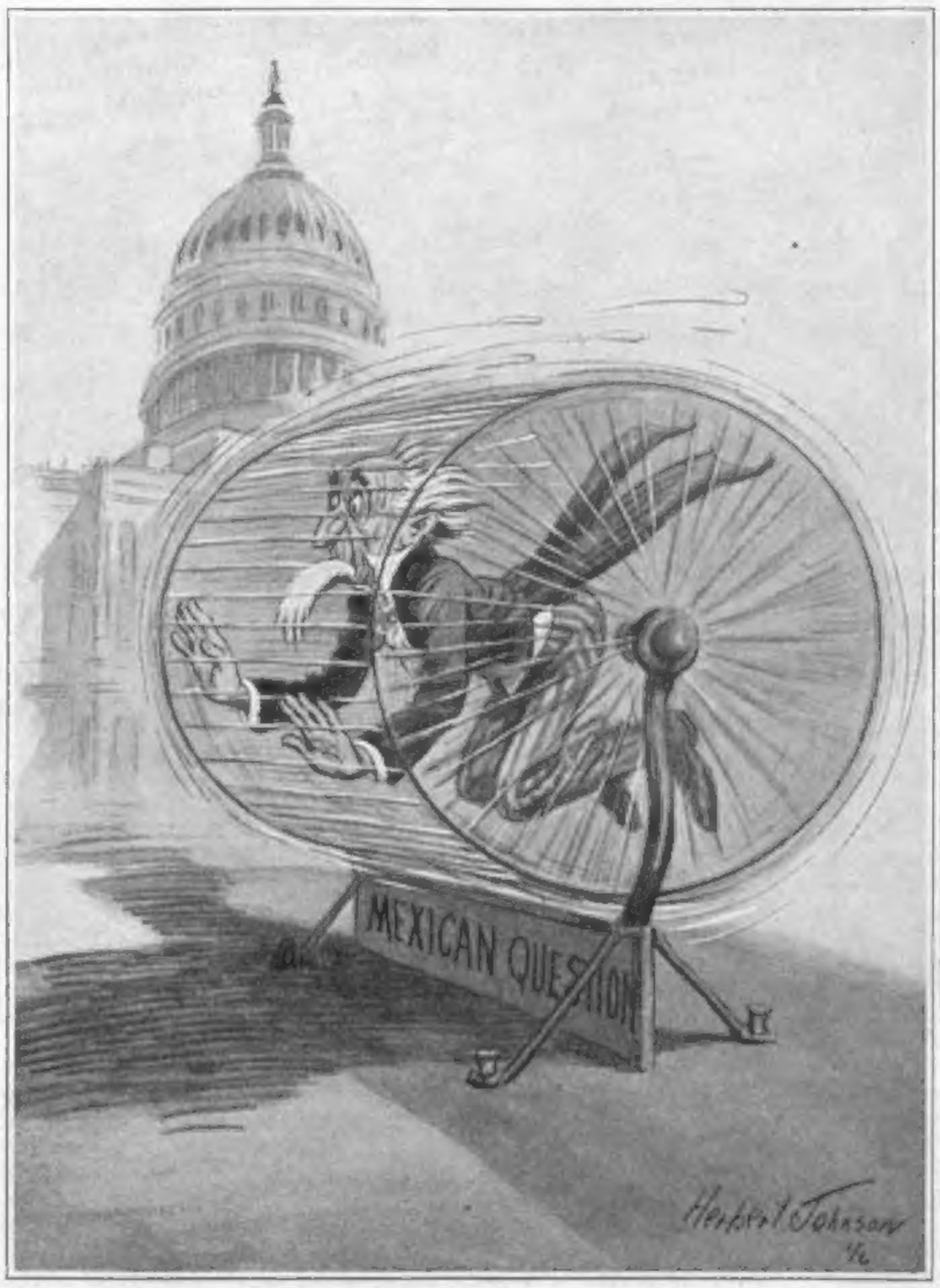
On the Volcano

THEN you sit down and smoke a cigar and swap a few stories, and presently he is softening. After a while he forgets his opening statement and remarks in a confidential tone: "Say, you ought to have been here last Saturday night. The deputies searched some houses on the other side of the tracks and found three thirty-thirties and about a sack of soft-nosed cartridges. Yes, sir; and a couple of knives bigger'n a cleaver. I tell you we have to watch the scoundrels like hawks. If we didn't they'd clean us out some night."

That is the way it goes. A visitor may drop into any small community along the Line and find things as placid as a Southern night, and depart a week later in the firm conviction that the atrocities he has read about in the newspapers were reporters' inventions. Yet all the while dramas and tragedies are being enacted behind the scenes that would curl his hair. Nobody mentions them. Everything is lovely and business is booming, the way they tell it; and they may be sitting above a volcano that will break out any minute. The average resident of the Border is endowed with a steadfast loyalty to his town that would shame a fraternal order. About really significant local happenings he is as secretive as a Mexican witness on the stand. There are matters he will not discuss even with his friends.

For instance, early in July a town was burned. Now that this is past history and the insurance adjusted, many will admit that the circumstances point to revenge by a Mexican for the death of his brother. But while the affair was fresh not a whisper of it came from any of those who are the backbone of the place. I was there when it happened; it was only after passing along to another community that a story reached me of the steps taken to deal with the suspected incendiaries.

The newspapers carry a lot of Border news, but hardly a tenth has really been told. There are quite a few things going on between the twenty-sixth and thirty-second parallels, and some of those that have occurred will afford a basis for forecast. For the surest indication of what a man will do in the future is found in what he has done in the past under similar conditions.



What, then, may be expected from our Mexican population in the event of war? First let us see how big a problem they present in numbers. In the three states of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona there are 166,921 foreign-born and 140,362 native-born Mexicans, according to the last Federal census—a total of 307,283. Were they scattered throughout the country, assimilation would be easy and nobody would feel concern about their activities; but they are concentrated along the Line, close to the land of their fathers and in daily touch with it. To all intents and purposes they remain Mexicans—in speech, habits and mental processes, if not altogether in commercial methods—despite their citizenship in this republic. Americans who have lived among them thirty years have a saying: "Once a Mexican, always."

Mexicans in Texas

PARTS of Uncle Sam's frontier domain are as dark in complexion as any corresponding area under Carranza's rule. Take counties like Zapata and Starr. The former has fifteen Americans in it, as against four thousand of Mexican blood; the latter has about a hundred whites in a population round thirteen thousand.

Take Rio Grande City in the Lower Valley, a thriving community of twenty-five hundred. You could accommodate the white persons in one room—there are four. Yet that town and those counties are in the United States.

Now all the local government of such places is in Mexican hands; all the public offices are held by men of that race. The very sheriffs and deputies are usually Mexican, and sometimes one reverts to type and turns on his neighbors, heading bandit raids and killing and—— But that comes later.

Politics and business competition have aggravated the Border situation in Texas. Indeed, the problem there is radically different from what it is in Arizona or even in New Mexico. Wherever the whites have to compete on their own soil with a strong alien element trouble inevitably follows. That has been shown in dealing with the negroes, and the same factors play a part in the local sentiment toward Mexicans. With the exception of the attack on Columbus, the bulk of the bandit depredations has been along the Texas Line, in the Big Bend country and the Lower Valley. We will leave that for explanation farther along, and pass to certain events of the last eighteen months which may serve as warnings of what we should expect.

The outstanding one was the fantastic Plan of San Diego. Doubtless you have heard of it. To a rational mind that conspiracy sounds like the vaporings of a demented fanatic; but it was of very real concern to the Border, because the Mexicans were ignorant enough to believe it could be carried out, and thousands of them throughout Texas signed.

Here is the document:

PLAN OF SAN DIEGO, STATE OF TEXAS, JANUARY 6TH, 1915

We who in turn sign our names, assembled in the REVOLUTIONARY PLOT OF SAN DIEGO, TEXAS, solemnly promise each other on our word of honor, that we will fulfill and cause to be fulfilled and complied with, all the clauses and provisions stipulated in this document, and execute the orders and the wishes emanating from the PROVISIONAL DIRECTORATE of this movement, and recognize as military chief of the same Mr. Augustin S. Garza, guaranteeing with our lives the faithful accomplishment of what is here agreed upon.

1. On the 20th day of February, 1915, at two o'clock in the morning, we will arise in arms against the Government and Country of the United States of North America, ONE AS ALL AND ALL AS ONE, proclaiming the liberty of the individuals of the black

race and its independence of Yankee tyranny, which has held us in iniquitous slavery since remote times; and at the same time and in the same manner we will proclaim the independence and segregation of the States bordering upon the Mexican nation, which are: Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Upper California, of which States the Republic of Mexico was robbed in a most perfidious manner by North American imperialism.

2. In order to render the foregoing clause effective, the necessary army corps will be formed, under the immediate command of military leaders named by the Supreme Revolutionary Congress of San Diego, Texas, which shall have full power to designate a Supreme Chief, who shall be at the head of said army. The banner which shall guide us in this enterprise shall be red, with a white diagonal fringe, and bearing the following inscription: EQUALITY AND INDEPENDENCE, and none of the subordinate leaders or subalterns shall use any other flag, except only the white flag for signals. The aforesaid army shall be known by the name of: "Liberating Army for Races and Peoples."

3. Each one of the chiefs will do his utmost by whatever means possible to get possession of the arms and funds of the cities which he has beforehand been designated to capture, in order that our cause may be provided with resources to continue the fight with better success. The said leaders each being required to render account of everything to his superiors, in order that the latter may dispose of it in the proper manner.

4. The leader who may take a city must immediately name and appoint municipal authorities in order that they may preserve order and assist in every way possible the revolutionary movement. In case the capital of any State which we are endeavoring to liberate be captured, there will be named in the same manner superior municipal authorities.

5. It is strictly forbidden to hold prisoners, either special prisoners—civilians—or soldiers; and the only time that should be spent in dealing with them is that which is absolutely necessary to demand funds — loans — of them; and whether these demands be successful or not, they shall be shot immediately, without any pretext.

6. Every stranger who shall be found armed and who cannot prove his right to carry arms, shall be summarily executed, regardless of his race or nationality.

7. Every North American over sixteen years of age shall be put to death; and only the aged men, the women and the children shall be respected, and on no account shall the traitors to our race be spared or respected.

8. The Apaches of Arizona, as well as the Indians—Redskins—of the Territory, shall be given every guarantee; and their lands which have been taken from them shall be returned to them, to the end that they may assist us in the cause which we defend.

9. All appointments and grades in our army which are exercised by subordinate officers—subalterns—shall be examined—recognized—by the superior officers. There shall likewise be recognized the grades of leaders of other complots which may not be connected with this, and who may wish to operate with us; also those who may affiliate with us later.

10. The movement having gathered force, and once having possessed ourselves of the States above alluded to, we shall proclaim them an INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC, later requesting—if it be thought expedient—annexation to Mexico, without concerning ourselves at that time about the form of government which may control the destinies of the common mother country.

11. When we shall have obtained independence for the negroes, we shall grant them a banner, which they themselves shall be permitted to select, and we shall aid them in obtaining six States of the American Union, which States border upon those already mentioned, and they may form from these six States a Republic, and they may be, therefore, independent.

12. None of the leaders shall have power to make terms with the enemy, without first communicating with the superior officers of the army, bearing in mind that this is a war without quarter; nor shall any leader enroll in his ranks any stranger, unless said stranger belong to the Latin, the negro or the Japanese race.

13. It is understood that none of the members of this complot—or anyone who may come in later—shall, upon the definite triumph of the cause which we defend, fail to recognize their superiors, nor shall they aid others who, with bastard designs, may endeavor to destroy what has been accomplished by such great work.

14. As soon as possible each local society—*junta*—shall nominate delegates who shall meet at a time and place beforehand designated, for the purpose of nominating a PERMANENT DIRECTORATE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT. At this meeting shall be determined and worked out in detail the powers and duties of the Permanent Directorate, and this Revolutionary Plan may be revised or amended.

15. It is understood among those who may follow this movement that we will carry as a singing voice the independence of the negroes, placing obligations upon both races; and that on no account will we accept aid, either moral or pecuniary, from the Government of Mexico, and it need not consider itself under any obligations in this, our movement. EQUALITY AND INDEPENDENCE.

San Diego, Texas, January 6, 1915.

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T. N. Reneau, Until Recently a Sergeant of Texas Rangers

Can you beat it? The Plan of San Diego strikes one as ten times more visionary than Casement's rebellion in Ireland, yet they found men by the hundreds ready to pull it off, just as Sir Roger found Irishmen.

All up and down the Border they joined the conspiracy. Merchants, laborers, office-holders, the very servants in American homes, pledged themselves to put to death "every North American over sixteen years of age." Mexicans who had earned the confidence and esteem of their white neighbors suddenly developed a streak of dementia and joined the plot. A banker who is a large landowner discovered one day that every single one of his tenants—who had been with him eight years without disagreement or complaint and of whom he often boasted—every single one was aligned with the conspirators.

The enterprise seemed so mad that the country not immediately affected refused to take it seriously. The Federal authorities would not. When the first revolutionary captured was brought before a Federal judge at Brownsville he remarked "This man needs the services of a doctor rather than a lawyer," and released him on bond of one hundred dollars. Of course the Mexican struck across the river and has never since been seen.

Bizarre as the plan appears, it has left a trail of blood and burnings, thefts and assassinations, in the Border counties. All of De La Rosa's raids since last August are laid at its door; there have been scores of attacks on ranches, of wrecked bridges and trains, that can be traced directly to it.

The circumstances under which the Plan of San Diego was unearthed are peculiar. A Mexican got first scent of it. He was D. Guerra, a prosperous merchant of McAllen, who has repeatedly proven himself loyal to Uncle Sam.

Guerra found reason to suspect a visitor to McAllen and arrested him. A search revealed the plan among his papers; also a letter of recommendation to all whom it might concern from General Nafarrate, now commander of the state of Tamaulipas and always savagely hostile to "gringos." Proof was obtained that the plot originated in Monterey.

As soon as he had his man, Guerra notified Deputy Tom Mayfield, of Pharr, who speedily dug up the entire plot and its various ramifications. Unfortunately for the work that followed, the Federal authorities could not be persuaded to view the plan as anything but the fireworks of a diseased mind, and so the majority of the conspirators escaped.

However, the rangers and deputies caught some—more than is generally admitted. No wreaths; no Gates Ajar.

On a day in April, 1915, a brigade of Villistas under General José Rodriguez appeared across the Rio Grande from a certain Texas town. They were hungry and opened negotiations for provisions—five thousand dollars' worth. But they wanted thirty days' time, and were willing to pay a thousand bonus for the favor.

It looked like good business, and the mayor, a banker and several others crossed to negotiate, which they would willingly have done with any other faction promising profits. Besides, we were all whooping for Pancho in those days. The deal being closed, the gratified Americans invited Rodriguez and his *jefes* over to a dinner. They came; a lot of "two per cent" was drunk and an enjoyable time was had. But the sequel keeps some of them awake of nights. For the Villistas moved on to attack Matamoras and were soundly beaten. Upon which the whole tribe of Carrancistas whetted their knives for those American "sympathizers." They are still scheming to catch them.

To this dinner and the influence of the Plan of San Diego is attributed what followed. A nice little plot was hatched in the American town itself that had poisoning and burning and assassination for its objects. Eighteen Mexican residents of the place pledged themselves to do whatever damage they could contrive on September sixteenth. Several were citizens who had always been considered harmless and friendly. Two owned property. One was a waiter in a hotel. He had been there a year and had proved deft, attentive and trustworthy. His part of the program was to poison the guests. Another man, employed in a store, was to set fire to buildings; and three or four deputies were marked out for death.

Shortly before the day set a capable deputy got on to the scheme and arrested the waiter. He had the poison on him. Cornered, he brazenly admitted everything, cursed all Americans, and shouted profane regrets to the last that he had failed to accomplish the job. His arrest was the start of a dragnet. They caught five of the conspirators. Again no flowers. And the end of the affair is not yet.

Raids and plots of home hatching could be cited by the hour. Each one has led to further trouble. Whenever a Mexican was caught and "taken out," a bunch of his kith and kin fell to scheming to get even. With a native, reprisals are not always directed against the offender he would like to reach. Often that individual is one whom he fears with a great fear, and so he takes it out in doing damage to any property to which he has reasonably safe access. The rangers and deputies have nipped many a conspiracy in the bud. And their punitive measures have been ruthless. On the whole, the Border heartily approves; one can hear sharp criticism, but the popular verdict is strongly in their favor.

The mayor of one town informed me that he had requested the military authorities to use their influence to keep rangers away from his community, because they stirred up the Mexicans to acts of retaliation, and the result had been excellent order. To offset this are dozens of testimonials to their efficiency and the results of their treatment, and whenever a town senses anything impending, forth goes a call for a ranger. Their methods are somewhat similar to those of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police in dealing with the Indians. For the sickness with which the Texas Border is suffering they appear to be the medicine.

At the outset of the present series of depredations the rangers numbered twelve for the entire state. Now there

(Continued on Page 34)

PARIMBAN'S DAUGHTER

By
Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

DAN TOWERS reclined on the bridge of the steamer Geelvinck, and read for the seventh or eighth time a letter which pleased him. It was from his good friends Massie Brothers & Brent Ltd., offering in handsome, clear, outspoken British terms a new piece of work—the investigation of a great—perhaps fabulous—teak forest in a very dangerous part of this world.

"You would, therefore, be taking your life, as they say, in your hands," wrote Mr. Cyril Massie. "I try to express this quite frankly, and you know I do not as a rule exaggerate. Please think over our proposal and let us have your decision on or before May first."

Dan smiled. That honest house did not as a rule exaggerate, neither was it given to understatement. "A dangerous job," thought the young man. "The last one to go there was Crabtree, the naturalist, and he got shipped home in a coffin. The man before him was old Tom Furness, who never got home at all. Good pay, but none too much to tempt a peaceable feller. They must think I'm the great human daredevil."

He folded the letter away in the breast of his tunic.

"No. I've had enough," said he to himself. "Enough, a great plenty, an abundance, a bellyful."

Leaning from the captain's rattan chair, he reached languidly after his helmet on the deck, got it, lay back to consider it, and scratched off with his thumbnail a crumb of pipe clay from the crown button. Dan's motions were those of an exceedingly tired man. Always long-limbed and spare, he now was worn, by hard work, tropical heat, loneliness, travel and past fevers, to a gaunt caricature of himself. His freckled, sunburnt face had been whittled very sharp; his cropped head, usually borne high, nowadays hung forward somewhat; and though his gray eyes remained bright, their humor was mingled with sadness.

"Enough is more than a feast," he thought. "Soon as I finish this job I'm going home. Massie and Brent are good old souls, but—little Danny's homesick. Yeah. He wants to go home and breathe a lungful of real air, and see some real people, and go roll in the snow, and come sit by the fire, and eat beefsteak with a quart of musty ale. Yes, sir. You're homesick."

Dan rolled out of the long chair, put on his helmet, and ranged lazily forward to the bridge rail, where the heat and glare of a breathless afternoon poured under the canvas awning. The rumble of the Geelvinck's donkey engine had grown unbearable. The very sound was hot.

"You've saved almost enough money." Dan leaned on the rail. "You've earned a vacation. After this present job, you're going home, boy."

II

DOWN on the iron foredeck, which wavered with heat like the top of a stove, a scrubby Malay, who wore a faded blue turban and a skirt painted in wriggles of brown and burnt orange, stood handling the lever of the donkey engine. Three other Malays, in breechclouts, leaned over the port bulwark intently and signaled backward with lean brown arms. These three were staring into a wide scow filled from end to end with motionless tawny cattle.

"*Virra-virra-virra!*" cried the watching trio. The donkey engine clanked and fumed. Up on the crane rope swung a miserable yellow cow, limply hanging, noosed by the horns. For a moment the poor beast dangled in air as though dying on a gallows, and reached hopelessly for the bulwark with her hooves. "*Arre'a!*" shouted the men. "*Virra-virra!*" And down on the iron floor clattered their captive, sprawling sidewise in half-hearted effort to get up, until they slipped the noose off her horns, jerked her to a standing posture, and led her forward to a rope corral in the bows. It was a melancholy spectacle, thought Dan.

The Malays performed their work nimbly and—so far as possible—humanely; but the monotony of their cries and of the engine fussing, the bewilderment of these lank cattle, rising cow by cow, swinging lifeless in the glare, and flopping aboard patiently, was as dreary a thing to watch as the landing of so many dead fish. It all seemed part of the world-wide enervation, the steaming heat; so did this barnyard reek enveloping the ship; so did the machinelike action of the deck hands and the lassitude of the engine driver, whose skirt, colored in an oozy pattern, looked ready to melt and puddle.

"Drooping," sighed Dan. "Everybody and everything adrooping. Cows too lazy to kick. I want to go where the trees reach right up straight, and men and women the same; not like these stoop-shouldered bamboos, the poor wilting weeds!"

Beyond the ship, beyond the tawny mob in the cattle lorcha alongside, a shoal of clay-colored water, painfully bright, stretched far off to the bent shore of a river mouth. The light from this ugly surface blinded the eyes, darted through them, and stabbed the back of one's head. The land, now blurred, now disagreeably sharp, divided sea and sky—a wilderness of bamboo tops, drooping, as Dan had said, in graceful but submissive sprays. Along the eastern water's rim stood a few huts, dark yellow, and one large, square, white house; their inverted images barred the green reflection with uncertain color.

"Another beauty spot for me to land on!" complained Mr. Towers. It was time for him to disembark and begin a weary journey up that stream which the bamboos hid, up and up, gathering more fever on the way, more knowledge, more information, all for the glorious cause of speculators in rubber. "But this is my last. I'm fed up with the charms of the mystic Orient. Time to go see a few upstanding men that can stay wide-awake, and—and some nice girl that can talk." He laughed. "Wonder if there are any more nice girls? Doubtful."

A quiet footfall on the deck, behind him, interrupted these homesick fancies. Dan turned about.

Underneath the awning, his roll-brimmed turban almost brushing it, came a slender, gray-bearded man in a white robe—a plain white robe, cleaner than mountain snow and beautifully fitted. He wore red-and-gold slippers, but no ornament. His face, bold, spirited, finely cut, had a clear light-brown coloring, with haughty, high-arched nose and indomitable brown eyes. This graybeard was Arabian plainly; no more like the shore Malays than Bend Or to a plowhorse. He gave Dan the straightforward glance of an equal, or a superior willing to assume equality. Then suddenly his brown eyes widened and he smiled—a charming smile, full of quiet pleasure.

"My son," said he, "the ways of friendship cross by permission. Peace to you in God's name."

Dan recognized the smile and the voice.

"Peace on your turban, father," he replied; then in English joyfully: "Parimban of Palembang! By gravy, *tuan*, I'm glad to see you! What's the old fox doing here?"

The Arabian swept one slender arm toward the land.

"Living." He spoke perfect English in a voice that gratified the ear like music. "Living there, for a holiday. The white house by the shore is mine. It is old Palembang style. You shall pass the night there if you remember that I am your friend."

Dan gladly acknowledged the memory, accepted the invitation, and launched into a stream of talk, of those questions and answers which try to pour all the past, the long absences, into a moment of friendship. Parimban had behaved like a father to him, not only once or twice, but at many a difficult pinch of fortune. Parimban, the dark, reserved and—many persons said—crafty merchant, used no guile in his dealings with Dan. The two men forgot all difference in age, birth, and coloring pigment under the skin; fond of each other, they

It Was a Delight to Hear This Fine Old Gentleman Spin His Arabian Yarn

never showed their fondness except covertly, by the turn of a joke, an intonation of the voice, or a gleam passing from gray eyes to brown.

"I saw your bags in the dinghy below," declared Parimban. "I placed them in my own *tambangan*, and we go ashore together, my son. You have nothing to wait for aboard ship?"

They made their way down to the Geelvinck's ladder-head, where her captain—a fat, blond man, but not a jolly one—stood mumbling a Sumatra cheroot between his pouting lips.

An afternoon spent in drinking gin *pahits* had made him florid but not beautiful. He let the two friends pass, then shouted down the ladder:

"Well, how was ze pro-phet? He got his bag of rupiah, heh? Now he go home to pray for ze Yankee and confert him, no? Look oud ze Yankee not confert you, my friend pro-phet. You was a pretty slim pair both alike, you two. Ha, ha!"

He threw down this pleasantry with good humor, as a man throws a word to a dog.

Parimban waved his young friend into the native boat that waited below the ladder. His motion was very simple and courteous. When he had spread his skirt on the greasy brown hardwood thwart, he glanced up toward the captain and, smiling at that flushed face above the black iron wall, made reply.

"Peace attend you, master," was what he appeared to say; but a light accent of the vowels changed his meaning into "Farewell, pig."

Dan, facing him, gave a silent laugh.

"You win," murmured Dan. "He deserves it all right."

They were rowed past the lorcha with its cargo of disconsolate yellow cattle before Parimban spoke again.

"Jokes of religion," said the Arab, "make a bad taste. Our belief is that very thing we don't talk about. Son Daniel, you are not like the herd of Europeans. We are men who understand, you and I."

Halfway across the burning water he roused from meditation to add:

"Besides, the joke is a discount. I have the captain's money for my cows." And he lifted from the bottom planks of the *tambangan* a dirty canvas pouch which he let fall chinking. It was heavy with silver. "A good bag of those rupiah the captain spoke of; many more than my cows are worth."

Dan laughed once more.

"So, father," said he, "you're dealing in cattle now. Call that a holiday? What's work, then?"

Parimban smiled gravely, and offered the young man a cigarette—black tobacco wrapped in a long cone of palm sheathing. The mate to it he thrust between his own gray-bearded lips; then struck and offered a match; then, while they both sat smoking, he blew two lines of vapor from his thin arched nostrils, and replied:

"Holidays are what we enjoy. I am old and, therefore, need fun all the time, my son. I can't learn a new trick, so my fun is buying and selling. Here in this place"—Parimban waved his yellow squill of tobacco landward—"I buy cattle, beeswax and kingfisher feathers. I am old. I can't go running and jumping the countries, like you. It is a habit."

The sun declined as they floated slowly toward the east. Dan, looking astern, had the glare full in his eyes, so that when the *tambangan* drew near shore, and he turned to watch their landing, he saw Parimban's house only as a white blur dazzling him still worse. Things were darkened for a moment, like the dark of snow blindness; yet in that moment Dan thought he saw a slim golden figure rise from the water like a mermaid, grasp the edge of a landing float before the house, leap on foot, and dart upstairs into the wide, black doorway. The motion was very quick, marvelously quick, and—to his confused eyesight—no clearer than a guess; but he seemed to catch the glitter of a supple naked back and the gloss of a wet skirt.

He found Parimban muttering and frowning with displeasure.

It was not illusion. The young man thought better of his first impulse to speak, and remained silent. Parimban stepped out upon the landing stage, Dan followed, and there both men paused by the water's edge while the boat drifted away, its crew humbly saluting.

"You are welcome to my poor house," declared the Arab.

It was not a building on shore, as Dan had supposed, but a floating ark, moored to bamboo piles in the water—a sixty-foot house boat, clean, cool, white, with gilded carving over the door and gilded wickerwork screening the lower half of each great window. Across the float and up the doorsteps led a trail of wet footprints, already drying from the hot wood. Parimban, with his guest at his side, followed but ignored them.

III

THE front room of the house boat was large and airy, a cool white hall floored with neat matting and furnished only with a table of polished camagon, a few wicker chairs, and two very fine gilded lamps that hung on chains from the white ceiling. The walls, plain white panels, displayed, of course, no pictures; but round them on three sides, at about the height of a picture molding, ran a golden motto repeated in most intricate and lovely script. The words were all Greek to Dan, really being Persian; but their beauty caught his eye and held him staring till Parimban fetched a chair and bade him sit down.

"You are surprised?" said the Arab. "Why? Why should I not have that poetry in my house?"

"It's a mighty handsome decoration," quoth Dan. "What does it mean?"

Parimban lay back in a long rattan chair lacquered with red and black diamond patterns.

"It says," he replied, reading the golden lines roundabout, "it says:

"'If Paradise may on this earth appear,
Lo, it is here; lo, it is here; lo, it is here.'"

Dan gave his approval with a nod. "That's good sense, father," said he. "I like that."

The Arab offered a fresh cigarette.

"They Work So Quick! They Do Make My England Clothes All Soon!"

"It's a common tag of verse," he declared. "But I have as much right to keep it painted in my house as Nadir Shah had in his, and much more than Ghulam Kadir, the beast."

Mr. Towers blinked and sat smoking wisely.

"Daresay. I like you better than either of 'em, though I never heard their names before."

Parimban's keen old eyes twinkled.

"I'll tell you their story. But first ——" He sat up and clapped his hands together smartly. After a moment's pause bare feet came pattering from some inner part of the house boat, a pair of dull gold-embroidered curtains in the rear wall parted, and a tidy Malay boy, entering, made a respectful salaam and knelt for orders.

"Coffee, child," said Parimban.

The boy slipped out between the curtains, to reappear soon bearing a tray with cups, hot milk, a decanter of black Java coffee, and green leaves on which lay a nestful of sticky brown cakes, the famous Palembang sweetmeats properly cooked. Dan sighed with joy at sight of them.

"You bring along home cooking into your paradise," he cried. "This is like our good times before!"

His host gave him that inscrutable look with which old age regards the pleasure of youth.

"I doubt if I ever go home to Palembang," was all the man said, but there seemed to be a melancholy wisdom in his words. "I remembered you liked these little cakes, and so I ordered them to be ready for you, son. . . . No, I shall never go home. If Paradise be anywhere, lo, it is here. . . . Let me tell you the story of Ghulam Kadir and the Audience Hall at Delhi, which tourists pass through by their hundreds, complaining and sweating, and do not understand."

The story proved long and, as Parimban told it, complicated. A horse came into it, which started a pedigree with more branches than a banyan; a sword came into it, which brought about a long digression concerning steel workers, magic smiths, and the holy city of Menangkabau. A drowsy, wordy tale, soothing, haunting, it waylaid the hearer with sudden alarms, unexpected beauties, and now and then through its longest, easiest passage the red stab of tragedy. Dan sipped his coffee and listened. After so many days passed in rough company, it was a delight to lie dozing and hear this fine old gentleman spin his Arabian yarn, part history, part lagging invention, part cloudy fable and the wonder-working of genii.

Why Dan should want to turn his head in the middle of the narrative he could not tell; but, feeling that he must, he did of a sudden turn it and glance at the gold-cloth curtains behind his chair. No sound had come from that direction. The curtains hung stiff and motionless. But halfway up them he spied an oval chink, held asunder by hidden fingers; and through the chink a pair of brown eyes watched him. Liquid, fiery, quicker than a bird's, bright with the sunshine reflected from the river, a pair of sparkling brown eyes comprehended him for an instant and were gone. The curtains wavered lightly, then fell limp and solid, as though a passing breeze had ruffled them.

"Did you speak?" asked Parimban, breaking off a sentence.

"No," replied Dan. "Nothing."

The old man poured coffee again from the decanter, and went on.

"This Ghulam Kadir was the mud of the ninth bottom," said he. "No wonder his name made you start."

When at last he brought the story-telling to an end, Parimban rose with the air of a man who remembers an omission.

After a moment, he nodded toward the open door of the house boat, through which the water appeared like a sheet of clear flame.

"Nearly sunset," he muttered. "Make yourself lazy, Daniel, and rest. I go ashore to perform a duty for a short while."

He passed between the gold curtains. Towers well enough understood that he had gone to say his prayers. It was no hardship to wait and doze, meantime, in this peaceful white chamber.

Soon the evening coolness would steal through; even now a breath of air, less hot than anything Dan had felt since morning, moved round him and hinted that the day's ferocity was passing.

He waited with half-closed eyes. Ripples of light played through the room; for though outdoors the water spread its flame-colored mirror without a flaw, inside here thousands of tiny reflected movements gamboled and writhed across the paneling like a scud of luminous smoke. The gilded verses seemed to join this riot and flow roundabout in a chase of living letters. Even the lamps wavered and swung on their chains, as the house rode imperceptibly at its mooring.

Dan must have fallen asleep; for sitting upright with a jerk, he found all these flickering changes gone, dusk in the room, door and windows framing a dark-blue gleam of waters. The tropic night had brought its transformation, the world grown

still, and cool, and mystical. Somewhere a woman was singing to herself quietly, secretly, Malayan words to a Malayan air:

"Gray-Eyes the Valiant hath brightened our stream,
Scorning the dark of a forest river ——
Fireflies on the water are only a dream;
Shining they pass, and are gone forever."

The song had the common form of a pantun, an improvised pastime, obscure, artfully broken midway to hide or reveal its meaning.

"Home to his brethren the
Wanderer passes,
Happy and high, to the
sunset afar ——
Still in her midnight, among
the morasses,
Loiters a river and dreams
of a star."

Dan rose and leaned in the doorway to hearken. But the singer had finished or met with interruption. He waited in vain for a third stanza. Whoever she might be, this was no common pantun singer, no hired ballad-monger; her voice, deeper and clearer than that of any Malay, had sounded like bells and harp strings in a wood.

"Who is it?" thought the young man. "Where was it?"

The song might have come from a boat alongside; yet no plash of oars or paddles mingled in the faint lapping of the tide; and on the glowing indigo surface before him nothing appeared but the black stumps of the mooring piles. It was impossible to tell what quarter of the dusk concealed her. None the less Dan felt a strong persuasion that the voice belonged with those brown eyes which had studied him through the curtain, and that the owner of both voice and eyes was she who had risen from the water and fled, leaving wet footprints, into the house.

Something stirred at his elbow. There beside him in the doorway stood a tall white figure. It was Parimban.

"You sleep lightly, my son, and have good, quick ears."

The expression of the man's face was lost in deepening shadow, but he spoke with constraint and annoyance.

"Not quick enough to hear you coming," said Dan. "But—yes, fairly good ears. A heap goes into them that never comes out again."

"What Shall I Do?" He Asked Aloud. "How Can I Leave You Alone Here?"

The ghostly shape remained motionless, as if weighing this reply.

"You're a true heart, son," replied Parimban at last. "I will tell you. A household is a happy thing, but needs more care than—than driving bargains with an Armenian. Yes. To have a family is like eating a very good fish full of little bones."

It was the nearest approach he had ever made toward any mention of his family, his womenkind. Dan, looking into the night where the great stretch of water was already lost, made no reply.

"But I live happily here," continued his old friend. "Yes, very happy. There is only one cloud in my mind: the People of the Forest may come—at any time. Everybody calls me a rich man. I'm not. The People of the Forest ——"

He sighed and left the speech unfinished. For a moment the two men stood listening, while water plashed under the house and the landing platform.

"Well," said Parimban, rousing, "we're rich enough to burn some lights." He smacked his palms together and cried aloud: "Sadik, the lamps! Come, Sadik!"

Something invisible, which might have been the little serving lad, hurried with a patter of bare feet along the mats.

"Light the lamps for me, Sadik. And then dinner." Parimban sighed again in the darkness. "To-night we'll have a feast, like the old times. To-morrow will come soon enough, when we must wish each other safety on the way."

It was unlike this Arab to be melancholy. He spoke as a man who had been warned by Fate.

IV

THE river up which Dan went voyaging next day, and on which he languished for some four weeks, proved a weedy, sluggish Mæander overhung with trees more funereal than cypress, more downcast than weeping willow. By day this green tunnel of a swamp oppressed him, by night he had fever; days and nights being part of the job, it mattered little; but when he reached the place of his mission and found it no country for rubber past, rubber present or rubber to come, he felt a vicarious disappointment. His employers had paid him for nothing, or for a negative report. The voyage downstream began badly and continued worse; for, in the only rapids they had to shoot, his men managed to upset their boat and lose the provisions. Dan kept his head cool and his matches dry in this crisis; but during the rest of the way all they had to cook was a few fat, muddy fish and, for a delicacy now and then, lizards.

It was with joy and thanksgiving, therefore, on a starry night, that Dan saw the black trees wheel solemnly asunder, fade behind, and leave him to float on the wide, salt-smelling waste of the river mouth.

"It's finished, boys," he announced.

"God," declared his paddlers with conviction, "is great."

"Steer for Tuan Parimban's house," said Dan. "I don't see his lights, but the village must be over there."

Except for the stars there was no light. While they paddled on, however, a line of dull red points appeared on the right hand alongshore. Gradually these became as it were a cluster of dying bonfires, bed after bed of coals by the water's edge. Dan sat watching them, puzzled to think what the villagers could have been burning so freely, until between fire glow and starshine his boat grazed the edge of Parimban's platform.

The crew grappled it, crooning:

"The rich man's house, Tuan."

Parimban's ark loomed above them, a black-and-white blur against a background of night and embers. Dan crawled out and went limping, very stiff with boat-cramp, to the bottom of the stairs.

"*Ko hai!*" he hailed.

There was no sound but the murmurs of his own crew thanking heaven.

"Lord Parimban! Hoy! Hallo, old man!"

It was early evening, before bedtime, and at any hour or in any case the Arab had made him promise to return. He called, listened and called again. Echoes rang inside the house boat, yet no one woke or stirred.

"This ain't right," said Dan. "Fetch me a torch, some o' you. I'm going in."

They lighted a bundle of bamboo slivers, which a naked boatman swung upside down till it flamed. Then Dan went up into the house. The torch poured quaking shadows ahead of him, so that the room, as he entered, seemed to rock and stagger in a drunken flare. The first object he saw clearly was Parimban himself, lying asleep with calm dignity, a slender, white-robed patriarch stretched on his lacquered chair, of which the red-and-black lozenges glistened round him.

"Hallo, father!" said Dan.

Parimban did not rouse. The aquiline nose above his hoary beard seemed drawn and pinched. His eyelids did not move in the torchlight.

"Father!"

Dan made a step toward him, and suddenly, with one leg in a patch of darkness that resembled shadow, fell into water up to the thigh. A great hole yawned in the matting, charred round the edges. Somebody had set a fire there, which had burnt through the floor and gone out in the river. Dan then limped toward the chair.

"What?" he said. "Not you?"

Undisturbed, as a king might lie in state, Parimban lay with hands folded on his lap. The back of one hand was flayed open, raw, scarlet, with white tendons showing through the bloody flesh like ivory sticks in a fan.

"The man's dead!" Dan turned on his torchbearer: "Those fires ashore were the houses, what's left —— They've burnt the village—somebody."

"*Ai!* People of the Forest!" wailed the naked boatman; and, tossing his splint flambeau on the mat, he turned and fled through the doorway. "The People of the Forest!"

Dan picked up the torch before it could topple through the burnt hole. Raising it aloft, he looked more carefully at what he saw.

Parimban lay dead in his chair. A tongue-shaped mark of scorching reached up one of the white panels; shreds of chain dangled where the lamps had hung; and from the inner door the gold-cloth curtains had vanished. Only the gilt lettering danced round the walls as before, above a wreckage of broken furniture, blood stains, and the muddy tracks of feet.

This modest paradise was ended, the village burnt and sacked. Parimban's People of the Forest had come and justified his foreboding.

"Poor old boy!" cried Dan, and suddenly running outdoors, down the steps, he cowered like a broken man on the platform, and shed tears that fell sputtering on his inverted torch.

"Parimban! Oh, my poor old father! You were a good father to me!"

It was a great shock, a grief that stunned both head and heart. Dan could not grasp the consequence of it, and for a time remained there stupidly trying to understand what the torch had shown him, and why Parimban, slain by marauders, should lie there so tranquil, with hands folded and his robes decently draped.

Suddenly the young man heard a voice near by. It sounded not from the boat behind but from the water

under the house. A woman's voice, it spoke in English, clear, though labored, uttering the Mahometan formula of prayer.

"Oh, God," said the voice—"Oh, God, the merciful and the loving-kind!"

Dan lifted his torch. Its red light fluttered across the platform. At the platform edge, near the foot of the stairs, a face regarded him steadily—a pale, frightened face with lustrous eyes. No body, just a face swam there, at the level of his feet.

A girl's head seemed to float on the gloss of the water. Submerged to the neck, she stood and looked at him fixedly, with a look between terror and hope.

V

"COME out," said Dan in Malay. "I am a friend. Come out; you are safe."

Her eyes, bright as the water, implored him in silence. Then, raising a pair of slender, graceful arms, she laid hold on the landing stage, swung herself nimbly up and stood before him. A garment of thin, dark cloth, sopping wet and half transparent, clung to her and sparkled as if her young body were coated with black glass.

"Don't be afraid," said Dan.

It was not fear but the daze of calamity that he found in her look. He pitied her and wondered at her beauty. This was no coarse-mouthed native woman, with scrubby hair full of rancid copra oil. Her face, a clear light bronze in color, oval in shape, had firm though delicate features; her scarlet lips curved without weakness, neither drooped nor trembled; and her dark eyes, very large under finely arching brows, glowed with a kind of somber courage. This wild slip of a girl, Dan saw, could meet disaster like a great lady.

"You love my father?" she asked in slow, faltering, yet good English.

He remembered the voice. He had heard it somewhere before. "Yes," he replied. "I did. Much."

The girl lifted her head with a motion which gave her—though she was not tall—an effect of height.

"My father, he died bravely," she declared. "They were many. The house full. They did strike, and my father did catch one sword in his bare hand and use it. Yes. He did kill two, three, four men, until he was falling down to die. He an old man and the People many!"

While she spoke this fierce and beautiful creature enacted the scene, hewing down imaginary foes with an invisible sword. In the torchlight her wet clothes glistened like black armor, through which the grace of her body appearing gave the pantomime, so dreadfully real, the quickness of a Pyrrhic dance.

"Yes, he died well," the girl exulted. Then, clapping both hands before her face, she suddenly drooped, staggered, and bowed down in a passion of tears.

Dan Towers no more thought of comforting her than he would have tried to soothe forked lightning.

"I was fond of your father," said he, and turned his back to look after the boatmen. It was high time; for the crew, without a word, already had cast loose their painter and begun shoving off from that platform. Their eyeballs gleamed with terror. Though unpaid, they could not wait. It was better to go home to their own village. They had seen a river spirit dancing, a woman of deadly beauty.

Dan caught the gunwale, snatched the black *areng* rope, and knotted it fast to a ring of braided rattan.

"Stay there," he growled to the steersman, "or I'll shoot every man jack of you."

The boat's company groaned in chorus, but sat waiting. They knew Dan always kept his word.

"Give me another torch."

A paddler handed one over. Dan lighted it and stuck it upright in a crevice between the planks.

The girl looked on with streaming eyes.

"The *biajus* and the Forest People," she wailed, "they will come back. They could not carry all things one time. Their arms full, they come back for more. You let them not burn my father?"

Dan shook his head.

"We're going to bury him, child. Have you any dry clothes? Go put them on!"

He gave her his own torch. She took it obediently and ran upstairs into the house.

"Get out!" Dan faced the boatmen. "Every man ashore! Bring your paddles. We must bury my friend the Lord Parimban."

His retinue, stiff-jointed and trembling, clambered out upon the platform. At a motion from Dan the steersman plucked up and carried the remaining torch. They trooped into the house, the white room of Paradise, and stood before the dead man, whispering.

"Take him up, you pair," commanded Towers. "Carefully now."

The steersman lighting the way, this strange funeral party moved on, Parimban in his lacquered chair borne by two river men, then the others shouldering wet paddles, and Dan last of all. Straight through the house they went, through the door formerly hidden by golden curtains, along a corridor, out on a cleated gangway that sloped upward to the river bank. Dan saw Parimban's daughter kneeling in the wreck of what had been a bedchamber. She was hurriedly pulling from a locker a heap of colored garments. Her torch, leaning from the mouth of a red water jar, cast shadows back and forth over a litter of finery.

Dan halted his men upon the bank. A smooth-beaten path to right and left, and sunken embers glowing here and there, were all that remained of the village. As he ran from fire to dying fire, calling aloud, he met no one and heard no answer. Twice he stumbled over bodies in the path. All the darkness was filled with a sour smell of burnt houses. He returned to Parimban's chair and the smoky torchlight.

"Here's a good place—good enough," said Dan.

They began digging a grave with their paddle blades, in soft earth under a great pigeon-flower tree full of white blossoms which loomed against the stars. Beyond it lay other shadows, bamboo clumps, mango topes, and the billowy open space of cattle pastures. Desert silence on land was bounded only by the trickle of water alongshore.

Parimban lay in his chair as though waiting till his grave were dug. Dan looked down at him and wondered again

(Continued on Page 65)

First Corinthians: Chapter XIII, Verse 4

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

SINCE this narrative must deal in great part with the Finkelstein family and what charity did for them, I began the task by seeking in the pages of an invaluable book called Ten Thousand Familiar Quotations for a line that suitably might serve as the text to my tale. Delving there I came upon abundant material, all of it more or less appropriate to our present purpose. There were revealed at least half a dozen extracts from the works of writers of an established standing that might be made to apply. For instance, Wordsworth, an English poet of the Early Victorian Era, that period which gave so much rhythmic thought to Britain and so much antirhythmic furniture to us, is credited with having said:

The charities that soothe and heal and bless
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.

Now that passage, at first blush, appeared exactly to fit the Finkelsteins. Most certainly charities were scattered at their feet and showered on their heads.

However, before making a definite choice I went deeper into this handy volume. As a result I exhumed an expression attributed to Pope—not one of the Roman Popes, but Pope, Alex. (b. 1688; d. 1744)—to the effect that

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.

That statement likewise proved in a measure applicable. To the Finkelsteins it must have seemed that all mankind's concern was charity, devised for their especial benefit.

Now Hood takes an opposite view. In that choppy style of versification so characteristic of this writer, Hood is discovered saying:

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!

"The Dearest, Gentlest Little Munt!" Continued Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass. "So Diffident, So Grateful"

Speaking with particular reference to the case in hand I must respectfully but nevertheless firmly take issue with the late Hood. Assuredly the components of this particular household group had no cause to cavil concerning the rarity of Christian charity. Christian charity went miles out of its way to lavish rich treasures from a full heart upon them. Under the sun, too, under the rays of an ardent and a scorching sun, was some of it bestowed. But of that phase, more—as the fancy writers say—anon.

The Scriptures were found to abound in reference to this most precious of the human virtues. What does Peter say? Peter—First Epistle, fourth chapter and eighth verse—says: "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins." Here, too, a point might be stretched without giving offense to any interested party. I cannot deny there were a multitude of Finkelsteins. That there is no gainsaying.

Elsewhere in the Good Book it is set forth: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal; . . . and"—furthermore—"though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing."

One of the most significant recollections of at least two members of the Finkelstein family in their experiences with the manifestations of charity was associated with mountains. And was not the occasion of the outing of the Evening Dispatch's Fresh Air Fund made glad by the presence and the activities of Prof. Washington Carter's All-Colored Silver Cornet Band? If ever you heard it you would know that, when it came to sounding brass and cymbals which tinkled when not engaged in clashing, no band had anything whatsoever on Prof. Washington Carter's.

But it was hard by in the Testament that I came on the one verse which seemed best to sum up the situation in its more general aspects; and notably the first three words of the said verse. The text has been chosen, therefore, after much consideration of the subject and its merits.

To proceed: In Pike Street, approximately midway of a block that enjoys the dubious distinction of being a part of the most congested district of the globe, up four flights of stairs and thence back to the extreme rear the Finkelstein family, at the time of its discovery, resided. There were many of them and their lot was very meek and lowly. To begin at the top, there was Papa Finkelstein, a man bearded and small, shrinking, unobtrusive and diffident; fashioned with sloping shoulders and an indented chest, as though in his extreme youth, when his bones were supple and yielding, an effort had been made to crowd him, headfirst, into a narrow-mouthed jar. His back was bent, for he was of the race that for more than nineteen centuries has borne palfreylike upon its patient spines the persecutions of the world.

Next in order came Mamma Finkelstein, hiding her dark head beneath a wig of slick brown horsehair in accordance with the same ritual which ordained that her husband should touch not the corners of his beard. To attend to the business of multiplying and replenishing the earth with Finkelsteins was her chief mission in life. From the family stepladder of these two no rungs were missing. Indeed, about a third of the way down there was a double rung—to wit, twins. The married life of the pair extended over a period of less than eleven years, and there were eight little Finkelsteins, ranging from little to littler to littlest.

Papa Finkelstein was by profession an old-clo' man. It was his custom to go into the favored sections where people laid aside their weathered habiliments instead of continuing to wear them, and there watching on street corners to waylay pedestrians of an ample and prosperous aspect and to inquire of them, in his timid and twisted English, whether they had any old clothes to sell. A prospective seller being by this method interested, Papa Finkelstein would accompany the other to his apartment—follow him, rather—and when discarded garments had been fetched forth from closets and piled in a heap upon the floor he would gaze deprecatingly at the accumulation and then, with the air of one who courts ruin by his excessive generosity, tender one dollar and thirty-five cents for the entire lot.

So far so good, this course being in perfect accord with the ethics of the old-clo' business. But if, as most generally, the owner of the raiment indignantly declined the first offer Papa Finkelstein was at a loss to proceed with the negotiations. The chaffering; the bargaining; the raising of the amount in ten-cent advances, each advance accompanied by agonized outcry; the pretended departure; the reluctant return from the door; the protest; the entreaty; the final gesture, betokening abject and complete surrender, with which the buyer came up to two dollars and fifteen cents—all this, so agreeable to the nature of the born old-clo' man, was quite beyond him. Oftener than not, the trading ended in no trade.

Or if a bargain was arrived at, if he bore away his bundled purchases to the old-clothes mart on Bayard Street, just off the Bowery, where daily the specialist in sick hats, let us say, swaps decrepit odd trousers and enfeebled dress waistcoats for wares more suitable to his need, still he tempted bankruptcy. Sharper wits than his, by sheer weight of dominance, bore him down and trafficked him, as the saying goes, out of his eyeteeth. He could have taken over a tannery and run it into a shoestring in no time at all. Many a day was there when he returned home at eventide with nothing to show for his day's industry except lamentable memories and two tired flat feet.

Lacking the commercial instinct, he was a failure in trade; lacking, too, the artistic, neither would he have made headway with his coreligionists as a professional *Schnorrer*. By persistent and devoutful attendance upon synagogue services, by the constant exhibition of his poverty in public places, he might have enlisted the sympathies of the benevolent among his fellow worshipers. But he was a dilettante in the practice of piety, even as in the practice of the old-clo' business. Except as the head of a family, he was what this world is pleased to call a failure.

From all this I would not have you jump at the conclusion that Papa and Mamma Finkelstein, and their steadily accruing progeny, constituted an unhappy group. Mere precarious existence and the companionship of one another spelled for them contentment. The swarming East Side satisfied them as an abiding place. To the adults it was a better home by far than the drear, dreadful land of pogroms and Black Hundreds from which they had fled; to the younger ones it was the only home they had ever known. They were used to its tormented sky lines, faced in on either side by tall tenements and blocked across by the structures of elevated roads and the stone loops of viaducts; they were used to its secondhand sunshine that filtered down to them through girders and spans. To them the high arch of the Bridge approach was an acceptable substitute for the rainbow; their idea of the profusion of Nature was a tiny square, containing many green benches, a circular band stand, and here and there a spindling tree.

Having nothing they craved for nothing. When there was food they ate thereof; *kosher* food preferably, though the food of the *Goyim* was not despised. When there was none they went without, feeding on the thought of past feasts and the hope of future ones. Being without knowledge of the commoner rule of hygiene, their days were neither enhanced by its advantages nor disturbed by its observances.

With the coming of the winter Mamma Finkelstein sewed up her offspring, all and sundry, in their heavy undergarments. Only one consideration ever interposed to prevent her from so doing—the occasional absence of any heavy undergarments in which to sew them up. To the pores, which always ye have with ye, she gave no heed. An interrupted duct more or less meant nothing to her, she being serenely unaware of the existence of such things anyhow. In the springtime she cut the stitches and removed the garments, or such portions of them as had not been taken up by natural processes of absorption, finding her young, as now newly revealed, to be pinkish, though soiled as to their skins, and in every regard hale, hearty and wholesome.

Thus abided the Finkelsteins in their dire and happy extremity at the time of their discovery. The manner of their being discovered came about in this wise:

Christmastide impended. The spirit of it was everywhere. This all-pervading spirit penetrated even into the newspaper offices, borne thither upon the flapping wings of the full-page display advertisements of our leading retail establishments. One of the papers—the Morning Advocate—compiled a symposium of paragraphed miseries under the title of the One Hundred Most Deserving Cases of Charity, and on the Monday before Christmas printed it with a view to enlisting the aid of the kindly disposed. The list was culled largely from the files of various philanthropic organizations. But it so befell that a reporter, who had been detailed on these assignments, was passing through Pike Street on his way back to the office from one of the settlement houses when he encountered Papa Finkelstein, homeward bound after a particularly disappointing business day uptown.

He Would Tender One Dollar and Thirty-Five Cents for the Entire Lot

The reporter was impressed much by the despondent droop of the little man's sloping shoulders and by the melancholy smolder in his big, dark eyes; but more was he impressed by the costume of Papa Finkelstein. It was a part of Papa Finkelstein's burden of affliction that he customarily wore winter clothes in the summertime and summer clothes in the wintertime. On this gusty, raw December day he wore somebody's summer suit—a much larger somebody evidently—and a suit that in its youth had been of light-colored, lightweight flannel. It was still lightweight.

Infolded within its voluminous breadths the present wearer shivered visibly and drew his chilled hands farther up into its flapping sleeve ends until he resembled the doubly mutilated victim of a planing-mill mishap. If his expression was woebegone, his shoe soles were more—they practically were all-begone. A battered derby hat—size about seven and five-eighths—threatened total extinguishment of his face, being prevented from doing so only by the circumstance of its brim resting and pressing upon the upper flanges of the owner's ears. They were ears providentially designed for such employment. Broad, wide and droopy, they stood out from the sides of Papa Finkelstein's head like the horns on the caribou.

This reporter was a good reporter.

He knew a human-interest story when he met it walking in the road. He turned about and tagged Papa Finkelstein to his domicile and there, after briefly inspecting the Finkelstein household in all its wealth of picturesque destitution, he secured the names and the address from the head of it, who perhaps gave the desired information all the more readily because he had not the slightest idea of what use this inquiring stranger wished to make of it.

Mark now, how a little flame may kindle a large blaze: The afternoon half sister of the Morning Advocate was the Evening Dispatch. Between the two papers, owned as they were by the same gentleman and issued from the same printshop, a bitter rivalry prevailed; it generally does in such instances.

On Tuesday morning the city editor of the Evening Dispatch ran an agile and practiced eye through the story the Advocate had printed. With his shears he chopped out the column of it. With his pencil he ringed one paragraph in the scissored section and then he lifted his voice and called to him a young woman professionally known as Betty Gwin, who sat in the city room at a desk somewhat withdrawn from copy readers, rewriters and legmen. This distinction of comparative aloofness was hers by right, she being a special-feature writer under yearly contract, and, therefore, belonging to the aristocracy of the craft.

Miss Betty Gwin—whose real name, I may state in confidence, was Ferguson—rose to answer the summons. Answering it, all about her betokened confidence and competence. And why shouldn't it? As a pensmith this young person acknowledged no superiors anywhere. Her troupe of trained performing adjectives was admitted to be the smartest in town. Moreover, she was artistically ambidextrous. Having written a story she would illustrate it with her own hand.

Her drawings were replete with lithesome curves; so, too, was her literary style. None but a Betty Gwin could write what she wrote; none but a Betty Gwin properly illustrate it afterward.

"Fergy," said the city editor, "here's a beaut for you—right in your line. Full of that heart-throb junk nine ways from the jack. Those idiots upstairs gave it ten lines when it was worth six sticks all by itself—buried it when they should have played it up. You run down to this number and get a good, gummy, pathetic yarn out of it. We'll play it up for to-morrow, with a good picture layout and a three-col. head. Might call it: 'What Christmas Means for the Whatyoumaycall'em Family and What Christmas Might Mean for Them!' Get me?"

He passed over the clipping. In a glance his star comprehended the penciled passage.

"Judging from the name and the neighborhood Christmas wouldn't excite this family much anyhow," she said.

"What do you care?" said her chief crisply. "There's a story there—go to it!"

She went to it.

Doubtlessly the Christmas spirit got into Betty Gwin's typewriter keys. Certainly it got into her inkpot and deposited the real essence of the real sob stuff there. The story she wrote trickled pathos from every balanced paragraph; there was pity in the periods and sentiment in the semicolons. As for the exclamation points, they simply were elongated teardrops. It was one of the best stories Betty Gwin ever wrote. She said so herself—openly. But the picture that went with the story was absolutely diademic; it crowned figures of speech with tiaras of the graphic art. It showed Mamma Finkelstein seated on an upended box, which once had contained pickled herrings, surrounded by the eight little Finkelsteins. The children looked like ragged cherubs.

To accomplish this result it had been necessary for Miss Gwin to depart somewhat from a faithful delineation of the originals. But of what value is the creative ability unless it be used to create? I ask you that, and pause for a reply. Not that the junior Finkelsteins were homely; without an exception they were handsome and well formed. A millionaire might have been proud to own them.

But the trouble was, the Old Masters, who first painted cherubim, were mainly Italians, and for a variety of reasons

chose their models from a race other than that to which the Finkelsteins appertained. To make her portraits conform with the popular conceptions of cherubs Miss Gwin saw fit to—shall we say?—conventionalize certain features. Indeed, when it came to reproducing for publication the physical aspect of Master Solly Finkelstein she did more than conventionalize—she idealized. Otherwise subscribers, giving the picture a cursory inspection, might have been led to believe that this cherub's wings had sprouted mighty high upon him. For Solly, eldest man child of the Finkelstein brood, had inherited the paternal ear—not all of it, as we know, but an ample and conspicuous sufficiency. Yet, with his ears trimmed, he on his own merits had enough of somber child beauty for any seven-year-older anywhere. So Betty Gwin trimmed them—with her pen.

The bright light of publicity having been directed upon this cheerfully forlorn family, results followed. Of the publicity its beneficiaries knew nothing. Such papers as Papa Finkelstein read were Yiddish papers; he was no bookworm at that. Of the results, though, they were all speedily made aware.

Miss Gwin embodied the original and pioneer one of the forces speedily set marching to the relief of the Finkelsteins. Persons of a philanthropic leaning, reading what she had written and beholding what she had drawn, were straightway moved to forward, in care of that young author and the publication which she served, various small sums of money to be conveyed to this practically fireless, substantially foodless and semigarmentless household. Miss Gwin thought, at first, of founding a regular subscription list under the title of Betty Gwin's Succor Fund; but, on second thought, disliked the sound of the phrase when spoken, although it looked well enough written out.

Instead, she elected to carry in person to their proper destination the cash contributions already in hand, and along with them a somewhat more cumbersome offering consisting of a one-piece costume sent by a young lady in the theatrical profession—the chorus profession, to be circumstantial about it—who had accompanied the donation with a note on scented violet note paper, with a crest, stating that she wished the devoted mother of those "poor birdlings"—a direct quotation, this, from Miss Gwin's story—to have the frock, and to keep it and wear it for her very own. With the Compliments of Miss Trixie Adair, of the Gay Gamboliers Musical Comedy Company.

Thus laden, Miss Gwin descended upon Pike Street and ascended upon the Finkelsteins, bringing with her, in addition to the other things mentioned, an air of buoyancy and good cheer. As on the occasion of her former call, two days earlier, the medium of intercourse between the visitor and the heads of the household was Miriam, aged nine, the topmost round of the family stepladder, ably reënforced by her brother Solly, who was mentioned just a bit ago with particular reference to his ears. In truth I should put it the other way round; for, to be exact, it was Solly who sustained the main burden of translation, his sister being a shy little thing and he in temperament emphatically the opposite.

Besides, his opportunities for acquiring facility and a repertoire in tongues had been more extensive than hers. While Miriam frequented the hallways of the tenement, or, at best, the sidewalk in front of it, concerned with the minding of the twins—Israel and Isadore, but both called, for convenience, Izzy—it was his practice to range far and wide, risking death beneath the trolley cars, capture by the law, and murder at the hands of roused custodians of jobbing houses and buildings in course of construction, about which he lurked on the lookout for empty packing cases and bits of planking, and the like—such stuff as might be dragged home and there converted into household furnishings or stove fuel, depending upon whether at the moment the establishment stood more desperately in need of something to sit on than of something to burn.

Even now, at the tender age of seven, going on eight, Solly betrayed the stirrings of a restless ambition such as his sire had never known. It was an open question whether he would grow up to be a gunman or a revered captain of finance. A tug of fate either way might set his eager footsteps toward either goal. Already he had a flowing command of the sort of English spoken by startled and indignant motormen, pestered policemen and watchmen, tempted by provocation entirely beyond their powers of self-control. So Solly served as chief interpreter while Miss Gwin informally tendered the presents that had been intrusted to her charge for transmission.

In the same spirit Papa and Mamma Finkelstein, who continued to entertain the vaguest of theories regarding the sources of and the reasons for these benefactions, accepted them gratefully, with no desire to look a gift horse in the mouth. Gift horses were strange livestock in their experience anyhow.

The money—eight dollars and ninety-five cents, all told—went for fuel and food; but mainly for food. With the Finkelsteins, life was a feast or else it was a famine; in their scheme of domestic economics they sought no middle ground. As for the gown bestowed by Miss Trixie Adair, of the Gay Gamboliers, Mamma Finkelstein started wearing it right away, merely adapting it to existing conditions—conditions that were, with her, not only existent but, I may say, chronic. It was—or had been—a pale blue evening gown of a satinlike material, with no neck and no sleeves to the upper part, but with a gracefully long train to the skirt part, and made to hook up the back.

Because of the frequency of the demands put upon the maternal resources by the newest and smallest Finkelstein, it was deemed expedient and, in fact, essential to turn the gown round backward, so as to have the bodice fastenings directly in front of Mamma Finkelstein instead of directly behind her. This necessitated drawing the train up from beneath the occupant's feet and draping it, sash-fashion, about her waist. Mamma Finkelstein wore it so. She was

With Shrieks of Terror They Fled Into a Patch of Woodland

wearing it so that afternoon when Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass arrived, direct from upper Fifth Avenue, and also the next morning when Miss Godiva Sleybells came, representing, semiofficially and most competently, the Cherry Hill Neighborhood House.

Since of these two Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass was first, firstly then we may consider her. I will begin by stating that she was a lady of augmented wealth and indubitable preëminence, being of that elect group who have ceased merely to smell society from afar off and now taste of its exclusive delights close up. For her it had been a hard climb, laboriously up all all the way, bowlder-strewn and beset by hazards, pitfalls and obstacles. But she had arrived finally upon those snow-capped peaks where life may only be maintained artificially.

Inasmuch as she had not been born to breathe the atmosphere of this rarefied altitude but had achieved her right to breathe it by her own efforts, Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass felt it to be incumbent on her to maintain her position away up there on Mount Elias by such manifold and varied activities as were most aptly designed to make for publicity, which meant prominence, which meant success. For the moment she was principally concerned with living up to the rôle of good angel to the worthily indigent. Those who loved her and in return wished to be loved by her called her the Lady Bountiful of the Slums.

She conferred the sweet boon of charity with the aid of a press agent, a subscription to a clipping bureau, a special secretary—not her regular secretary, but a special one—and a new photograph—copyright by De Valle, Fifth Avenue, all infringements prohibited—appearing about once in so often in the Sunday Magazine Sections.

It was no strain upon the eyes to gaze upon Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass; nor yet upon her photograph. Nor did she consciously and willfully deny any properly respectful person the opportunity. A distinguished portrait painter once had said, shortly after completing a commission which brought him large pecuniary returns, that Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass possessed the most beautiful profile on the entire North American Continent. When in company, the recipient of this tribute kept her side face turned to the majority present—the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number, you see. She had one secret regret: one could not walk sideways—or, at least, one could not for any considerable distance.

I would not go so far as to say that Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass actually read the prose poem emanating from Miss Betty Gwin's sympathetic typewriter; but I will go so far as to say that promptly the article of that gifted young word chandler was brought to her attention. No time was to be lost; in fact, no time was lost. Very shortly thereafter Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass, attired in housings appropriately plain, to accord with her errand—housings which had cost less than five hundred dollars, exclusive of import duties—and suitably riding in a simple French limousine of but forty-eight horse power, was conveyed southward and eastward from her home to Pike Street. Her arrival there created a measure of popular tumult only to be equaled by a bank run or a fire alarm. A self-appointed escort at least seventy-five strong piloted her up four flights to the Finkelstein flat.

Papa Finkelstein was out temporarily, and Mamma Finkelstein was stunned into a state approximating dumb stupor by the grandeur of the visitation that appeared before her, heralded though its coming had been by many small, excited couriers dashing up the stairs in advance. Though Mamma Finkelstein was of humble station, Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass did not deny her a treat. Throughout her stay, which was short, she remained standing in the doorway with her profile presented to the dazzled stare of her hostess.

Her purpose being explained through volunteer interpreters, and largess having been bestowed generally, she masterfully bore away Miriam, Solly and the two small duplicate Izzys, Mamma Finkelstein making no sign either of demur to or acquiescence in the plan, to a Christmas-tree entertainment for poor children given under her direct patronage in a rented hall some distance north of Cooper Union.

At eight P. M., long before their mother had in any visible respect rallied from her coma of dumb bewilderment, these four, a torpid and satiated quartet, were safely returned to the home nest, gorged on goodies and laden with small gifts for themselves and for their yet more juvenile sisters and brothers. Throughout the remainder of the evening, though, little Miriam persisted in regarding her father with a certain silent and distressful reproach in her big black eyes. Made uneasy by his daughter's bearing, he questioned her; and she divulged something she had heard.

It seemed that in explaining the intent of the festival of Christmas, Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass, though actuated by the best intentions imaginable, had nevertheless revealed certain phases of Sacred History which, when the first shock of disclosure was over, left sensitive little Miriam in a state of mind where she stood ready to fix direct responsibility upon her own parent. Papa Finkelstein may have been lax in the precept and practice of his theological beliefs, but assuredly his convictions were both sound and orthodox. Immediately he developed an entirely unwarranted but none the less sincere distrust for the motives of Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass.

If Papa Finkelstein's suspicions endured through the night, as I have my reasons for believing they did endure, they found no permanent lodgment in the bosom of his helpmate; for the next morning an event occurred that for the time being, at least, served to dispossess Mamma Finkelstein's mind of all lesser considerations. I refer to the arrival of Miss Godiva Sleybells, from the Cherry Hill Neighborhood House. Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass typified

amateur philanthropy; but not so Miss Sleybells. She came panoplied with purposeful intent, as the specialized, the expert, the austere representative of organized mercy.

She, too, read Miss Betty Gwin's account of the lorn Finkelsteins. She waited not for an inquisition to be made and a report to be filed. She girded up her walking skirt, as a result of which girding it hiked in front and it drooped behind; and she put on her rubber overshoes, and she came.

She walked in unannounced on the assembled Finkelsteins; and the instant she crossed the threshold all there, regardless of age, somehow realized that they were hers to do with as she pleased; realized that in her efficient hands they would be but as plastic clay between the fingers of the molder. Everywhere she went Miss Sleybells conveyed this feeling; it traveled with her even as her aura. She could walk through a crowded street, pausing not and looking neither to the right nor the left, and yet leave behind her in the minds of those among whom she had passed the firm conviction that she had taken this particular street under her direct management and control. Were there more like her in this hemisphere, women would not now be asking for the suffrage. But man would be.

Such, in brief, was the ardent and enthusiastic woman who invaded the Finkelstein citadel, surprising its resident garrison in the middle of their comfortable untidiness and causing them instantly and unconditionally to capitulate before her onslaught. She looked about her, choosing for her initial attack the point of least resistance. It was the second to the youngest Finkelstein, Lena by name, engaged at the moment in regaling her infantile palate with a mid-forenoon snack consisting of a large, sea-green dill pickle and a rather speckly overripe banana. By Mrs. Finkelstein's standards these two articles constituted a well-balanced food ration. If the banana was soft and spotty, the pickle certainly was firm and in the immature hands of Lena practically indestructible. Besides, the results spoke for themselves. Lena liked her dill pickle and her banana; and she thrived on them.

Miss Sleybells looked and said "Tut! Tut!" And with those words she deprived the startled and indignant child of both those treasures. That, however, was merely the beginning. She fell to, then, in earnest—most expeditiously and painstakingly fell to. From a neighboring lady, more addicted to the healthful exercise of sweeping than Mamma Finkelstein was, she commandeered the use of a broom; also a mop. She heated water upon the rickety stove. She gave little Miriam a quarter and sent the child forth to buy two kinds of soap—human and laundry. Following this, things ensued with a dizzying celerity.

At the outset Miss Sleybells completely upset Mamma Finkelstein's domestic arrangements; or, rather, she disturbed and disarranged them, for to have them upset was Mamma Finkelstein's notion of having them properly bestowed. She ferreted out from beneath beds the stored accumulations of months. She pried open the window, admitting the chill air of winter in swift gusts. She swept, she dusted, and with suds she mopped the floor and stayed not her hand. She herded the abashed Finkelsteins into a corner, only to drive them out again before the strokes of broom and mop and dust rag, all the while tut-tutting like a high-powered dynamo.

This done, she took individual after individual in hand for cutaneal renovation. While Mamma Finkelstein hovered timorously by, stricken with a great and voiceless apprehension, Miss Sleybells took scissors and snipped the children out of their flannel swaddlings into which they had so carefully been sewn but a short six weeks before. As fast as she denuded a submissive form she bathed it soapily, set it before the fire to dry out, and seized, with moist, firm grasp, upon another unresisting victim. I indulge in no cheap effort at penning, but speak the sober fact when I say Miss Godiva Sleybells that day proved herself a veritable Little Sister of the Pore.

Presently from the group of small naked figures squatted by the stove a sound of sneezing arose. The baby began it and the baby's example was contagious. Soon these youthful Finkelsteins who had undergone the water ordeal, as contradistinguished from those who had not yet undergone it, were going off with sneezes at regular half-minute intervals, like so many little pink cuckoo clocks.

Behind Miss Sleybells' indomitable back, then, Mamma Finkelstein wrung her hands in mute and helpless distress.

By Force They Detained the Little Man, Making Mock of Him in English and in Yiddish

But no word of protest did she utter. For one thing, her knowledge of the English language practically was negligible. For another thing, she dared not speak even had she had the words. To Mamma Finkelstein, Miss Sleybells personified the visible authority of the state—that same dread force which, in the guise of truant officers, sought to drag Miriam away to public school when her services were required for nursing duties; and which, again, wearing brass and blue, harried Solly from his wood-collecting.

Starting with the youngest and progressing toward the top, Miss Sleybells bathed up the line as far as the twins before she stopped. She stopped there for lack of living material. Solly, opportunely, had fled into hiding, and with him Miriam, his sister. Anyhow, Miss Sleybells reflected as she looked about her at the surroundings, now all cleansed and dampish, all lathered and purged, that she had done a great deal for one day—a very great deal. Still, much remained undone.

Upon leaving, she gave Mamma Finkelstein express and explicit commands regarding the conduct of her home, speaking with especial reference to fresh air, ablutions and diet. By nods and by gestures Mamma Finkelstein pledged obedience, without sensing in the smallest degree what she was promising to do. Then Miss Sleybells announced that she would return on the morrow, and departed. Mamma Finkelstein understood that part, at least, and her wigged head sank in her hands. Papa Finkelstein, arriving home shortly before dark, sustained a hard shock. For a minute he almost thought he must have got into the wrong flat.

Miss Godiva Sleybells was as good as her word; in fact, better. She did come back the next day and on many days thereafter, coming to correct, to admonish, to renovate, to set erring feet upon the properest way, to scold poor Mamma Finkelstein for her constantly recurrent backslidings from the paths of domestic duty. Nearly always she came at unexpected intervals; and, having come, she entered always without knocking. Mamma Finkelstein fell into the habit of hearkening fearsomely for the sound of footsteps in the hall without.

Being warned by an approaching resolute tread, betokening flat, low heels and broad, sensible soles, she would drop whichever child she happened to be mothering at that moment and fly about in a perfect frenzy of purposeless activity, snatching up things, casting them aside, rattling kitchen pans, shoving loose articles—and nearly everything she owned was loose—out of sight. The artifice was a transparent one at best. Assuredly it never deceived Miss Godiva Sleybells. With shiftlessness she had no patience. Shiftlessness was one of several thousand things with which she had no patience.

It was on the occasion of her second visit that Miss Sleybells brought along and bestowed upon Mamma Finkelstein a bound volume dealing with the proper care of infants, and bade her consult its pages. This gift Mamma Finkelstein put to usage, but not the usage the donor had devised for it. She gave it to the next-to-the-youngest baby, who was teething, to cut her little milk teeth upon. The sharp corners proved soothing to the feverish gums of Lena; but, under constant and well-irrigated mumblings, the red dye on the covers came off, resulting in an ensanguined appearance of Lena's lips and a sharp attack of colic elsewhere in Lena. Mamma Finkelstein had suspected evil lurked within the volume; now she was certain dangers abode in its outer casings. She kindled a fire with it.

It was following the occasion of her third visit that Miss Godiva prepared and read to a company of her associates in the Neighborhood House a paper dealing with her observations in this particular quarter. In the course of her reading she referred variously to the collective Finkelsteins as a charge, a problem, a question, an enigma and a noteworthy case.

For all her lack of acquaintanceship with the language, it is possible that Mamma Finkelstein, in her dim, inarticulate way, comprehended something of Miss Godiva's mental attitude toward her. Perhaps she would have preferred to be regarded not as a problem but occasionally as a person. Perhaps she craved inwardly for those vanished days of comparative privacy and unlimited disorderliness within the two rooms she called her home. Her situation may have been miserable then. Miss Sleybells said so. But what matters misery if its victims mistake it for happiness?

But since Mrs. Finkelstein never by act or sign or look betrayed her feelings, whatsoever they may have been, it is not for me or for you to assume that she harbored resentment. She was a daughter of a tribe bitted and bridled to silent endurance; of a people girthed and saddled through the centuries for the uncomplaining bearing of their burdens.

Meantime Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass was by no means slack in well-doing. As regards the younger Finkelsteins particularly, her almsdeeds were many. She took them under her silken wings. At intervals she arrived, rustling, to confer advice and other things more material and therefore more welcome. She spoke of the Finkelsteins as her Pet Charities.

Among the younger inmates of the flat her visits were by no means distasteful. Quite aside from the gifts she brought, the richness of the clothes she wore appealed to a heritage of their ancestry that was in them; they had a natural taste and appreciation for fabrics. But Papa Finkelstein found it impossible to cure himself of his earlier suspicions. He remembered what he remembered, and remained dubious.

For all that, Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass presently aimed her batteries of benevolence upon him. It was like this: She had aided conspicuously in a Bundle Day movement. Someone else, I believe, originated the idea, but Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass practically took it over as soon as she heard about it. Through the daily press an appeal was made to the well-to-do of the community that they should assemble into parcels their cast-off garments for distribution among the poor. The police force, the fire department, the express companies and the newspaper offices—all were to cooperate in gathering up such parcels and depositing them at a designated central station, where the objects of this bounty on a given date might be outfitted.

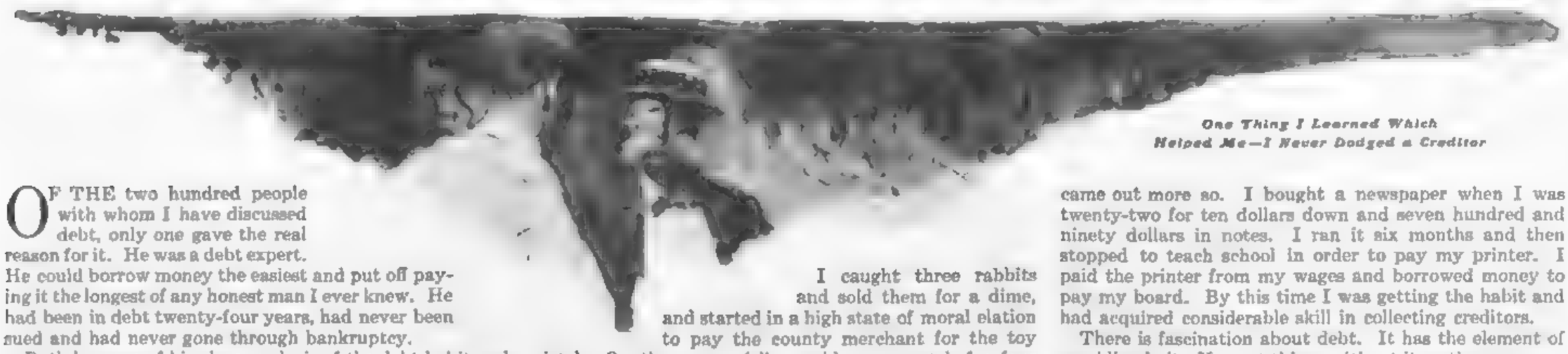
The notion caught the fancy and became popular. It assumed a scope beyond the dream horizon of its creator and of the legatees of the notion; for in itself it had four elements that inevitably appeal to the New York heart: First, generosity, for New York may be thoughtless, but it is vastly generous underneath its face-paint; second, novelty; third, size; and fourth, notoriety. But the greatest of these is notoriety. The effects were magnificently far-reaching. Thousands made contributions; thousands of others profited thereby, while the sponsors of the affair, including Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass, looked on approvingly, acquiring merit by the minute.

On the day before Bundle Day the lady called in Pike Street, timing her arrival so as to be sure of finding Papa Finkelstein in. With the aid of Miriam and Solly she explained to him her designs. He was to come to such and such an address next morning and be equipped with a wardrobe less accessibly ventilated to the eager and the nipping air of winter than the one he now possessed.

Papa Finkelstein solemnly pledged himself to be there at the appointed hour, and so she went away, well content. Therein, however, a subtle Oriental strain of duplicity in Papa Finkelstein's nature found play. He had no intention of having his timid sensibilities massacred before a large crowd to make a Bundle Holiday. It may have been that he feared in Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass' friendly overtures there was concealed a covert campaign to proselyte him away from the faith of the Fathers. It may have been that, through professional reasons, he privily deplored a movement calculated to strike so deadly a blow at the very vitals of the old-clo' business.

(Continued on Page 29)

In Debt and Out—By William H. Hamby



One Thing I Learned Which Helped Me—I Never Dodged a Creditor

OF THE two hundred people with whom I have discussed debt, only one gave the real reason for it. He was a debt expert. He could borrow money the easiest and put off paying it the longest of any honest man I ever knew. He had been in debt twenty-four years, had never been sued and had never gone through bankruptcy.

Both because of his clear analysis of the debt habit and of the victory he has recently won—being free at last for the first time since he was fourteen years old—his story will be interesting to the few million other debtors who have for years been skirmishing along the line of retrenchments.

Other men have explained their debts as a result of sickness, or bad seasons, or ill luck, or dishonest partners—a hundred and nine external reasons—but Rogers, my debt expert, put it differently. Here is his story:

Debt is simply a bad mental habit. It took me twenty years to discover it. Then one day I was badly vexed by an importunate creditor who was not satisfied with my "Just had to paint and reshingle my house and am a little tight this month. I'll take care of you before long." After he was gone—insinuatingly glum—I myself began to wonder why month after month I had to explain "that I was a little close" just now.

I got out my books and did some figuring. In the past twenty years my average income had been four thousand dollars a year. In the beginning I owed six hundred and twenty-seven dollars. I owed a little over three thousand dollars now. The first year of the twenty my income was eight hundred dollars; the last year, nine thousand dollars.

"It seems"—I began to grin at myself as I remembered the several thousand times I had told this to my creditors—"I have had some extra expense this month—an awful lot of financial emergencies to happen to one man!"

I threw over right then all my accustomed explanations and excuses and started on a hunt for real reasons for my debts—and other men's—and found them. I do not mean business debts. Where a man buys a piece of property and gives a mortgage on it, or where he buys goods on ninety days' credit, that is an investment in futures, wise or unwise according to his judgment. That is not the sort of debts I have in mind—not the sort most people have on their books. The debts that have always dogged me, like the bloodhounds in Uncle Tom's Cabin, are the bills from the grocer, the tailor, the furniture store, the dry-goods store—bills for things bought for use.

These are real debts—holes plugged in the future by past overshots. These are the debts which are mental habits.

Being Generous With Others' Money

NEITHER do I include the accidental debts of a man who supports a family of five on one dollar and seventy-five cents a day and is laid up with fever or a broken leg. But I refer to that very large company of ordinary and extraordinary Americans who can and do live on an income—only from ninety days to two years behind it. With them it is not the twenty-odd unexpected things, which every month require extra money, that keep them in debt. It is nothing external; but simply that bad mental habit which seems to be born with some and acquired by others.

It must have been born with me, for I began my career at fourteen by buying a cap pistol as a present for another boy who had typhoid fever. It was a good impulse. But I did not have the dime, and he could not possibly use the pistol.

About half our debts come from such misdirected good impulses. One of my neighbors had a beautiful rosebush near the walk. A hundred people paused in passing every day and their eyes brightened at the gorgeous flowers. One morning a friend was laid up with a bad headache. This neighbor on a generous impulse went out and cut every rose from the bush—a whole armful—and sent them to her. The girl smiled wanly and immediately had her maid take them away—because she could not endure flowers when she had a headache. The impulse of the giver was generous, but it robbed the hundred who enjoyed the flowers for one who did not. We often deceive ourselves that way with our debts. We give a generous feast to people not hungry—while our grocer grows wrinkled fighting bankruptcy because of our unpaid bills. It is the essence of selfishness to be generous with the other fellow's money. He may want to be generous too.

I caught three rabbits and sold them for a dime, and started in a high state of moral elation to pay the county merchant for the toy pistol. On the way a fellow sold me a watch for four dollars—on credit.

I was to meet him at the country store, after harvest, and pay him four dollars from my wages. While I waited at the store, the merchant, remembering my promptness with the dime, sold me a seven-dollar suit of clothes on time. Before I paid for the suit, a neighbor sold me a mare for eighty-five dollars—to be paid for when I taught school.

After that it required neither accident, coincidence nor temptation to keep the chain of debt unbroken. The mare took care of that. She ate her head off and the interest on her gobbled up the saddle and bridle.

At first I managed to have only one debt at a time. But I soon got over that. When I learned how easy it was every time I pulled up one account by the roots I planted two more. If I paid for a pair of shoes I bought a hat and a pair of trousers. If I settled for a shotgun I bought a pair of boots, a duck coat, and a history of the world in nine volumes, and ordered my aunt's picture enlarged for her birthday. One of the subtle temptations of debt is its flattery. It feeds one's vanity to say "Charge it" and to get a willing "All right" in reply.

My first experience at borrowing money occurred in February of my seventeenth year. Borrowing money is a much more difficult feat than buying things. The owner has not the same incentive to get rid of his money as has the fellow with a weak-springed gun, or a suit of clothes acquainted with moths and familiar with past seasons.

I had finished my first school. The contract called for twenty-five dollars a month for five months. My board cost me four dollars a month. I had figured at the end of the term I would have exactly one hundred and five dollars. Instead, I had forty dollars and fifteen cents; all of which, except the fifteen cents, I was supposed to pay on the horse debt. I wanted to attend the spring term of the academy.

At that time, and in my community, money was too precious to be lent to a mere human being. A note had to be backed by land and cattle. Only one man in our end of the county ever lent money and he always took mortgages. This fellow was a Pennsylvanian named McAllister; brusque man with the reputation among the ne'er-do-wells of being a driver and a hard creditor. I decided to go to him.

Borrowing money is an acquired art. I think it never comes naturally. It did not with me. It took me a great many years to learn the technic. I can borrow money now as easily as I can order a dinner. But it was torture then.

I went to the house and talked in an absent-minded, feverish way with the boys. I helped carry in wood. I spent an hour peeling a bucket of apples for Mrs. McAllister. Finally I heroically raised the courage to ask for her husband. He was in the back field, foddering some cattle. I went to the back field. I hung round an hour, and talked and choked and burned and dug my heels in the frozen ground and gouged my nails into my palms. Finally I broke loose: "Mr. McAllister—I want—can you—I wonder if you would mind—I want to go to school."

He stopped rattling the fodder, dusted the blades off his gloves and looked down at me speculatively.

"Want to go to school do you, Jake?"

I gulped and nodded.

"Well," he said deliberately, "how much do you have to have?"

"Fifty dollars!" Was he actually going to lend it to me! He thought for a minute.

"I'll fix up a note when we go to the house and I'll let you have the money."

My heart was thrumming like a partridge and down deep I was vowing:

"I'll pay him—I'll pay him—no matter what I have to do to earn the money."

I did pay him, but it took me so long the interest amounted to eighty-six dollars and twenty cents.

For four years I taught school and attended the academy—always in debt. I went to college in debt and came out more so. I bought a newspaper when I was twenty-two for ten dollars down and seven hundred and ninety dollars in notes. I ran it six months and then stopped to teach school in order to pay my printer. I paid the printer from my wages and borrowed money to pay my board. By this time I was getting the habit and had acquired considerable skill in collecting creditors.

There is fascination about debt. It has the element of gambling in it. You get things without it costing you anything—right now. It is dealing in futures—and that has a strong appeal to a sanguine mind. We are all rich in the future. Six months, a year, two years, some marvelous good luck is going to happen to us. We'll have plenty of money then! Why not enjoy a little of it now? Eureka! That is the idea. Instead of having all that good luck pile up at once, we'll take a little of it now. The bank or the department store will cash in on our expectations—so we go borrow and buy.

When Hope is Cheap and Money Dear

THAT trick of living on the future is one of the worst mental phases of debt. It goes beyond the mere promise to pay. It goes deeper than a false financial expectation. It makes things seem so easy. The debtor wants all sorts of things—honor and position and friends—on credit. He expects people to praise him for the great things he is going to accomplish. He is hurt if the community classes him for what he has already done, instead of for what he intends to do. He feels that in a little while, as soon as he has had time to learn the ropes, he'll be worth ten thousand a year to any financial ship. He wants the company to advance at least half that salary to begin on.

This quality of mind is distinctly different from buoyant hope and real ambition. It is not that deep elemental urge to go after the success one wants, but it is instead a disposition to discount that success and live on the net proceeds to-day. Now that I have faced things, have brought my mind up to the bar of clear, unflinching judgment, it is difficult to understand how I believed all those hundreds of hopeful expectations during my years of debt. I rarely borrowed money or bought a thing on time that I did not fully expect to pay the debt promptly. I felt quite sure that I would somehow get the money, even when there was no way visible.

It is a trait of the mental habit of debt to let a thin, hazy hope outweigh a substantial purchase. "Stockton talks as if he might give me that job of looking over his books at night—that'll bring me in fifty dollars extra next month. We'll buy this twenty-five-dollar writing desk, anyway." A debtor learns to believe in the flimsiest excuses of that sort—the prospect of a relative dying and leaving him money, of his selling a lot at a profit, of getting a rise in salary. I knew a fellow once who was always in debt, because he had some money coming soon. Pushed for definite details he said that he had grubstaked a miner twenty years ago, and although he had never heard from him since he always expected something to come of it.

Responsible people, prompt to pay, are inclined to call debtors of this turn harsh names—the mildest of which is dead beat. They believe these vague hopes are sheer fabrications for the purpose of deceiving the creditor. But they are not—usually. I believe nineteen men out of every twenty who are in debt mean to pay and want to pay. I believe they do not intend to misrepresent. They merely have grown into a mental attitude which allows them to adjust a substantial fifty-dollar reality with a floating, indefinite, two per cent hope.

I know that I had done this in all those early years of debt. I had honest—if flimsy—plans in mind for prompt payment, when buying. But when it came to payment it was a different matter. Here I found I had to invent different reasons—more substantial hopes. And here is one of the most damaging things about debt. Nothing is more dangerous than a facility for plausible explanations—dangerous both to a man's business and to his character.

After I was graduated from college my creditors, who had been very patient, began to feel seven years was a good long time to wait—some had waited that long. I was teaching in a high school in a small town, and my mail began to contain a considerable sprinkling of letters that did not come from textbook publishers.

Still worse, occasionally an aggressive individual with red whiskers came to the schoolhouse, and called me into

the hall and spoke in such an unsubdued tone about my settling up that I always returned to the classroom with face burning.

Although I usually managed to hush him up without settling up, the word began to filter out that I was slow pay, and some facetious ones even intimated that no one but Saint Peter would ever get a final settlement out of me.

The dread of my life was being sued, and I would barely get one creditor pacified when another would break out. Nothing is harder to down than the ghost of old debts. They stalked me in almost every mail. If "conscience does make cowards of us all," debts make liars of most of us. Up to this time I had never told a creditor anything I myself did not believe. But now I began to evade. In order to keep creditors pacified I held out delusive hopes of an early settlement or of a remittance to follow shortly.

I owed the remnants of a board bill to a farmer in Bolington; a black-bearded pirate in Ellery held my note for twenty-five dollars for a twenty-dollar loan; a red-faced storekeeper at Miller had twenty-odd dollars posted against me for sundries. There was something still due on the roan mare; one of my academy notes was still drawing interest; in fact, I don't know how much I did owe. I never would count it up. It always seemed less if I did not know—and my income always seemed more. And one creditor never has any sympathy for your other creditors. He wants you to apply your full salary to his account.

For two years I was in a constant feverish dread of being sued, and I was filled with shame or humiliation every time I had to make new excuses for not paying. I got through some way, and almost paid up; but at the end of the time my evasive habit of mind had become almost that of the professional dead beat.

Nobody ever pays the piper more blood money than the man who buys his music on credit. I do not know whether everyone suffers as much from his debts as I have suffered. If so, a composite picture of the human countenance on the first of the month would be as full of woe as that of a pacifist studying the European war map.

About the time I had eased up my debts so I could sleep at night and enjoy my meals I fell into another mental error. I read a number of articles about the cheapness of housekeeping. It seemed by these articles that matrimony was the last word in economy. Not only could two live cheaper than one, but they could save money on it. I gathered that a house could be run on what a young man usually spent for lemonade and the merry-go-round on the Fourth of July and that, once married, a wife would take expenses in her own hands and squeeze them down until they were invisible to the naked eye.

Well, wanting to believe it—the debtor habit again—I ventured in where, I understand, the angels never tread. It was not a bad idea at all. My ideas were mostly good—but not proportioned to my income. As to whether a young man should marry before he is out of debt or not, I cannot advise. If I did and all of them took my advice, it would mean too heavy a reduction in the population. I can say this—it did not help me get out of debt. For she had the same ideas I had—and two ideas that buy as one are sure to make two dead beaters where once there beat but one.

Wages Eaten Up by Bargains

IT WAS not her fault. She was a good buyer, always got the worth of her money but usually before I got the money. Neither of us intended to be extravagant. Both of us were honest—in thought, if not in practice. But we got deeper and deeper in debt. One of the mental habits of debt is to consider each debt separately and one's salary as a whole. "Why, seven dollars for a rocking-chair is a trifle—my check will be nearly a hundred at the end of the month! Buy the rocking-chair! Sure, we can afford a twenty-three-dollar couch. Twenty-three from ninety leaves sixty-seven—plenty for other things. Buy the couch! Ten dollars for books? Of course. Ten from ninety leaves eighty for other bills." And so it goes. Simple as that is, I believe it is the reasoning of seven debtors out of eight. They never consider the total of the debts, never add them up until pay day.

In the course of three years I had made considerable advance in my profession and was earning one hundred dollars a month. But we kept buying more and better things all the time. My wife was always strong on buying things a little better than ordinary—because that was true economy. Understand, I am not finding fault with her—only when I faced the analysis of our debt habit I had to face hers as truthfully as mine, and I'm giving you the benefit of my observations.

For instance, one of her theories was that it is economy to have a dress for every occasion and to keep your wardrobe up, for it did not cost nearly so much to replenish it as to buy a whole new outfit.

By the end of three years my increasing debts began to nag me more and more and to hurt my reputation. One day I overheard a conversation that I did not repeat to my wife for a good many years—in fact, until I knew she could laugh over it. I was in a store and happened to be screened by a rack of overcoats. Two other men came in, to one of whom I owed a hundred and thirty dollars. This fellow stuttered, and he was telling his friend that he could not collect from me.

"What's the reason?" asked the friend. "Doesn't he make money?"

"Y-y-e-es. But—but—but—his wife always beats—beats me to it."

Two months later there came a crash—and all on account of my debts. I lost my position and had to move into a new town and drop back to an inferior job at sixty dollars a month. There I was at twenty-five, with six hundred dollars of debts scattered among nineteen creditors, and my four years' hard-earned advance gone on the wings of a dun—back where I had started, doubly handicapped by a family to support.

It was maddening. And to make it worse my new position was dependent upon my reputation. If I did not manage to pacify my creditors even this job would be lost. And my creditors were not considerate, as had been those of my boyhood. They wanted money and wanted it right away.

Since that winter I have never talked loudly and emphatically about a willingness to let my right hand be burned off before I would do a dishonorable thing. I suppose always we must judge other men by our own inner consciousness. And when I hear a man proclaiming his undying allegiance to absolute truth and honor and sobriety—regardless of pressure—I say in charity: "He really believes it, but he has not been tried." On the final test a man will let go of a great many of his principles. If he finds within him only one or two that he will not give up he is really of heroic stuff.

One day when hard pressed for thirty dollars—how humiliating not to be able to raise thirty dollars—I went to an acquaintance and asked him for the loan of that sum, and told him I had it due me in two weeks and would then pay him. This was the first deliberate falsehood I had told. It was the only way that I could raise the money and the only way I could save myself from being sued. And when the money was due I told the friend some plausible story about delay. Other plausible stories followed other borrowings; and then to my horror I saw I was fast becoming an ordinary slippery dead beat who eternally has somebody going to pay him some money to-morrow.

After all, it is deterioration that is hell. That is not profanity, but literal truth. Growth—the abounding exuberant feeling that one is going forward, that he is gaining in strength, that his grip is firmer, his mind clearer, his character finer—that is success and heaven. To feel things slipping from you, to feel that the highest, most bounding aspirations may be crushed by being forced into a subterfuge over a paltry sum of money; to see yourself becoming evasive, plausible, cowardly, deceptive even to your friends—why, that is hell, real and unmitigated.

The horror of that winter has never left me. Oh, the stinging, galling humiliation for a man of education, spirit and ambition to have to apologize to his barber for not paying for a hair cut! For three days once I could not send an important letter for lack of a stamp.

I was slipping fast—getting treacherous, bitter and dishonest, really dishonest, when I pulled up and took stock of myself. Say what you will about the sham of a man saving his face, there is a lot in it. A man may deceive himself and keep a pretty clean conscience. But when he is forced to admit that he is going crooked, his self-respect is sure to have the malaria.

I saw I could not go on this way. I was only piling up more and more trouble for myself. A man cannot hide an unpaid debt any more than murder. His plausible explanations about there being a mistake in the account or an oversight will not last more than twice. I had to throw it up and quit the whole thing—or find some way to fight it out on a self-respecting basis.

One evening, as I plowed my way home through snowdrifts and a northwest wind cut through my meager overcoat, I fought things out. The conclusion was that I'd stick! I would get out of debt! I would fight it through! Then I began to plan rationally—in part.

There were two things I saw clearly: One was I must make no new debts in the town. If a man keeps up his bills in the new place his past sins have a much harder time finding him out. Always before I had made new debts at the new place and applied my wages to the old ones. I would pay every cent as I went; then apply what I could to old debts. Another thing I saw clearly—but I could do nothing about it then—was that it is a mistake to scatter your debts. It is better for your reputation to owe one man two hundred dollars than to owe ten men ten dollars each

I sat up until one o'clock that night writing letters. I used all the psychology and intuition with which Nature and colleges and creditors had endowed me. My mind was made up. There was a convincing finality in what I wrote. While each letter was different, I told them all in substance my exact situation.

"I am up against it," I said. "I owe six hundred dollars. My whole winter's wages will be little more than half that. I have nothing else in the world to pay with. My only hope of paying is to get a better job. This will be impossible if you dog me with this debt. Let me alone and I'll pay out in full some day! Keep after me and you'll never get a cent!"

But I did not become too grim to jolly them up a little. To one creditor I remember I wrote:

Why so anxious over thirty paltry dollars? Is there nothing in life more worth pursuing than three elusive ten-dollar bills that have come my way and gone some other? Isn't life sweet to you without that thirty? Don't you enjoy the sunshine? Have you no ambition but to collect? Why, what is thirty dollars? My friendship is worth many times that much. Why wreck it in a vain, vindictive pursuit!

In reply I got this:

Your very interesting letter did not convince me that your friendship is worth more than thirty dollars; but it did convince me that it is worth more than your note for thirty—so here it is.

I kept this note and later paid it with interest. Since then I have had many a good laugh with the owner over those letters.

Next morning I felt better. I had accepted the inevitable—but accepted it on a fighting basis. I would begin at the bottom and fight up. I felt like a stayer as I plowed my way through the snow next morning to work. Things went well that day. I went home in the evening distinctly hopeful. I believed my letters would bring a surcease in debt bombardments. Anyway, if they must sue I'd face it and go on pluckily with my work.

I Was Only Piling Up More and More Trouble for Myself

Another Bargain

THE first thing my wife said, after I shook the snow off and approached the sheet-iron stove in our room:

"Jake, I got the finest bargain to-day. An agent was here with a set of standard cook books in four volumes and three magazines as premiums. He had only one set left and he let me have them for half price—one dollar down and a dollar a month for fourteen months."

I did not say anything for several minutes. Then I asked:

"Where is he staying?"

"He went to Milton on the afternoon train."

That was Friday. I went to Milton the next morning—it was only six miles. I found that agent—got him on the corner of a residence street and told him more lies than I ever told a creditor in the same length of time.

I told him that I took boxing four years in college; that I had had two rounds with Kid McCoy; that I was in a bad, bad humor and just spoiling for a fight. I told him politely but firmly that he was going to return that contract and keep the dollar peaceably, or else he was going to return both the contract and the dollar and keep the worst set of bruises ever inflicted on a human countenance. He returned the contract and kept the dollar.

For three more years I struggled with those debts. For every hour of satisfaction I had had in making them the payment took a toll of twenty-four in suffering. I paid in worry, I paid in humiliation, I paid in the good opinion of my neighbors—and finally had to pay again in cash with interest added.

By and by I had the debts down to where they were easy again. Every time I made these gains I thought sure I had discovered the way out. But the proof that I had not was in the inevitableness of our getting in again. We attacked our expense account. We stimulated our earning capacity. We made sacrifices here and there, but always

(Continued on Page 38)

THE BARNACLE GOOSE

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

The Memory of Forgotten Legends Came to Him in Vague Fragments

HE MIGHT have been a hundred years away, he thought, as he sped along the road on the jaunting car; he might have been a hundred years away instead of a meager dozen, so strange did everything appear to him. Every turn of the way, every stone, every smoking farmhouse, every green field, was new. Even the sea to the right of him, beside which he had played for nineteen years, was dramatically unexpected. Faintly the whole landscape came back to him; hazily, as though he was seeing for the first time a scene that had been inadequately described in a book.

First, there was the road itself—broad, undulating, rising and falling, like an artist's fancy. Then, right and left, fields of delicate blue-green corn, soft as no carpet could be; and great meadows of hay, sprinkled with white and red clover; long stretches of potatoes with delicate pink and mauve flowers; and here and there a gnarled apple orchard. Huge chestnut trees lined the way, and mellow farmhouses showed cozily, with their dun thatched roofs. Cows grazed in the distance—shining, mottled Jerseys and stocky Kerrys, black as ink.

In the background the purple Mourne Mountains loomed like strange giants; and beside him the sea plashed musically, with a sound reminiscent of the chiming of bells. It was all surprisingly mellow, surprisingly rich, like the land which the spies of Joshua reported to lie past the Jordan's banks. Grant's eyebrows raised in puzzlement.

The brick-faced driver looked at him with a horseman's shrewd eyes.

"I knew you the first time I put my eyes on you," he said in his clipped Leinster accent. "You're Thomas Grant's son—Willie John, that went away to America twelve years ago last March. And why shouldn't I know you? Many's the time I drove you when you were that high." He gave the dapper little mare a flick of the whip. "I suppose you'll be settling down and staying at home now?" he asked.

"No; I don't think I will," Grant answered; and he smiled as he heard his voice slip into the musical singsong it hadn't known for many years. "I'll be going back in a month or so."

They whipped along past the sea for another mile, the little mare's hoofs striking the white road as true and as staccato as drumsticks. A strip of salt marsh spun toward them. Eastward, over the sea, a flock of birds hove. Their wings flapped wearily, and as they flew landward they uttered faint whimpering cries.

"The wild geese." The driver pointed them out with his whip. "They're coming back to the marsh. They're queer birds."

Grant watched them as they came. Their cries came sharp and complaining through the air, high-pitched, querulous, turbulent. And still there seemed to be something satisfied in them, like the sobbing of a child who has received what he wants but cannot stop for the moment.

"I often heard my grandfather say—and it's little he didn't know about birds"—the driver went on—"that there isn't a queerer bird in the world than the barnacle goose. The moment they can fly they'll leave the country. My grandfather saw them in Egypt, and he saw them in France, traveling all the time; but they can never get the taste of the Irish marshes out of their mouths, and they come back. The young ones go and the old ones stay. Even a bird doesn't get sense until it's taught."

They swept from the highway into a narrower road, and Grant's heart jumped a little, for he recognized it, broader though it was, and greener its hedges and smoother its surface than he had thought it. The sun was going down and a soft bronze twilight was beginning to settle. A little river ran past to the sea through the lush meadowland, and for an instant he saw the shimmer of a trout as it leaped for a fly. And from everywhere came the scent of clover.

They had turned, almost before he had noticed it, into the yard of the farmhouse, and again the sense of surprise struck Grant like a blow. Of course he remembered everything now—the long whitewashed farmhouse, thatched with golden straw, with the sweet pea and ivy clustering about its walls; the massive slated stable and byre; the barn to the rear of that, in the orchard; the white dairy near the big iron gates with its cinder churning table; the giant ricks of hay back of it all; the dogs running in the yard—sheep dog and setter and greyhound—the two farmhands stopping to look at him solemnly as he came through the gates; the thick servant girl hurrying out of the front door as she heard the grinding of wheels. It was so different from what he had thought it was that he caught his breath in shamed embarrassment.

A tall young fellow with red hair and a humorous twist to his mouth came strolling from the stables. He wore a tweed coat and riding breeches and boots. He stopped short and looked at the car.

"It's Willie John!" he shouted.

He swung across the yard like a flash and grasped Grant's hand in something that felt like a vise. He slammed his returned brother a terrific blow on the shoulder.

"Willie John! I'm glad to see you!"

Grant's father came out of the house, a spare Titan of a man, hair shot through with gray and a great bronzed hawk's face. He pushed Joe aside and caught Grant by the shoulders. He was inarticulate for a moment.

"You're back again, Willie John," he said simply and quietly; but behind the simple words Grant felt there was a wealth of welcome and of pleasure that David could not psalm. The elder Grant looked round toward the house. "Sarah Ann," he called, "here's Willie John!"

She came out through the door with a quick, trembling step, a very little woman to be the mother of two such powerful men and the wife of a giant—a little woman of fifty, with the face of a russet apple, with fine lacework about the corners of her eyes, hair a delicate gray, like rich silk, and a girl's mouth and eyes. She had Grant in her arms in an instant, as though he were no more than a boy. Slowly she looked at him. "My son! Willie John!" she murmured.

They took him into the house, and they looked at him again; and they talked to him for hours, the mother with her eyes shining like stars, the father with that steadfast, proud expression on his face, the brother Joe in his riotous, loud-voiced way.

It was a welcome that overwhelmed Grant; that took him off his feet, like a great wave, and sent him spinning; that warmed him with a flame, setting his heart alight.

"My son! Willie John!" She Murmured

But there was something disappointing and strange about it all. They were just content and happy to have him. He had come back to their hearts after twelve years. They didn't care where he had been or how he had prospered. He might have just come from the next townland. He might have come back a pauper—their welcome would have been the same warm, hearty thing.

And he had imagined something so very different! He had pictured the land he was returning to as a thriftless waste. His own home he had never thought of as the richly comfortable place it was. He had seen himself returning in triumph from beyond the seas, laden with treasure, like Columbus returning with the wealth of Borinquen, or like the legendary Irish lad who married the Spanish King's daughter and returned to his impoverished people in a coach-and-four.

He had imagined himself telling them of the wonders of New York—tales as marvelous as any of the thousand and one told in Oriental bazaars—of the buildings that tower as high as the Irish mountains; of the river of light that is Broadway; of the shop windows on Fifth Avenue, each of which holds a king's ransom; of the motley throngs in New York, greater in number than all Ireland holds; of the struggle and competition in which he, their son and brother, had won a sound business worth ten thousand dollars.

He wanted to tell them of his own epic. He wanted to be questioned; to be admired. And they did none of that. They were only glad to have him back. And he was disappointed!

II

IT WAS after the March fairs, twelve years ago, that he had gone to America. He had taken over a drove of cattle to Liverpool for his father and uncles, had delivered them and received the purchase money. There was one small venture of his own among the lot—a calf that he had raised to be a personable heifer, and that brought him in nine pounds. Along the docks he saw a liner bound for New York, a great leviathan, like a city. The thing hypnotized him by its vastness.

"I'm going to America," he said out loud on the pier; and in a great glow he took his passage and sent home the purchase money for the cattle.

He did not know at the time what the impulse was that sent him abroad, and he did not trouble to analyze it. Later he found a motive, and it was a

false one. He might have asked his father, who had gone in an ancient high moment to fight as a Papal Zouave against the onrush of the Neapolitan cohorts on Rome. He might have asked his red and curly headed brother Joe, who had once shipped from Newry to Iceland, and to Archangel, in Russia, and to Vladivostok, coming home by way of the China Seas. And, again, he might have asked the downy young of the barnacle goose, who wing their way southward when the first black frost comes. All these could have told him.

He had very little difficulty in finding something to do in New York, for a stocky, healthy man, with honesty written all over a clean-cut face and looking unabashed from clear gray eyes, is an acquisition to any employer. They put him to work on a street car, conducting it and taking in the fares with assiduous honesty. The ten or twelve dollars a week he made, and what he got for them, compared very unfavorably with the healthful comfort and clean sea air of home. But the adventure of the New World held his attention until home became an affectionate and dull memory. And letters to and from Ireland were rare.

He stood, in his stocking feet, as fine a specimen of strength and health as there is outside the ranks of professional athletes; he was good-looking in an impersonal way; to doubt his honesty was impossible against the evidence of those gray eyes; but he had been allotted no more than the usual share of brains. Wherefore, it took three years before the New York idea got home, which was to put money in his purse. He went about it in the way one should expect from him. He sought a position that gave reasonable promise of advancement. A great chain of grocery stores gave him an assistantship in one of its shops.

"My Father's Dead, Willie John, and I've the Place on My Hands"

"Hard work, and saving your money," he said to himself—"that's the way you get on in the world."

And he got on, with his dogged persistence. Six years of that, with the money he had saved, and he had set himself up in business on his own account, in an out-of-the-way avenue, on the road to Coney Island—a squat two-story building with an apartment upstairs and his shop below. A long, bare street, newly bedded, with grayish-white apartment houses on each hand, so new that the mortar still lay in ugly flecks about the sidewalk.

Opposite him a newly fitted chemist's shop showed garishly with its green and red lights. A valet's store was beside him, and here and there in the avenue gaps showed where the real-estate men had not yet found capitalists to erect stores or flats. It was very bleak and new, and somehow lonely; but in his own store he was happy and busy all day long. He had had his name put on the glass window—William J. Grant—in angular gold letters; and inside he and his assistant, a sallow Scotch boy, attended customers, a lean but constant string. They took loaves from the glass case on the counter, or dug butter from the cool, moist vat, or ground coffee in the red mill that suggested a ceremonial vessel in a Hindu temple. He wished the people in Ireland could see him now.

"Ay!" he would say. "I think this would open their eyes."

He had heard much about Ireland and talked much about it since he had come to America—a great deal more than he had ever heard or talked about it at home. And in his eyes now it had taken on a dim distorted shape and spirit. The physical contours of it he had forgotten—the lush green hillsides, the fruitful orchards, the kine heavy with fat, the dim warm houses—all these were to him as though they had never been. Instead of them, he saw a frail, worn country, with a vague spiritual light emanating from it, like the light from the face of a man who knows that death is near him and is resigned to it. The people about him mentioned it with sympathetic voices. They spoke of the poverty of it with a sort of contemptuous affection. And little by little Grant came to think of it in that way, too, as one thinks of a poor but worthy relative.

"There's no doubt to it," he would say to himself; "a man doesn't get a chance there. He has to come over here." And he would look about his store with proud satisfaction.

He began to think even of his own home as a place that the poisonous finger of poverty had touched; and for a year now, and more, he had thought of returning to see it. Maybe he could do something for the people at home. A few pounds would come in useful. And, apart from that, he could tell them some things that would help them along. He would make them "get a move on," as the New York phrase went. Perhaps he would take Joe, his brother, out and give him a chance to show what he had in him. Perhaps they might all come out with him—the father and mother too.

"Ay! Why not!" he would argue. "Why shouldn't they? What's there for them in Ireland?"

He ruminated over the idea every day as he came from work to the brownstone boarding house where he lived, in Schermerhorn Street, a dingy, unpalatable sort of place that had become a home to him. There were employees of department stores there; and an occasional theatrical couple stayed a week in it, a week electric with criticism. In the summer evenings the boarders sat on the stoop, and in the winter they congregated inside to be played to in insufficient light on a tinkling piano. For Grant the place had a metropolitan quality that others sought in the great hotels.

And, with the same care he had used in mapping out his business career, he watched for somebody to marry.

He found her in the boarding house—a trim and rather pale girl, who acted as though she were twenty and looked twenty-eight, but whom the Vital Statistics Bureau had registered as having been born thirty years before. Her hair was black and glossy, and her eyes were big and black and lustrous; her face, outside those features, was the face of a hundred others. But what captivated Grant about her was her chicness, her quality of being up-to-the-minute in dress and deed and word. Grant liked the flare of her wide skirts and the gray suède shoes lacing up the sides. He liked the faint powder on her face and her carefully cultured eyebrows. He liked her talk of skating and of the new theatrical pieces, and her ability to do the latest twirls in the one-step. Her name was Miss Levine—Ana Levine.

"It's not every man could have a wife like that!" he told himself; and he thought of the awe in which his people in Ireland would behold her.

She talked to him interestedly of his prospects and the trend of business in his direction; and that pleased him, for, what with that interest and with the training she received in the department store where she worked, she would be exactly what he needed to get on in the world. He told her of his intention of going back home for a month, of putting the store in the care of a friend of his from the old business where he had worked.

"And when I come back," he said, "I'd like to say something to you." She sat on the steps quietly and lowered her eyes demurely. "That is," he continued, "if nobody gets there before me."

She looked up at him and smiled.

"That's a date," she agreed.

His heart expanded blithely. Everything was settled now. Life showed in front of him like a straight line. A wife like that! And his thriving business! Now he would go back to Ireland and show them something!

He had been home now for a month and he had made no move toward returning—not that it was ever out of his mind for an instant, but it pleased him to stay there and savor the ripe mellowness of everything as he might savor a fruit. Summer was fairly in and the yellow blossoms had fallen from the gorse, but roses were blooming in every garden, great creamy ones and others with the vivid red of an autumn sunset.

The horse-chestnuts were heavy with balloons of white flowers, and every evening the bees returned drowsy from the heather of the purple mountains. There was something in it all that he had missed for years and that he was greedy for.

At first he had gone about, a splendid figure, in the clothes he had brought with him from America—suits of fine broadcloth, and buttoned shoes, and a watch that was held in place by a fob. But nobody seemed impressed by this splendor and a few were covertly amused; and suddenly he had discarded it in a sort of shame, returning to the rich tweeds of his own people. He had helped a little about the farm, finding again a lost aptitude in milking a cow and in handling a horse in a dogcart. He had gone to the fairs and put in a shrewd word here and there on the price of a colt. He had gaped in wonder at the antics of the Punch-and-Judy show and had listened to the croon of the ballad singer. He lost sixpences with the trick-of-the-loop man and with the artist of the three cards. All through it he tried to keep in his mind and on his face the attitude of a grown-up who is playing a child's game, a patronizing superiority.

"If they could only see this at Coney Island," he thought, "they would laugh their heads off."

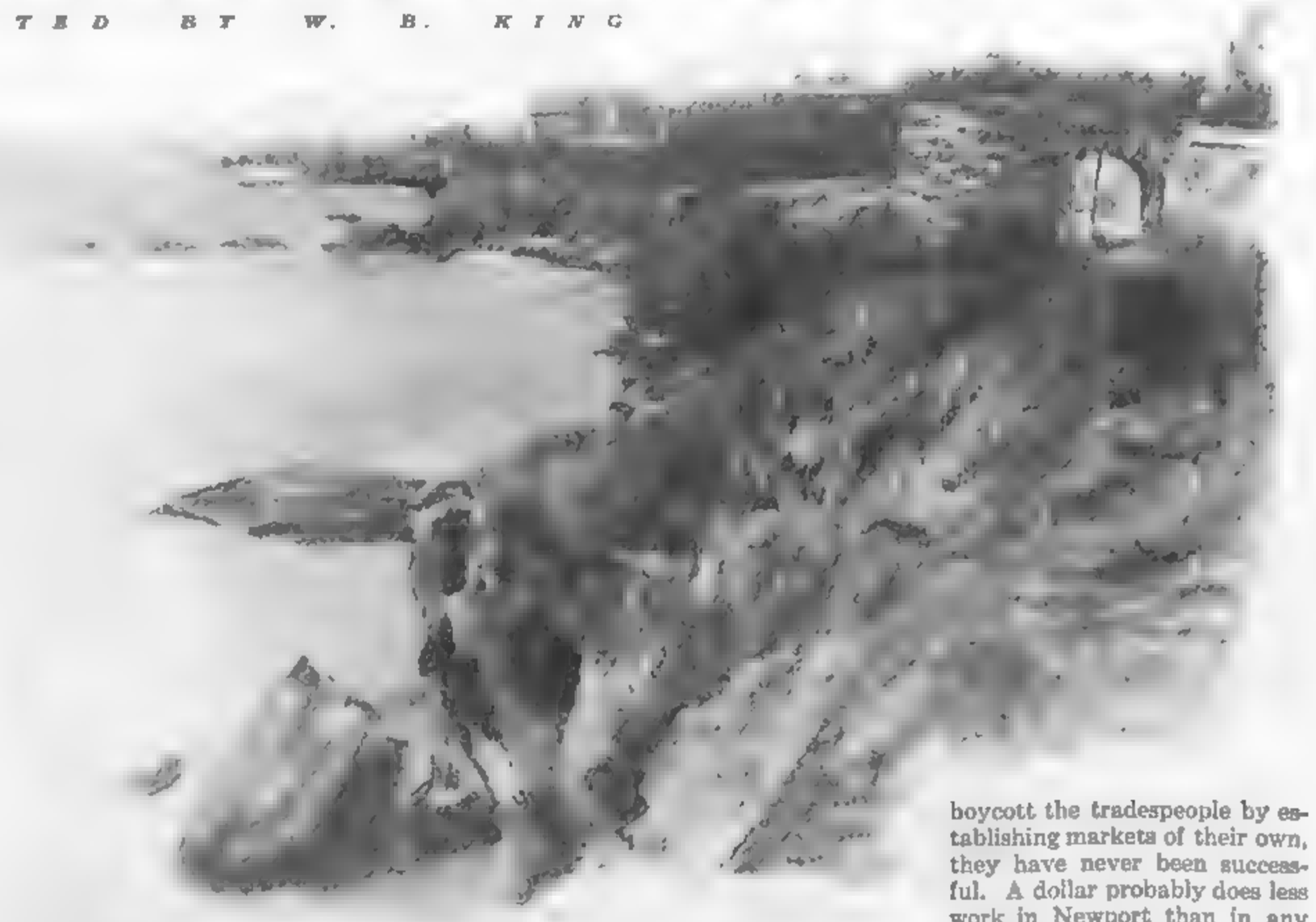
And he tried to remember as enjoyable the days he had spent there in search of amusement, returning in the evening a battered and limp and irritated rag.

(Continued on Page 48)

THIS IS THE LIFE

The Story of a Social Secretary—Edited by Corinne Lowe

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING



IN SUMMER," remarked a young German diplomat to Mrs. Cuttle as he sat beside her on the veranda of her bathhouse at Bailey's Beach, "the cry is always *thalassa*."

"What?" snorted Mrs. Cuttle, looking down to where Mrs. Norman Digly in a bathing suit short as a Norwegian day was now toying with the ocean.

"It is the Greek word for ocean—what the soldiers of Xenophon said when they again saw the seas," explained the young diplomat in the embarrassment that comes from overrating your listener's education. It was quite clear that Mrs. Cuttle's mind could not be engaged with past history. Her thoughts, indeed, fairly ticked out loud.

"Wonder why that woman doesn't wear something sometime! Where did Undine Plutenberg get her fright of a frock? There's that dreadful Dorcum girl angling after Quentin Van Feder Nest again! Wonder if the Carl Frederick Commodores are going to take me on their yachting trip this week-end!"

It was a typical Newport thought-cage, and I dare say that many other women seated on the verandas of that long line of bathhouses which flank Bailey's Beach were scampering about in the same mental circle.

On this July morning the hot summer sun met its appointed duties with unusual care and accuracy. Splinters of light fell into the blue sea; half a dozen sailboats curtsied prettily to the waters, and on the sandy beach wave after wave laid its slow fan of lacy foam. To such a scene as this the July sun was quite accustomed. It had copied it thousands of times on the Atlantic Coast.

But Bailey's Beach! Ah, that was something different. For this particular spot was a patent of American nobility. It was guarded by a Cerberus known as "Old Sam," who for forty years had held the sacred trust of keeping away from this inclosure all who were not clothed in the majesty of wealth and social position. "Old Sam" knew every regular habitué of Newport by sight, and if he did not recognize you nothing save a card from some member of the Newport Association could get you by. Without such guaranty you were compelled to seek the public beach seven miles thence.

The distinguishing feature at Bailey's Beach is a long line of bathhouses which might more properly be called veranda houses. The original function is, indeed, quite eclipsed by those piazzas which accommodate the fastidious souls who like their breath of gossip by the shores of the stately sea. Yet even as bathhouses proper the specimens here are highly developed. Very different from those wells of darkness where most of us grope with our clammy garments are the Bailey's Beach houses, with their gayly curtained windows, their mirrors and pincushions and dressing tables and cretonne-covered furniture and shower baths. Of such structures each millionaire cottager had one, and some, Mrs. Wiltshire Hobbs, for example, presided over a caucus of three.

The Belles of Bailey's Beach

VERY few of the women at Newport are radical enough to go in bathing. The customary thing to do is to hop on the veranda of your bathing house and there sun the latest gowns and the latest scandal. Of course in late years everybody has adopted a creed of simpler dressing. At the morning haunts of Newport you now find most women attired in blazers and sport skirts. When I first went with Mrs. Cuttle, however, all this was very different. On this July morning, for example, Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle wore a lingerie frock of Irish lace thrown into relief by an underslip of pale yellow. Her competitors on the neighboring verandas vied with her in chiffon and lace.

The ritual of a Newport day starts with a visit to the Casino at eleven o'clock in the morning. Here, after they have looked at the band and the tennis play, the fashionable set take their motors to the next station in the day's march of gossip—Bailey's Beach. These commodious cars generally pick up groups of the poverty-stricken young diplomats who form the backbone of bachelorhood during the summer season. On this particular day a long line of motors was drawn up beyond the entrance gate in full view of that gay veranda where Mrs. Cuttle and the young German diplomat met on their humpy and uneven ground of intercourse. In this column the claret color of Mrs. Cuttle's car, the dark green of Mrs. Simpson Heinmann's and the bright red of Mrs. Sheridan Boomkins' beamed conspicuously.

Into the sea at Bailey's Beach juts the picturesque "Old Castle," and down to the cliffs right back of the bathing houses slope the rear grounds of several of the notable villas. Crooking its elbow there at the side of the inclosure, the famous Cliff Walk, which winds from Bailey's Beach to the public beach seven miles farther down, commands the eye to more of these sloping terraces. The constant iteration of millionaire villas, the gay little bathhouses with their chattering groups, the long line of glossy motors, the figures on the sand—all these took the famous rendezvous well out of the epic sphere into that of the poster. You completely forgot that these waves which rolled on in unnoticed majesty had borne, some nine hundred years before, the daring Norsemen to this self-same spot.

We had come to Newport on the second of July. We stayed until about the middle of September. Between these dates Mrs. Cuttle and I led a busy life. Two weeks before we arrived, in fact, invitations had gone out for our first big dinner on the eighth of July. And we were sending out crested invitations to crested parties all the time we were there.

Compared to even the winter season, the months at Newport were overshadowing. Newport was the climax of Mrs. Cuttle's year. Here she gave her big balls. Here she battled for the title of social leader, and here she spent, as did everybody else, fabulous sums of money.

Before going farther I am going to jot down some of the items which raged on our monthly bills at the princely resort. Our butcher bills came to fourteen hundred dollars a month and our fowl bills often reached three hundred. We brought to Newport always at least a thousand dollars' worth of wine. We spent on electric lights two hundred dollars a month. We always employed extra servants—a second parlor maid, another chambermaid and a third chauffeur. In one of Mrs. Cuttle's famous fancy-dress balls we invested perhaps twelve thousand dollars. Florists' bills, musicians' bills and caterers' bills were generally doubled at Newport. And it is safe to say that no hostess can even limp through a Newport season on less than eight thousand a month.

The fact of it is that the tradespeople who come to the Rhode Island resort have just as much fun taking in money as do their patrons in spending it. The butcher sits under the crossbones and exchanges a cutlet for a cutlass. The fowl man holds you up sixty cents for every pound of chicken. Tradesmen settle down to piracy, and though time and again the thrifty millionaires have sought to boycott the tradespeople by establishing markets of their own, they have never been successful. A dollar probably does less work in Newport than in any other part of the globe.

I cannot forego the privilege of the chronicler—I must describe this spot to which my duties now took me. Probably not since the gleaming temples of the Acropolis sprung from the mud huts of ancient Athens has there ever been such a dramatic contrast of magnificence with poverty as here in this fashionable watering place. Down in the business part of the town the narrow streets are filled with funny old houses, with cheap shops and moving-picture shows through which lurch always groups of loose-jointed sailors. This part of the town reminds you that Newport once vied with New York in commercial importance, and you can see across the haze of years the eighteenth-century trader looking down Gravesend Bay for the cargoes bringing him sugar from the West Indies or slaves from Africa.

The Achievements of Money and Poor Taste

BACK of the town, slightly on an eminence, rises the twelve-mile avenue of unflinching magnificence which gives Newport all its present meaning. Someone has said that everything has been done for this place which can be done by money and poor taste. To some extent this is true. As I drove for the first time down Bellevue Avenue into Ocean Avenue I saw now a villa of graystone inflamed at each corner with bunions of red granite, then an eighteen-eighty model trying to gulp down some indigestible turrets, and next a gummy row of pillars stuck onto a house that never needed a pillar. As a rule, indeed, the villas themselves are tasteless. It is only the grounds, plumed with hydrangeas and sparkling with fountains, that help you take Bellevue Avenue.

Among the architectural stutterings of the celebrated thoroughfare—the French chateaus turning into Tudors and the Tudors suddenly embracing the faith of the mid-Victorian—Mrs. Cuttle's villa was very arresting. What she herself thought of it is illustrated by the reply she once made to a foreign prince congratulating her on her "magnificent villa at Newport."

"Magnificent nothing!" responded she. "It's only a plain old weatherboard house."

This "old weatherboard house" was so immaculate that it made you think of a square Anglo-Indian official dressed from pith helmet to shoes all in snowy white. Inside, it could be thrown into one for all great entertainments. Simple as it was, it provided an admirable equipment for the great Newport general.

As soon as Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle came to Newport she started to work churning up the season. Entering the Casino the morning after her arrival, she found the famous haunt on Bellevue Avenue already filled with white-clad figures. The band which the fashionable set engages to decorate this scene had started up the march from Aida, and to this warlike measure the leader entered with firm

and resolute step. At her coming the white groups parted like foam before a giant prow.

"Hello," said she to Mrs. Wiltshire Hobbs. "How are you? When are you going to give something? I'm having a little dance Friday night and a luncheon next Monday. We must get things started, you know."

"Yes, I know," replied Mrs. Wiltshire Hobbs, shepherd of the flock of three bathhouses. This morning Mrs. Hobbs was gowned as determinedly in lace as Mrs. Cuttle herself. "I'm a little late this year, but I'm giving a few little things week after next."

"Well," said Mrs. Cuttle, "we mustn't let things get slow."

A little farther on she met Mrs. Sudbroke Brown and Mrs. Simpson Heinmann, and before the morning was over every little foundling day of the Newport season had been found a home of gayety. Mrs. Cuttle saw to that.

During this first morning you heard from every group something of Madame Schlafknabe's dinner the next night.

"Are you going to-morrow night?" asked Mrs. Sudbroke Brown of Mrs. Cuttle.

"Oh, I'll have to go through with it. She says dreadful things about me, but then she says dreadful things about most people. No use minding her," and Mrs. Cuttle's voice filtered through the soft strains of Aida with all the ability of one used to the hardship of talking above expensive music

For years and years Madame Schlafknabe's Fourth of July dinner has opened the Newport season. On this date the gilded descendants of those stiff-necked patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence always bowed their necks to a power stronger than they—the great tyrant of Being Seen in Society. That night as the guests rose from silver-weighted tables fireworks were put off from the rear of many of the villas. But the rockets shooting out over Cliff Walk and dropping their sudden fingers of fire into the dark sea could have no message for Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle and her friends. The land of the free was a mere phrase to these serfs of high society.

Madame Schlafknabe was there at the Casino that first morning. An elderly woman, she was one of those whose title of *grande dame* is earned easily by a pompadour of white hair and an arrogant profile. As Mrs. Cuttle entered upon the scene Madame Schlafknabe was talking in a group with Mrs. Horatius Plutenberg. The moment that the latter caught sight of the heavy-prowed figure in white lace a sudden light appeared in her eyes. She and Madame Schlafknabe ceased talking for a moment, but the lull was a dangerous one for Mrs. Cuttle. You could tell that by the rapid musketry of undertones which followed.

Mrs. Cuttle did not maintain her title of social leader at Newport without frequent conflicts. There were many determined to seize from her the scepter, and among all these contestants none was stronger than Mrs. Horatius Plutenberg. In the first place, she was far richer than Mrs. Cuttle. In the second place, her villa exceeded Mrs. Cuttle's in splendor. Also, she was young and very beautiful.

Of this latter fact there could be no doubt. Seeing her now for the first time—she had been in mourning throughout the previous winter—I could not take my eyes off the tall figure in its waves of sea-green chiffon washing up to where the bronze head tilted under a hat of darker green. She was like a rush tipped with sunlight and she seemed always to be gently swaying.

The Landing of Prince Gustavus

SOME years later Mrs. Cuttle and Mrs. Plutenberg did not speak at all. This morning, however, the flint of bitter rivalry drew forth its usual society spark of a pleasant word. The two contestants shook hands.

"How well you are looking, Mrs. Cuttle," said Mrs. Plutenberg pleasantly. In reply Mrs. Cuttle filed down the rough edges of her voice. It is the same the world over. There are Mrs. Cuttles and Mrs. Plutenbergs drawn up thus every day on the banks of the Wabash and by the snow-capped mountains of Puget Sound.

The greatest combats of these two were waged over visiting noblemen. It must be remembered that Newport is the haunt of these coveted gentlemen. Schools of them have come leaping over the water and sunned themselves on the gilded rocks of the millionaire resort.

Mrs. Plutenberg was a great fisherman; but Mrs. Cuttle also used the net to advantage. In the course of those fourteen years I spent with the latter both went through various vicissitudes in their favorite out-of-doors pursuit. Sometimes Mrs. Cuttle came away with the catch and sometimes Mrs. Plutenberg's long eyes were privileged to that side-glance of accomplished revenge. In describing their rivalry I shall not confine myself to one season. In order to get the essence of Newport I shall give a composite picture of the years.

The greatest of Mrs. Cuttle's triumphs is centered about the visit of a Swedish prince whom I shall call here Prince Gustavus. One morning, when news was going about the busy Newport fisheries that this whale of nobility had been sighted, I found Mrs. Cuttle in a state of great excitement. Even Popocatepetl was affected by it and, looking up at me from out the corners of his eyes, his mouth nervously opened and shut.

"Well, Mrs. Pembie," shouted Mrs. Cuttle, "we've landed him.'

"Good!" said I. "How did you do it?"

Ah, how did she? The answer to that question is localized perhaps in the person of one Mrs. Grimper, a candidate for high society from the Middle West. Mrs. Grimper was a friend of one of those interested in promoting the Swedish prince. She was not by any means a friend of Mrs. Cuttle's. Yet for one week after Prince Gustavus had honored our shores Mrs. Cuttle entertained the lady from the West at her villa by the sea. And Newport, wise old Newport used to the give-and-take of society, made its own shrewd connotations. It suspected the reason why Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle had come away with the great catch.

When it was all settled I was ordered to write at once to the Swedish legation in Washington to find out exactly what etiquette went with a Scandinavian prince. The answers were explicit, and when ten days afterward the princely yacht steamed into the harbor we knew exactly what to do. First of all, Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle, in company with Mr. Philip Martinet, the prince's impresario, and Mr. Tittle Dormouse, head of another house which was to share in the privilege of the royal entertainment, went down to the yacht to leave their cards. Exactly one hour afterward the prince came to the Cuttle house to return the call.

Mrs. Cuttle Had the Satisfaction of Seeing Undine Plutenburg's Eyes Rolling Covetously to Her Seat on the Right of the Prince

But it is written that no member of the foreign nobility shall humble himself by coming direct to a front door. He must be met some distance from the house. When, therefore, Hawkins and Henry caught sight of the crested motor winding up the driveway they gave notice to Mr. Rhinebeck Cuttle. As for Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle, standing just inside the doorway, her face was flushed with excitement. It was the fisherman's great moment—when he feels the giant catch pulling on the line.

One instant more and the fish was drawn in. Fairly looping himself to get out of the motor, Prince Gustavus of the royal house of Sweden stood before his captors. He was a bargain in nobility, that Gustavus. Seldom do you get so much of a prince at one time, for he stood six feet three and his intense thinness gave him a pulled-out effect.

"Hookey!" whispered Hawkins to Henry. "'E ought to have a reel to wind 'isself on."

"Looks like a regular straw, that's a fact," agreed Henry.

Later on in the butler's pantry Hawkins and Henry had more to say. On nearer view, in fact, the Scandinavian prince afforded some food for comment. When he got up close we saw that he was extremely young—not more than twenty-three—very gawky, and that he was scared to death. All this was emphasized by a sailor's uniform that looked as though it had caught cold in the sleeves. Not the natty blue thing in which the musical comedy star comes out and sings about "The ocean blue" and "I'll be true"! This garment of the prince's seemed to say that it had tasted the salt waves.

When Mrs. Cuttle offered her hand the prince was much more embarrassed than she. After he had said a few constrained words he glanced about him helplessly. It was quite apparent that he was prostrated by the gusty cordiality of our hall.

And small wonder! For ten days before we had been busy whipping the cream of civility. The chef had practiced up dishes proportioned evenly in "j's" and salt, and had laid his ice-cream palette with the blue and yellow of Sweden. The florist had massed the great entrance hall with yellow allamandas and blue and yellow hydrangeas, and over the doorway were now draped two great silken flags of Sweden which we had had made specially for the occasion. The only self-restraint exercised by Mrs. Cuttle was in omitting a group to do Swedish calisthenics.

A Shy and Sleepy Prince

IMMEDIATELY after his arrival Prince Gustavus was taken to the conservatory for tea. From this he was released very shortly and escorted solemnly down to his motor by Mr. Cuttle. When he got to the door of this equipage the scared young nobleman happened to look back at the house, and his eyes fell upon Olga and Freda, our two Scandinavian maids, now waving Swedish flags from two of the upper windows. A look of real pleasure—the first that had visited that blond face during the call—made him look quite handsome, and he waved gayly in response.

His respite from entertainment was, however, very short, for that same night Mrs. Cuttle had arranged in his honor a big dinner. When at half past eight the royal guest entered on the scene he found the house strung from pillar to pillar of its wide verandas with necklaces of colored electric lights. From the fairylike glow of the grounds Prince Gustavus stepped in among the yellow and blue decorations of the hall.

This hall was now thrown into one with the adjoining drawing-room and dining room, and in this liberal space had already assembled ninety of the flakiest members of the upper crust of America. It was a proud moment for Mrs. Cuttle.

Not so, however, for Prince Gustavus! He quite evidently had a bad time of it. Tossed from one group to another, his eyes grew bloodshot and glassy from looking down among millions of dollars' worth of diamonds. When several old ladies—the stately Madame Schlafknabe, for one—tottered to their feet to greet him his cup of misery seemed full.

"Oh, please, madam!" he nervously besought one octogenarian; "I beg of you, will you not be seated?"

But the aged dowager—her ancestor's name had appeared with a fine twirl on that famous document abolishing royalty—had made up her mind to get the full use of her lungs to breathe in a prince.

"Oh, I could not think of it, Your Highness," she protested, looking soulfully at that gilt button on the princely diaphragm with which her eyes were just about on a level.

At the dinner that evening there were sixty guests in the dining room and thirty more placed at tables in the glass-inclosed balcony. The royal guest sat, of course, on the right of Mrs. Cuttle at the great gold-laden center table. Prince of a court renowned for its frugal and simple life, son of a people where the lower middle classes read Strindberg and Swedenborg and Selma Lagerlöf, I very much doubt if the shy young man in the shabby blue uniform had met much gold plate in his life. Certain I am that he had never seen so much food mobilized at one meal. What did he think of Newport—Prince Gustavus? I wondered; and the answer came to me in something once told me by a Swedish professor.

"In Stockholm, when I was a boy," said he, "you could ask any boy in the street who was the richest man in the country, and he probably would not know. What he would know was the name of the man who had just got one of the big university prizes."

Certain it was, at any rate, that the royal guest's opinions retained their original clarity. He had never drunk anything alcoholic in his life, he told us, and as the champagne purred into Mrs. Cuttle's glass he looked out over an empty goblet. He succeeded in keeping all his faculties for the escape which he made immediately after dinner.

This opening dinner was on Thursday, and from that moment until the Tuesday morning when his yacht steamed away Newport exercised with the shy young man as though he were a medicine ball. On Friday night the Tittle Dormouses entertained him at dinner. On Saturday night he was passed to the rival team of Plutenbergs. A luncheon at the Dormouses' on Saturday and another at our house on Sunday reduced the royal victim to a state of collapse. At the Dormouse luncheon he gave up.

On this occasion, just after the meal was finished, the hunted young man came up to his hostess and whispered: "I am so sleepy, Mrs. Dormouse, that I can't stay awake any longer. Might I ask you—would you be so good—as to get me away some place for a moment's rest?" Even a Newport-scarred veteran, accustomed to stay up until all hours in the morning, may be touched by such artlessness. To remove six-feet-three of prince without ever disturbing the curious groups about him was, however, a very difficult game of jackstraws. Yet Mrs. Dormouse played it well. A moment later a footman had smuggled the prince up the back stairs into a bedroom of rose and gray. And for two hours Prince Gustavus, stretched out at full length in his shabby blue uniform, shook the delicate Adam bed with a sturdy Scandinavian snore.

"Where is the prince?" twittered one after another of the royalty-famished guests. But it was not until some weeks afterward that they heard the true story. In the meanwhile Prince Gustavus, revived by his slumbers, had escaped via the back stairway to his yacht.

On Monday night the prince got a chance to express his views. This evening he invited to his yacht those most prominently identified with the movement for introducing royalty to magnificence. The result was one of the most scathing rebukes ever administered to Newport, for the dinner was such as might appear any Sunday on the table of a small shopkeeper; and it was served, not by liveried flunkies, but by the prince's own barefoot sailors.

"The Great League for Protecting Our Daughters From Needy Young Men Has Got Me Posted"

There can be no doubt, however, that Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle enjoyed that artless meal. To her the prince had offered an appetizer. He had given her his arm to dinner, and as the bare feet of those sailors flapped about on the scrubbed bare floors of the yacht dining-room she had the satisfaction of seeing Undine Plutenberg's eyes rolling covetously to her seat on the right of the prince.

Mrs. Cuttle's triumph was all the more intense because it had been by no means certain upon whom the prince's choice would fall. Of course Mrs. Cuttle had been promised a first option on him; but then there was always Undine Plutenberg to be reckoned with. And as for Mrs. Tittle Dormouse, she had entertained the royal visitor firmly throughout his five days' stay. No wonder, therefore, that Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle bobbed along so triumphantly on the blue-and-gilt arm of the sailor prince!

But you cannot keep a free-born Swedish prince down, even in Newport. It may gratify the feelings of the tender-hearted to know that the visitor twined the hard brick wall of entertainment with a few democratic pleasures. He attended one night a big political ball, and on this occasion his choice of partners, it is said, was not dictated by the Social Register.

"You may believe it or not," said Hawkins to Henry the night after the political ball, "but Freda told me 'Is 'Ighness "

"'E's 'igh all right enough," tittered Henry.

"That 'Is 'Ighness hasked Holga for two dances," resumed Hawkins, rubbing on the crested vegetable platter, "and that 'e went spinnin' about in one of them foolish tipsy waltzes that the foreigners do, lookin' for all the world like a clothes pole in the wind. And that 'appy and bright!"

"I never did howld to them foreign noblemen," replied the scandalized Henry, whose zone of consecration did not extend beyond Buckingham Palace and the English peerage.

The Stolen Grand Duke

BUT the Swedish prince's capture was somewhat offset in Mrs. Cuttle's career by the incident of the Grand Duke Ammonia, of Russia. This nobleman was very unlike the simple young sailor prince of Sweden. He came to the big Newport hotel with liveried outriders, with much manner, and with two rapiers of black mustache thrusting out at the unarmed air. He took the splendid homage of American society much as he might a missionary bake proffered him by the king of the Cannibal Islands.

In his honor Mrs. Cuttle had arranged a big dinner of seventy-five guests. The Grand Duke Ammonia, however, had arranged something different. On the day before the dinner I brought to Mrs. Cuttle a formal declination from the titled sojourner. A week before Mrs. Horatius Plutenberg had sent us her regrets. Until the very morning of the dinner party, however, Mrs. Cuttle felt no sinister connection between these two regrets.

Bringing in her mail this particular morning I found the gray furniture the only calm thing about the place. Elise, the maid, was laying out her mistress' clean clothes and Mrs. Cuttle was laying out Elise. As for Popocatepetl, this register of moods was lying in an extreme corner of the room. Here his shoe-button eyes, slipped fearfully over to the corners, advised him of any immediate necessity for change of position.

"Have you seen it?" cried Mrs. Cuttle, storming up and down the room in her pink negligée.

"Seen what?"

"Why this!" And she picked from the bed a newspaper already crushed with rage. "That wretched Undine Plutenberg has got the grand duke away. Oh, I might have known she had a hand in his sending regrets."

I picked up the morning paper, glanced over the society notes, and there learned that on this night, which he had first promised to Mrs. Cuttle, the Grand Duke Ammonia was to be the guest of honor at a dinner given by Mrs. Horatius Plutenberg at her splendid home. No doubt about it! The rival Izaak Walton of Newport had come away with the catch.

"The very idea of that woman getting him away! I'll be the laughing-stock of this whole place!"

Her predictions, however, were not fulfilled. When the seventy-five guests arrived that night they found in the seat of the absent grand duke a tall figure clad in an ermine robe, wearing a gilt crown upon its head and carrying for scepter a shimmering egg-beater. It was Tommy Ogle, clad in an evening wrap of Mrs. Simpson Heinmann's.

"Achooski," sneezed the great court jester of American society. "Quite chilly this evening!" And he pulled about him more jealously the snowy mantle. "Yes, yes, quite like my own dear Siberia."

Continued on Page 50

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IX

TWO hours into the night Kingozi, following in the rear, saw a cluster of lights; and shortly came to a compact group of those who had gone before him. They were drinking eagerly from water bottles. Simba, lantern in hand, stood near by. A number of savages carrying crude torches hovered round the outskirts. Kingozi could not make out the details of their appearance; only their eyeballs shining. He drew Simba to one side.

"There are many *shenzis?*"

"Many, like the leaves of the grass, *bwana*."

"The huts are far?"

"One hour, *bwana*, in the hills."

"These *shenzis* are good?"—meaning friendly.

"*Bwana*, the *sultani* of these people is a great lord. He has many people and much riches. He has told his people to come with me. He prepares the guest house for you."

"Tired, Simba?"

"It has been a long path since sunup, *bwana*. But I had water, and the people gave me *potio* and meat. I am strong."

"Cazi Moto is back there—in the Thirst," suggested Kingozi; "and many others. And there is no water."

"I will go, *bwana*, and take the *shenzis* with me."

He set about gathering the water bottles and gourds that had not been emptied. Mali-ya-bwana and, unexpectedly, a big Kavirondo of Kingozi's safari volunteered. The rest prepared to continue the journey.

But another delay occurred. The Leopard Woman, who had walked indomitably, now collapsed. Her eyes were sunken in her head, her lips had paled; only the long white oval of her face recalled her former splendid and exotic beauty. When the signal to proceed was given she stepped forward as firmly as ever for perhaps a dozen paces, then her knees crumpled under her.

"I'm afraid I'm done," she muttered to Kingozi.

In the latter's eyes for the first time shone a real and ungrudging admiration. He knelt at her side and felt her pulse. Without hesitation, and in the most matter-of-fact way, he unbuttoned her blouse to the waist and tore apart the thin chemise beneath.

"Water," he commanded.

Apparently She Was Either Half Asleep or in a Stupor

With the wetted end of his neck scarf he beat her vigorously below the left breast. After a little she opened her eyes.

"That's better," said Kingozi, and began clumsily to rebutton her blouse.

A slow color rose to her face as she realized in what manner she had been exposed, and she snatched her garments together. Kingozi, watching her closely, seemed to see in this only a satisfactory symptom.

"That's right; now you're about again. Blood going once more."

They proceeded. A man on either side supported the Leopard Woman's steps.

Shortly the hills closed about them. The dark velvet masses compassed them about; and the starry sky seemed suddenly to have been thrust upward a million miles. The open plain narrowed to a track along which they groped single file.

They caught the sound of running water to their left, but far below. There seemed no end to it.

But then unexpectedly they found themselves on a plateau, with the mass of the mountains on one side and the sea of night on the other, as though it might be the spacious deck of a ship. A multitude of people swarmed about them—shining, naked people who stared—and there seemed to be huts with conical roofs, and a number of little, winking fires that shifted position. The people led the way to a circular hut of good size, with a conical thatched roof and wattle walls. Kingozi stooped his head, thrusting the lantern inside. The interior had been swept. A huge earthen tubful of water stood by the door. The place contained no other furnishings.

"Bring the *memsahib* here," he commanded.

She was half-dragged forward. Kingozi took her in his arms to prevent her falling.

"Bring grass," he ordered.

The request was repeated outside in Swahili, and turned into a strange tongue. Kingozi heard many feet hurrying away.

He stood supporting the half-fainting form of the Leopard Woman. Her head rested against his shoulder. Her eyes were closed, her muscles had all gone slack, so that her body felt soft and warm. Kingozi, waiting, remembered her as she had looked the evening of his call—silk-clad, lithe, proud, with blood-red lips and haughty, fathomless eyes, and the single jewel that hung in the middle of her forehead. Somehow at this moment she seemed smaller, in her safari costume, and helpless and pathetic. He felt the curve of her breast against him; and the picture of her as he had seen her out there in the Thirst arose before his eyes. At that time it had not registered—he was too busy about serious things. But now, while he waited, the incident claimed, belated, his senses. His antagonism, or distrust, or coldness, or suspicion, or indifference, or whatever had hardened him, disappeared.

He stared straight before him at the lantern, allowing these thoughts and sensations to drift through him. Subconsciously he noted that the lamp flame showed a halo, or rather two halos, one red and one green. By experience he knew that this portended one of his stabbing headaches through the eyes. But the thought did not hold him. He contemplated unwaveringly the spectacle of this soft, warm, helpless but indomitable piece of femininity fronting the African wilderness unafraid. Unconsciously his arms tightened round her, drawing her to him. She gave no sign. Her form was limp. Apparently she was either half asleep or in a stupor. But had Kingozi looked down when he tightened his arms, instead of staring at the halo-encircled lantern, he would have seen her glance sidewise upward into his face, he would have discerned a fleeting smile upon her lips.

Almost immediately the people were back with armfuls of the long grass that grows on the edge of mountainous country. Under Kingozi's directions they heaped it at one side. He assisted the Leopard Woman to this improvised couch and laid her upon it. She seemed to drop instantly asleep.

They brought more grass and piled it in another place. Mali-ya-bwana superintended these activities zealously. He had drunk his fill, had bolted a chunk of goat's flesh one of the savages had handed him; now he was ready to fulfill his *bwana*'s commands.

"You will eat?" he asked.

But Kingozi was not hungry. His strong desire was for a tall *balauri* of hot tea, but this could not be. He knew it was unsafe to drink the water unboiled—it is unsafe to drink any African water unboiled—but this time it could not be helped. He was not even very tired, though his eyes burned. There was nothing more to do. Kingozi knew that Simba and Cazi Moto would not attempt to come in. They now had both food and water; and would camp somewhere out on the plain.

"I will sleep," he decided.

Mali-ya-bwana at once thrust the savages outside, without ceremony, peremptorily. When the *bwana* of an African belonging to the safari class wants anything, the latter gets it for him.

The headman of the author of these lines once went single-handed and stopped in its very inception a royal *n'goma*, or dance, to which men had come a day's journey, merely because his *bwana* wanted to sleep!

Kingozi was here alone, in a strange country, for the moment helpless; but Mali-ya-bwana hustled the tribesmen out as brusquely as though a regiment were at his back. Which undoubtedly had its effect.

Kingozi sat down on the straw and blew out his lantern. The wattle walls were not chinked; so the sweet night wind blew through freely; and elusively he saw stars against the night. The Leopard Woman breathed heavily in little sighs. He was not sleepy. Then everything went black ——

When Kingozi awakened it was full daylight. A varied murmur came happily from outside, what the Africans call a *kalele*—a compound of chatter, the noise of occupation, of movement, the inarticulate voice of human existence. He glanced across the hut. The Leopard Woman was gone.

"Boy!" he shouted.

At the sound of his voice the *kalele* ceased. Almost immediately Cazi Moto stooped to enter the doorway. Cazi Moto was dressed in clean khaki, and bore in his hand a *balauri* of steaming tea. Kingozi seized this and drained it to the bottom.

"That is good," he commented gratefully. "I did not expect to see you, Cazi Moto. Did all the men get in?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"*Vema!* And the men of the Leopard Woman?"

"Many died, *bwana;* but many are here."

Kingozi arose to his feet.

"I must have food. These *shenzis* eat what?"

"Food is ready, *bwana*."

The Sultani

"I will eat. Then we must make *shauri* with these people to get our loads. My men must rest to-day."

"Come, *bwana*," said Cazi Moto.

Kingozi stooped to pass through the door. When he straightened outside he paused in amazement. Before him stood his camp intact. The green tent with the fly faced him, the flaps thrown back to show within his cot and tin box. White porters' tents had been pitched in the usual circle, and before each squatted men cooking over little fires. The loads, covered by the tarpaulin, had been arranged in the center of the circle. To the rear the cook camp steamed.

Cazi Moto stood at his elbow, grinning.

"Hot water ready, *bwana*," said he; and for the first time Kingozi noticed that he carried a towel over his arm.

"This is good, very good, Cazi Moto!" said he. "*Baksheeshi m'kubwa* for this; both for you and for Simba."

"Thank you, *bwana*," said Cazi Moto. "Simba brought the water, and it saved us; and I thought that my *bwana* should not sleep on grass a second time before these *shenzis*."

"Who carried in the loads? Not our porters?"

"No, *bwana*, the *shenzis*."

Kingozi glanced at his wrist watch. It was only ten o'clock. "When?"

"Last night."

"They went back last night?"

"Yes, *bwana*. Mali-ya-bwana considered that it was bad to leave the loads. There might be hyenas, or the *shenzis* ——"

Kingozi slapped his thigh with satisfaction. This was a man after his own heart.

"Call Mali-ya-bwana," he ordered.

The tall Baganda approached.

"Mali-ya-bwana," said Kingozi, "you have done well. For this you shall have *baksheeshi*. But more. You need not again carry a load. You will be"—he hesitated, trying to invent an office, but reluctant to infringe upon the prerogatives of either Simba or Cazi Moto—"will be headman of the porters; and you, Cazi Moto, will be headman of all the safari, and my own man besides."

The Baganda drew himself erect, his face shining. Placing his bare heels together he raised his hand in a military salute. Kingozi was about to dismiss him, but this arrested his intention.

"Where did you learn to do that?" he asked sharply.

"I was once in the King's African Rifles."

"You can shoot, then?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"Good!" commented Kingozi thoughtfully. Then after a moment: "*Basi*."

Mali-ya-bwana saluted once more, and departed. Kingozi turned toward his tent. It had been pitched under a huge tree, with low massive limbs and a shade that covered a diameter of fully sixty yards. Before it the usual table had been made of piled-up chop boxes, and to this Cazi Moto was bearing steaming dishes. The threatened headache had not materialized, and Kingozi was feeling quite fit. He was ravenously hungry, for now his system was rested enough to assimilate food. His last meal had been breakfast before sun-up of the day before. Without paying even casual attention to his surroundings, he seated himself on a third chop box and began to eat.

Kingozi's methods of eating had in them little of the epicure. He simply ate all he wanted of the first things set before him. After this he drank all he wanted from the tall *balauri*. Second courses did not exist for Kingozi. Then with a sigh of satisfaction he fumbled for his pipe and tobacco, and looked about him.

The guest house had been built, as was the custom, a little apart from the main village. The latter was evidently round the bend of the hill, for only three or four huts were to be seen, perched among the huge outcropping bowlders that were apparently characteristic of these hills. The mountains rose rather abruptly, just beyond the plateau; which, in turn, fell away almost as abruptly to the sweep of the plains. The bench was of considerable width—probably a mile at this point. It was not entirely level; but on the other hand not particularly broken. A number of fine, symmetrical trees of unknown species grew at wide intervals, overtopping a tangle of hedges, rank bushes, vines and shrubs that appeared to constitute a rough sort of boundary between irregular fields. A tiny swift stream of water hurried by between the straight banks of an obviously artificial ditch.

But though the village was hidden from view, its inhabitants were not. They had invaded the camp. Kingozi examined them keenly, with curiosity. Naked little boys and girls wandered gravely about; women clung together in groups; men squatted on their heels before anything that struck their attention, and stared.

These people, Kingozi noted, were above middle size, of a red bronze, of the Semitic rather than the Hamitic type, well developed but not obviously muscular, of a bright and lively expression. The women shaved their heads quite bare; the men left a sort of skullcap of hair atop the head. Ear lobes were pierced and stretched to hold ivory ornaments running up to the size of a jampot. There were some, but not many, armlets, leglets and necklets of iron wire polished to the appearance of silver. The women wore brief skirts of softened skins; the men carried a short shoulder cape, or simply nothing at all. Each man bore a long-bladed, heavy spear. Before squatting down in front of whatever engaged his attention for the moment, the savage thrust this upright in the ground. Kingozi, behind his pipe, considered them well, and received a favorable impression.

An immovable, unblinking semicircle crouched at a respectful distance taking in every detail of the white man's appearance and belongings, watching his every move. Nobody spoke; apparently nobody even winked.

Now appeared across the prospect two men walking. One was an elderly savage, with a wrinkled, shrewd countenance. He was almost completely enveloped in a robe of softened skins. Followed him a younger man, dangling at the end of a thong a small, three-legged stool cut entire from a single block of wood. The old man swept forward with considerable dignity; the younger, one hand held high in the most affected fashion, teetered gracefully along as mincingly as any dandy.

The visitor came grandly up to where Kingozi sat, and uttered a greeting in Swahili. He proved to possess a grand, deep, thunderous voice. "*Jambo!*" he rolled.

Kingozi stared up at him coolly for a moment; then, without removing his pipe from his teeth, he remarked:

"*Jambo!*"

The old man, smiling, extended his hand.

Kingozi, nursing the bowl of his pipe, continued to stare up at him.

"Are you the *sultani?*" he demanded abruptly.

The old man waved his hand in courtly fashion.

"I am not the *sultani*," he answered in very bad Swahili. "I am the headman of the *sultani*."

Kingozi continued to stare at him in the most uncompromising manner. In the meantime the younger man had loosed the thong from his wrist and had placed the stool on a level spot. The prime minister to the *sultani* arranged his robe preparatory to sitting down. Kingozi removed his pipe from his lips and sat erect.

"Stand up!" he commanded sharply. "If you are not the *sultani* how dare you sit down before me!"

The youth whisked the stool away; the old man covered his discomfiture in a flow of talk. Kingozi listened to him in silence. The visitor concluded his remarks, which, as far as they could be understood, were entirely general, and, with a final courtly wave of the hand, turned away. Then Kingozi spoke abruptly, curtly:

"Have your people bring me eggs, milk, *m'wembe*" (a sort of flour ground from rape seeds).

The old man, somewhat abashed, made the most dignified retreat possible through the keenly attentive audience of his own people. Kingozi gazed after him, his blue eyes wide with their peculiar, aggressive blank stare. A low hum of conversation swept through the squatting warriors. Those who understood Swahili murmured eagerly to those who did not. These uttered politely the long-drawn "Ā-ā-ā-ā!" of interest.

"Cazi Moto, where is my chair?" Kingozi demanded, abruptly conscious that the chop box was not very comfortable.

"Bibi-ya-chui has it."

"Where is she?"

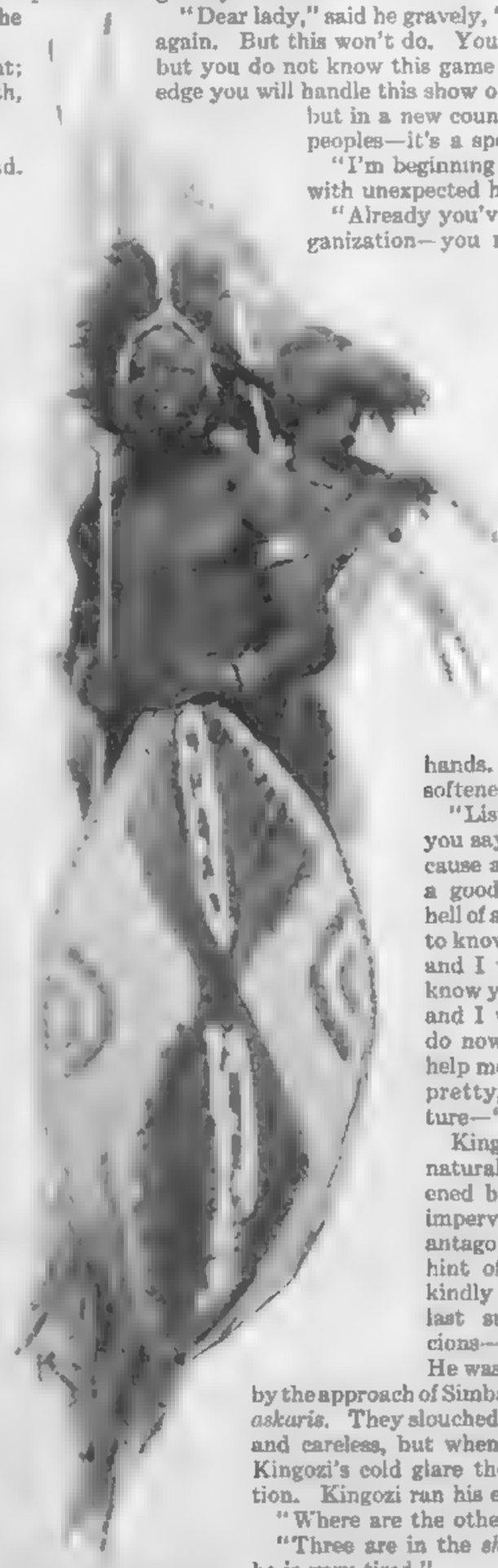
"Right behind you," came that young woman's voice in amused tones. "You have been so busy that you have not seen me."

Kingozi turned. The chair had been placed in a bare spot close to the trunk of the great tree. He grinned cheerfully.

"I was pretty hungry," he confessed, "and I don't believe I saw a single thing but that curry!"

"Naturally. It is not to be wondered at. Are you all rested?"

"I'm quite fit, thanks. And you?"



They Symbolized Well the Warrior Stripped for the Fray

She was still in her marching costume; but her hair had been smoothed, her face washed. The color had come back to her lips, the light to her expression. Only a faint, dark encircling of the eyes, and a certain graceful languor of attitude, recalled the collapse of yesterday.

"Oh, I am all right; but perishing for a cigarette. Have you one?"

"Sorry, but I don't use them. Are not all your loads up yet?"

"None of them."

"Well, they should be in shortly. Cazi Moto has given you breakfast, of course."

"Yes; but nobody has yet gone for my loads."

"What!" exclaimed Kingozi sharply. "Why did you not start men for them when you first awakened?"

She smiled at him ruefully.

"I tried; but they said they were very tired from yesterday. They would not go."

"Simba!" called Kingozi.

"Sah!"

"Bring the headman of Bibi-ya-chui. Is he that mop-headed blighter?" he asked her.

"Who? Oh, the Nubian, Chaké? No, he is just a faithful creature near myself. I have no headman."

"Who takes your orders, then?"

"The *askaris*."

"Which one?"

"Any of them." She made a mouth. "Don't look at me in that fashion. Is that so very dreadful?"

"It's impossible. You can never run a safari in that way. Simba, bring all the *askaris*."

Simba departed on his errand. Kingozi turned to her gravely.

"Dear lady," said he gravely, "I am going to offend you again. But this won't do. You are a wonderful woman; but you do not know this game well enough. I acknowledge you will handle this show ordinarily in tip-top style; but in a new country, in contact with new peoples—it's a specialist's job, that's all."

"I'm beginning to think so," she replied with unexpected humility.

"Already you've lost control of your organization—you nearly died from lack of water. By the way, why didn't you push ahead with your Nubian and find the water?"

"I had to get my men on."

He looked on her with more approval.

"Well, you're safe out of it. And now, I beg of you, don't do it any more."

"Is my little scolding all done?" she asked after a pause.

"Forgive me, I did not mean it as a scolding."

She sat upright and rested her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands. Her long, sea-green eyes softened.

"Listen—I deserve that what you say. I thought I knew, because always I have traveled in a good country, but never the hell of a dry country. I want you to know that you are quite right, and I want to tell you that I know you saved me and my men and I would not know what to do now if you were not here to help me. There!"—she made a pretty, outward-flinging gesture—"is that enough?"

Kingozi—like most men whose natural efficiency has been hardened by wide experience—while impervious to either open or wily antagonism, melted at the first hint of surrender. A wave of kindly feeling overwhelmed the last suspicions—absurd suspicions—his analysis had made. He was prevented from replying by the approach of Simba at the head of eight of the *askaris*. They slouched along at his heels, sullen and careless, but when they felt the impact of Kingozi's cold glare they straightened to attention. Kingozi ran his eye over them.

"Where are the other four?" he demanded.

"Three are in the *shenzis*' village. One says he is very tired."

"Take Mali-ya-bwana and Cazi Moto. Take the leg chains. Bring that one man before me

with the chains on him. Have him bring also his gun and his cartridges."

Ignoring the waiting eight Kingozi resumed his conversation with the Leopard Woman.

"They are out of hand," said he. "We must impress them."

"*Kiboko?*" she inquired.

"Perhaps—but you have rather overdone that. We shall see."

"I heard you talk with that old man a few moments ago," she said, "and I heard also much talk of our men about it. He is a very powerful chief—next to the *sultani*. Are not you afraid that your treatment of him will make trouble? You were not polite."

"What else have you heard?"

"This *sultani* has apparently several hundred villages. They keep goats, fat-tailed sheep and some few cattle. They raise *m'wembe*, beans, peanuts and bananas. They have a war caste of young men."

Kingozi listened to her attentively.

"Good girl!" said he. "You use your intelligence. These are all good points to know."

"But this old man ——"

"No, I have not insulted him. I know the native mind. I have merely convinced him that I am every bit as important a person as his *sultani*."

"What do you do next? Call on the *sultani?*"

"By no means. Wait until he comes. If he does not come by, say, three o'clock, send for him."

Simba appeared leading a downcast *askari* in irons. Kingozi waved his hand toward the eight waiting in the sun; and the new captive made the ninth.

Their Eyes Were Large With Curiosity as to This Man and Woman of a New Species

"Now, Simba, go to the village of these *shenzis*. Tell the other three *askaris* to come, and at once. Do not return without them."

Simba, whose fierce soul all this delighted beyond expression, started off joyfully, trailed by a posse of his own choosing.

"What are you going to do?" asked the Leopard Woman.

"Get them in line a bit," replied Kingozi carelessly. "I feel rather lazy and done up to-day, don't you?"

"That is so natural. And I am keeping your chair ——"

"I've been many trips without one. This tree is good to lean against."

They chatted about trivial matters. A certain ease had crept into their relations; a guard had been lowered. To a small extent they ventured to question each other, to indulge in those tentative explorations of personality so fascinating in the early stages of acquaintanceship. To her inquiries Kingozi repeated that he was an ivory hunter and trader; he came into this country because new country alone offered profits in ivory these days. He had been in Africa for fifteen years. At this last she looked him over closely.

"You came out very young," she surmised.

"When my father took me out of the medical school to put me into the ministry. I had a knack for doctoring. I ran away."

"Why did you come to Africa?"

"Didn't particularly. Started for Iceland on a whaling ship. Sailed the Seven Seas after the brutes. Landed on the Gold Coast—and got left behind."

She looked at him hard and he laughed.

"'Left' with my kit and about sixty pounds I had hung onto since I left home—my own money, mind you! And a harpoon gun! Lord!" He laughed again. "Think of it—a harpoon gun! You loaded it with about a peck of black powder. Normally, of course, it shot a harpoon, but you could very near cram a nigger baby down it! And kick! If you were the least bit off balance it knocked you flat. It was the most extraordinary cannon ever seen in Africa, and it inspired more respect, acquired me more *kudos*, than even my beard."

"So that's why you wear it!" she murmured.

"What?"

"Nothing. Go on."

"Just the sight of that awe-inspiring piece of ordnance took me the length of the Congo without the least difficulty."

"Tell me about the Congo."

Apparently, at this direct and comprehensive question, there was nothing to tell about the Congo. But adroitly she drew him on. He told of the great river and its people, and the white men who administered them. The subject of cannibals seemed especially to fascinate her. He had seen living human beings issued as a sort of ration on the hoof to native cannibal troops.

Simba returned with the other three *askaris*. Kingozi arose from the ground and stretched himself.

"I'm sorry," said he. "I'm afraid I shall have to ask you for the chair now."

He placed the chair before the waiting line of *askaris*, and planted himself squarely in it as in a judgment seat. He ran his eye over the men deliberately.

"You!" said he suddenly, pointing his forefinger at the man in irons, "you have disobeyed my orders. You are no longer an *askari*. You are a common porter, and from now on will carry a load. It is not my custom to use *kiboko* on *askaris;* but a common porter can eat *kiboko*, and Mali-ya-bwana, my headman of safari, will give you twenty-five lashes. *Bassi!*"

Mali-ya-bwana, well pleased thus early to exercise the authority of his new office, led the man away. Kingozi dropped his chin in his hand, a movement that pushed out his beard in a terrifying manner. One after another of the other men felt the weight of his stare. At last he spoke.

"I have heard tales of you," said he, "but I who speak know nothing about you. You are *askaris*, soldiers with guns, and next to gun bearers are the greatest men in the safari. Some have told me that you are not *askaris*, that you are common porters—and not good ones—who carry guns. I do not know. That we shall see. This is what must be done now, and done quickly. The loads of your *memsahib* must be brought here and camp made properly, according to the custom. Perhaps your men are no longer tired; perhaps you will get the *shenzis*. That is not my affair. You understand?"

The answer came in an eager chorus. He ran his eye over them again.

"You," he indicated. "Of what tribe are you?"

"Monumwezi, *bwana*."

"Your name?" The man uttered a mouthful of gutterals.

"Again."

He repeated.

"That is not a good name for me. From now on you are—Jack."

"Yes, *bwana*."

"Do you know the customs of *askaris?*"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"H'm, nobody would guess it," Kingozi commented in English. "Then understand this: You are headman of *askaris*. You take the orders; you report to me—or the *memsahib*," he added almost as an afterthought. "To-morrow morning fall in, and I will look at your guns. *Bassi!*"

They filed away. Kingozi arose and returned the chair.

"Is that all you will do to them?" she demanded. "I tell you they have insulted me; they have refused to move; they should be punished."

"That's all. They understand now what will happen. You will see, they will not refuse again."

She appeared to struggle against a flare of her old rebellious spirit.

"I will leave it to you," she managed at last.

The squatting savages had not moved a muscle, but their shining black eyes had not missed a single detail.

x

SIX hours later the Leopard Woman's camp had arrived, had been pitched, and everything was running again as usual. The new *askari* headman, Jack, had reported pridefully to Kingozi. The latter had nodded a careless acknowledgment, and had referred the man to his mistress. She had disappeared for a time, but now emerged again—bathed, freshened, dainty in her silken tea gown, the braids of hair down her back, the band of woven gold encircling her brow, the single, strange jewel hanging in the middle of her forehead. For a time she sat alone under her own tree; but, as Kingozi showed no symptoms of coming to her and as she was bored and growing impatient, she trailed over to him, the Nubian following with her chair. Kingozi was absorbed in establishing points on his map. He looked up at her and nodded pleasantly, then moved his protractor a few inches.

"Just a moment," he murmured absorbedly.

She lit a cigarette and yawned. The immediate prospect was dull. Savages continued to drift in, to squat and stare, then to move on to the porters' camps. There a lively bartering was going on. From some unsuspected store each porter had drawn forth a few beads, some snuff, a length of wire, or similar treasure, and with them was making the best bargain he could for the delicacies of the country. The process was noisy. Four *askaris* with their guns stood on guard. The shadows were lengthening in the hills, and the heat waves had ceased to shimmer like veils.

"That's done," said Kingozi at last.

"Thank the Lord!" she ejaculated. "This bores me. Why do we not do something? I should like some milk, some eggs, many things. Let us summon this king."

But Kingozi shook his head.

"That's all very well where the white man's influence reaches. But not here. I doubt if there are three men in this people who have ever even seen a white man. Of course they have all heard of us, and know a good deal about us. We must stand on our dignity here. Let the *sultani* come to us, all in his own time. Without his good will we cannot move a step farther, we cannot get a pound of *posho*."

(Continued on Page 54)

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 12, 1916

Russia

INDUSTRIALLY Russia is about where Germany was at the time, say, of our Civil War. Suppose it should really wake up? In the case of Russia anything like the industrial expansion that Germany experienced in the last sixty years would give amazing results. It is by far the biggest of all countries, comprising about one-sixth the land area of the globe. In population it is exceeded only by China and India. In natural resources it perhaps excels the United States. The extent of its mineral deposits is hardly known. Its standing timber is calculated above a billion acres, or nearly ten times that of Western Europe excepting the Scandinavian countries.

Nearly three-quarters of the population is engaged in agriculture, and with methods generally so primitive that although no country has wheat land of greater natural fertility the yield per acre is the lowest in the world. An American investigator reported, a few years ago, that although male harvest hands could be hired at forty cents a day and women at about half that, the cost of raising a bushel of wheat was at least as great as in North Dakota. Cultivated as Western Europe is, Russia would drown the world in grain—only at that stage it would consume far more of its own wheat, instead of exporting it even when there is near-famine in parts of the empire.

Under recent laws peasant holdings of land have risen rapidly. Modern farm machinery and methods are making some headway. Especially since the war with Japan the government has shown a new energy and some intelligence. Before this war a decided quickening of the half-dormant country was noticeable. Two years of war have no doubt produced a higher organization of national resources than was ever before known. Optimists talk confidently of a government more liberal, less stupid and corrupt, and of a quickened people.

Of all the question marks evoked by the war one of the biggest hangs over Russia.

Terminals

NOT long ago a company was organized in New York, with the most impressive financial backing, "to study problems relating to railroad, steamship, warehouse and industrial terminals," especially with reference to the export trade.

Ever since the Mayflower landed this has been one of our ever-standing and never-solved problems. Towns in the United States that have really adequate terminals could probably be counted on one's fingers, and probably in all of them the terminals were recently completed—to become inadequate a decade hence. Most of our costly, vexatious and ever-recurring congestions and delays in freight movement are due to poor terminals.

Broadly speaking, there can be no proper terminal anywhere without coöperation, and this country is hostile to coöperation. It is not exclusively a question of several railroads getting together. It is really a question of all interests getting together.

A railroad or a combination of railroads builds a big terminal more than sufficient for present needs. Because of this expensive improvement the price of adjacent real estate is at once marked up. The community grows. That growth both overtaxes the terminal and further enhances the market value of land. If it is thought the terminal will require more land, that fact of itself sends land values upward. So the terminal can be enlarged only at enormous cost—sometimes a prohibitive cost. That is a standing condition in this matter of terminals—a logical result, of course, of thoroughgoing individualism.

Inadequate terminals are a fairly inevitable product of thoroughgoing individualism. Adequate terminals involve comprehensive teamwork.

An Indian Problem

PROF. IRVING FISHER observes that the problem of Mexico is essentially an Indian problem. Put in that way it is rather discouraging, because the paleface has never been particularly good at settling Indian problems otherwise than with firearms.

Two years from next April four centuries will have elapsed since the first band of white men landed at Vera Cruz and proceeded to Mexico City, claiming the country for the King of Spain. Minor details have altered considerably, but in its larger outlines what they found was just about what an intelligent observer would have found on the same ground, say, in November, 1910. They found an apparently powerful central government, a healthy revolution in progress, a thin but opulent upper crust owning most of the land, and a large plebeian population that managed somehow to keep alive.

Since November, 1910, conditions, of course, have changed for the worse. Probably a majority of the inhabitants of Mexico are now less agreeably situated than in the days of Cortés. Official headquarters at Mexico City have been a scene of constant change. Beginning with Montezuma, a mile-long procession of emperors, viceroys, presidents, revolutionary chiefs and what not has marched through it in four hundred years; but for a great majority of the people life has probably been conditioned in just about the same way.

We have had extensive dealings with the Indians of Mexico, conquering them once, benevolently intervening in their affairs on other occasions, and investing several hundred million dollars in their natural resources. But it would be ridiculous to say we have really had any other interest in them than to see that they did not disturb us and to get the dividends from our investments. In view of their age-long experience, it would be absurd to expect them to regard us white men from beyond the Rio Grande with any particular affection or confidence.

We have had more intimate dealings—largely of an explosive nature—with our own Indians. It is a pleasure to know that the best authorities do not believe the North American Indian has been "disappearing" under our hands. There are perhaps nearly as many Indians living north of the Rio Grande as there were four centuries ago. That is about all we can say for ourselves. The North American Indian has never fitted well into the white man's system.

Fact and Fiction

A DISTINGUISHED lawyer recently wrote: "The legislator should never attempt to convert the progress of business into a crime. That is what the Sherman Act attempted to do and the stream of commerce has swept away its barriers as though they had been constructed of straw."

Also, gradually and grudgingly, the legislator is now tossing those futile barriers aside. The Clayton Act exempted combinations of wage-earners and of farmers—both of which the Sherman Act forbade. A bill sanctioned by the Administration exempts combinations of manufacturers for the purpose of furthering foreign trade. Railroads have always been exempt by tacit consent, for everybody knows they combine in rate making.

Some day the remnants of this celebrated act will be repealed, and only the memory of one of the most useless and costly of modern legislative eccentricities will remain. By that time, we hope, the Federal Trade Commission will have gathered and digested information upon which intelligent legislation may be founded.

Always More Capital

ENGLAND before the war invested about a billion dollars a year in stocks and bonds, four-fifths of it going out of the country—that is, into securities issued in the British overseas empire, the United States, South America, Russia, Asia.

France and Germany also exported capital to less-developed countries. For two years economists have been debating the question, Where are these newer countries to get their capital after the war?

To produce almost any economic good—a pin, a pair of shoes, a suit of clothes, a means of conveying a man from his shop to his home—requires more and more capital. That is one of the laws of modern production. The period during which capital is invested in the production of the article grows longer and longer.

Time was when a capital investment of five pounds or less would produce a pair of shoes. For that sum a man could buy a bench, a simple outfit of hand tools, a couple of pieces of leather, and thus equipped turn out a pair of shoes in two days, selling them immediately to his next-door neighbor. But if you wish to produce a pair of shoes now, so as to compete in the market, you must first buy a tract of land, erect a great building, fill it with costly machinery, assemble an army of skilled operatives, lay in a big supply of raw materials. With the best of luck months will elapse from the beginning of your investment in the things that go to make a given pair of shoes until you get the money for them. An investment of a billion dollars or so is necessary to get John Smith from his shop on lower Broadway to his home ten miles north. Hardly any except the most rudimentary goods can be produced nowadays without an immense investment, and the amount of capital required to carry on a given line of production tends to increase.

Where will it come from? How much of it comes from the United States will depend pretty largely on how much we save.

National Issues

WHEN Daniel Webster's admiring contemporaries catalogued his qualifications for the presidency they put at the top of the list the fact that he was not a Mason. In those sapient days a large and theoretically intelligent portion of the electorate regarded the Masonic order with much the same sort of vague horror and revulsion which, for example, the term "Wall Street" now inspires. One of the burning issues of the day was supposed to be whether this glorious Republic should discourage Freemasonry.

Of course we laugh at that now; but we should not laugh too loud. As an issue it was at least reducible to precise and intelligible terms. Anybody could tell what it meant. If you asked concerning a candidate, "Is he a Mason?" you could get a definite answer. If you ask: "Is he in favor of Americanism?" "Is he in favor of preparedness?" "Is he a hyphenate?" explicit answers are out of the question, because the words contain no precise meanings.

Americanism

WE SHOULD not be surprised that citizens of one nation fail to understand the people of another nation, speaking a different tongue, when we see how many Americans whose grandfathers were citizens of this country completely fail to understand the United States. They may have lived in it most of their lives, traveled across it and up and down it; yet certain concrete proofs that it isn't England or France or Germany or Italy surprise and pain them. They interpret them as meaning that it is trying to be England or France or Germany and failing in the attempt.

The United States is officially neutral as to the European war and will go very far to avoid any war, not because it is more devoted to profits than any other nation nor because it lacks spirit or sinews of genuine patriotism, but simply because it has some intelligence. For two years the chief object before the United States, no doubt involving the highest service it could render mankind, was to take the advantage of its position by just staying sane. Americans who do not understand that do not understand their country.

The Up Slide

ENGLAND has an income tax that slides in both directions. In case of need the rates slide up. When pressure upon the exchequer is less extreme they slide down. But one may predict very confidently that our income tax as now constructed will slide in one direction only—upward. After only three years the rates are virtually doubled by the new revenue bill, rising to twelve per cent on the biggest incomes. No modern exchequer was ever harder pressed than that of England is now, and the tax rate on the biggest incomes is twenty-five per cent. Probably that is close to the practical limit. Consequently our more opulent citizens may flatter themselves that they have only one more lap to go, and the sooner they go it the sooner their distressful uncertainties will be over.

A few people—some three hundred and fifty thousand—pay all the income tax; and a small proportion of them pay the larger part of it. Only twenty-five hundred of them—judging by returns for the second year—possessing incomes upward of a hundred thousand a year—contribute a very substantial proportion of the total receipts. As no government which rests on popular suffrage cares how unpopular it may be with a few people, this plutocratic minority may as well get its mind adjusted to the up slide.

We already have in fact an income tax that is pretty fully developed as to the attic. All it needs is some lower stories.

HERE MOOSIE, NICE MOOSIE

By Samuel G. Blythe

EVERY now and then Brother Bill Snyder, who does the snake settlement work for the New York Zoo, feeling the need of a modicum of publicity for his repository for reptiles, sends word to the local newspapers that Empedocles, the largest and most languorous anaconda in captivity, has awakened from a ten-months nap, inquired casually if the boys are out of the trenches yet, and engaged himself in the interesting gustatory adventure of swallowing a goat, or a camel, or a polar bear, or whatever titbit of similar nature is handy and appeals to Bill as the most efficacious medium for the appearance in print which he craves.

Whereupon, reporters are dispatched in great numbers to the Zoo, and the event is given its full meed of graphic narrative, including an instructive description of the appearance, habits and native habitat of anacondas, which are specifically stated to be snakes, in order that the New Yorkers may not be misled into thinking, as they naturally would if their attention was not called to the matter, that the anaconda referred to is a copper stock; inasmuch as the animal Zoo of New York is almost exclusively patronized by the lower classes, while the upper classes not only supply, but are inmates of, their own Zoo, as any roof-garden, restaurant with dancing, cabaret or *thé dansant* will show.

Trusting you will pardon this slight digression from zoölogy to sociology, I repeat: When Empedocles determines to appease his appetite by swallowing a goat, or dik-dik, or something, the occasion is of sufficient moment to elicit extended comment in the metropolitan press, and the processes of ingurgitation are extensively described and held to be another evidence that Nature is perfectly wonderful, when New Yorkers come to think about it, which they rarely do except when Bill Snyder gets busy and bathes the elephant, or manicures a lion, or varnishes the hippopotamus, or uses the vacuum cleaner on the dromedary, or demonstrates that great truth in some other first-page manner.

In the Golden Glory of the Superbious Sun

HOW much more, let us ask, how very much more worthy of comment is the seductive struggle of the two great political parties in an endeavor to englut one and the same Bull Moose at one and the same time, and for identical reasons! And yet this alluring attempt, which has been in progress for some weeks now, and was in contemplation for many months before actually engaged upon, has received only casual, not to say casuistical, discussion from those of whom we are both fain and prone to deem there are no peers as discussers, to lapse, for the nonce, into the diction of the prize deemers of the period—that is to say, the editors of the great organs of Republican and Democratic opinion.

Is it—rhetorical pause—then—rhetorical pause—as the President, in his well-known lucid manner, would pronounce the query—a matter of so little moment in the great tide of events that is sweeping us irresistibly and inevitably on to November seventh, coming, when the Democrats must account for their stewardship, and the Republicans must discount the same if they want to get back on the pay roll—is it of such trifling importance that the veil of obscurity—using now an ingenious combination of the Northern argot of Senator Lewis, of Illinois, and the Southern patois of Senator Sheppard, of Texas—the veil of obscurity shall be drawn over this tremendous tussle of Titanic transmogrifiers, this gigantic grapple of Gargantuan graspers to absorb, assimilate, engross, imbibe and inherit the remaining and glorious, though mistaken, assets of a party that—Ollie James now speaking—embarked on a militant deed of high emprise, their lances gleaming in the golden glory of the superbious sun, which, though it came to a defeat, yet won its glistering guerdon for having admirably adventured when vacillating vassals remained hugging their hereditary hearths?

Is it? Dashed if I know. But let us, returning to the ananthous motif, set forth the story of what has been going on and will be going on until election—to wit, the ardent endeavors to entice the bulk of the Progressives within the pleading confines of each old party, and the most remarkable exhibition of both progressivism and purity of method that has been spread as the lure. Inasmuch as the Progressives both announced and claimed they were in party possession of all the political purity there was at the time of their beginning, as well as sole custodians of the national conscience, and got away with it to the extent of some four million and odd votes—not that most of the votes were not odd, but let that pass—four million and odd votes cast crusadingly by citizens who declared in on the program for purposes of protest and such personal appraisement of themselves as set them down—to themselves—as conscience custodians, it was obvious even to the indurated gentlemen of the old parties who remained set that to get these four millions back into the Republican Party, or to shift them to the Democratic Party, would require the placing in the show window of a large and spotless line of reform and purity-of-intention goods. Hence we have observed, and hence we shall observe, many interesting developments.

The results of the 1912 election had given almost everybody pause—except the Southern Democrats.

Mr. Wilson had but forty-two per cent of the vote, and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft split the rest, which totaled a million and three hundred thousand more than Mr. Wilson received.

Thus, figuring the three million and odd who voted for Mr. Taft as fundamental and irremovable Republicans, the problem facing the Republican managers and the Democratic managers is to secure enough of the four million crusaders to give a majority. The Democrats need a couple of million of them, and the Republicans need about all of them

Wherefore, for four years the two old parties have had nets, traps, birdlime, snares and sticky flypaper out in all directions, hoping to capture the Progressives. Now after the 1914 elections, and still more after the primary elections this spring, it seemed that the Progressives had seeped, to a considerable extent, back into the fountain of their original being, the Republican Party. That is, the Progressives, as such, sort of ceased to be as such and, it seemed, were largely disintegrated.

This led to a certain cockiness of attitude on the part of the Republicans, and a certain despair on the part of the Democrats; and it did not suit the purposes at all of certain of the Progressives, for it was plain to be seen that if the Progressives had gone back to the Republicans no inducements or increment could be secured by the Progressive leaders for getting them back. There were some eminent Progressives who had large Progressive holdings, and the market for them was knocked flat if this situation was allowed to continue.

A Second Edition of Armageddon

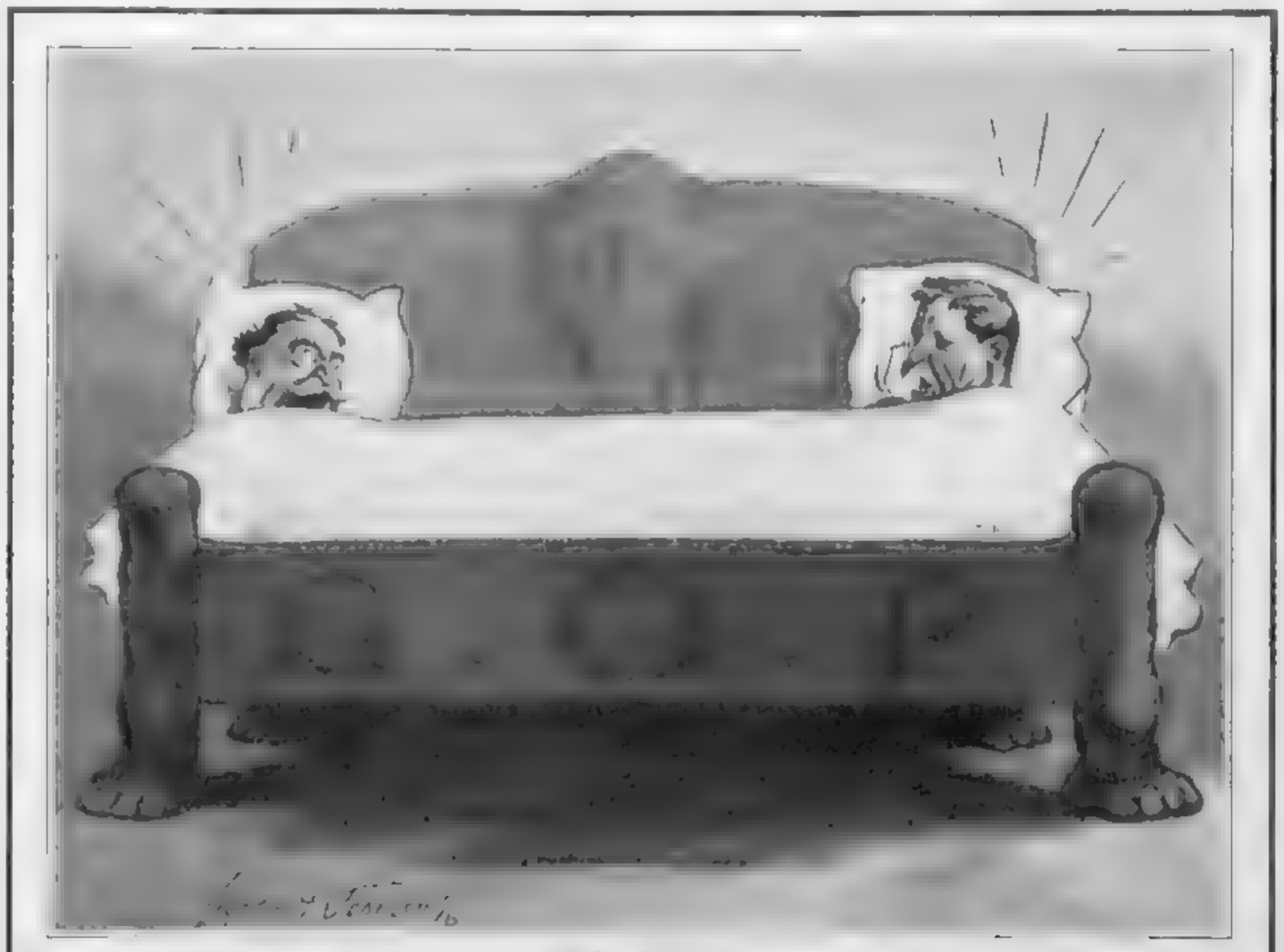
OBVIOUSLY it was essential to keep the Progressive home fires burning, and there were two reasons for this. The first was the heroic requirements of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, who needed the Progressive menace behind him to secure the personally favorable Republican attention he desired; and the second was the extreme necessity for finding a place to alight that the Progressive managers, or certain of them, held to be theirs. A demonstration that there was actually something to be acquired by the old parties was imperative, and the remnants of the Progressives were conjured and cajoled into a convention at Chicago at the same time the Republicans were in convention there, on the theory, no doubt, that it was thus much easier to show goods to prospective customers. The crusaders came in satisfactory numbers. They thought there was to be a second edition of Armageddon.

This created the requisite situation. It impressed the Republicans who were conferring in the same city, and it impressed the Democrats who were to confer at St. Louis a week later. It was behind The Colonel, although, as it happened, The Colonel was not in front of it. The result is painful history. The Progressive convention didn't boot The Colonel anything, and the Republican convention booted him good. Everybody in the universe, including the Progressive leaders at Chicago and elsewhere, knew that what happened to The Colonel would happen—everybody except The Colonel. He wouldn't believe it. Indeed, it is reported he scarcely believes it yet, but he may in time.

The Colonel, you see, had no other candidate for the Republican nomination besides himself. He was prepared to give up his option on Armageddon, and did so, but when it was all over there wasn't much left for him to do but get under the tent with Hughes, and that wasn't exactly exciting, so he got under and decided to become a Major General of Mexican volunteers. These, it would seem, are not especially propitious days for The Colonel, for his enterprise of becoming a Major General of Mexican volunteers is more or less crimped by the fact that there are no Mexican volunteers, and there will be none if W. Wilson has his say, which it is highly probable he will have.

However, no matter what happened to The Colonel, the Progressives became persons of extreme importance, and the proceedings looking toward their nursing, flattering, capturing and inclusion were immediately begun by both old parties, and continue until this day. The Republicans and the Democrats are in full cry after the Progressives. They offer asylum to each and every loyal, or disloyal, Moose, and the Progressives must be all puffed up about it.

To be sure, John Parker, of Louisiana,



Quit Yer Crowdin'!

who trustingly accepted second place on the ticket with The Colonel, and was left dangling out on a limb like a wisp of Spanish moss on one of his own beloved live oaks after The Colonel joined out with Mr. Hughes, is full of fight and, as I write, is rampaging up and down through Progressive territory seeking to find somebody willing to be the head for the ticket for which he is the disconnected tail, and no wonder. What more pitiful political fate is there than to be nominated for vice president by a minority party, even when somebody is nominated for president on the same ticket. Think, then, of the utter desolation of being such a candidate for vice president accompanied by no candidate for president. A few others are thus protesting.

But do we hear any protests from George W. Perkins, or the Honorable Bill Flinn, or any others of those eminent crusaders of four years ago who remained practical through it all, and maintained eyes undimmed to the main chance? We do not. They have transferred all the rights, appurtenances and privileges to Armageddon and Onward, Christian Soldiers to Parker and his friends, and are now quite comfortably under the main tent. And so with others who will be observed to be parts of the Democratic show. They are still Progressive, but they are prudently so, and under auspices that have a chance to do more than crusade—win an election, for example.

Speaking gainfully, if one may speak thus in relation to a reform propaganda and its results, the Republicans seem, thus far, to have acquired most of the Progressive loot. It may turn out that the acquisition of the general does not mean the acquisition of the rank and file, but that will not develop until November. The fact of it is that the Democrats suffered two sad disappointments. They hoped the Republicans would nominate Colonel Roosevelt, but nobody on the other side, save The Colonel, echoed that hope. Not securing that advantage, the Democrats sincerely trusted that The Colonel would run on a third ticket. That didn't come off either. The Colonel, when it comes to practicality, is fully as practical as G. W. Perkins or Bill Flinn, and, as the saying is, that is some practical. He saw no nourishment in such an adventure.

All this developed the situation which, if one were making a movie of it, would be called "The Lure of the Progressives; or, Come Back Home and All Will be Forgiven," if set forth with a Republican plot, or "Trust Them Not—They Betrayed You Once and They Will Do It Again," if presented from a Democratic angle.

The Party of Justice and Progress

The obvious features were the intense desires and the sedulous attempts by each old party to get into their platforms, and into their speeches, and into their propaganda, and into their promises, all such political bait as it was thought the homeless and orphaned Progressives would bite at. Each party became, as announced by its spokesmen, the only real Progressive Party there is, and it was pointed out by the Republicans that no self-respecting Progressive, who retained faith in the principles for which the battle was fought in 1912, could find a political resting place save within that Grand Old Party, which, whatever its mistakes in the past, is now reformed, reincarnated and repentant, and never intends to be naughty any more.

The Democratic spokesmen hooted at this, saying that this eleventh-hour repentance is not genuine; that the Republicans merely desire to acquire the Progressives for voting purposes, that, once returned to power, that party will renew its evil courses, and that the Democracy affords the only safe and sanctified haven for those who hope for progress and purity in governmental affairs.

There was, for potent example, that letter President Wilson wrote to an inquiring Philadelphian who wanted the President to accept the leadership of all the Progressives, although it had not hitherto been known that any Philadelphia or other editor had then corralled anywhere for delivery. The President laid all his cards down on the table and said: "I believe, and I think recent experience has confirmed the belief, that the Democratic party represents a larger part of the Progressive power and thought of the country than any other party, and can be made the instrument and is being made the instrument of leadership in the direction which all men who love justice and progress must wish to take." Could anything be more alluring than that?

This was the mere outward and visible enticement—the decoy. The real fine work was done inside, but the results are now apparent, to a certain degree. Each old party has had a spasm of virtue that looks millennial. Their motives and their methods are so absolutely pure, that the wicked will have to form their own third party if they want to get a chance to have congenial political company. Gee, but they are high-minded and pure of heart! Or, as Mr. Hughes expressed it in his telegram to Governor Johnson, of California: "We are not divided in our ideals; let us work together to attain them."

That is an admirable sentiment, and quite true. The Republicans and the Progressives are not divided in their ideals, and will not be until November, either, if Mr. Hughes and his managers can find a way to prevent such separation. And, on the Democratic other hand, the Democrats and the Progressives are not divided in their ideals. Mr. Wilson has joined his large stock of ideals and those of the Progressives with such a nicety of diction that the point of amalgamation cannot be discovered without the aid of a powerful glass.

Neither side and the Progressives is divided in ideals—divided in deals, perhaps, but in ideals never. The ideals of the Democrats and the ideals of the Republicans, so far as these parties are concerned, are identical with the ideals of the Progressives, and will so continue until the votes are counted. There will be ideals all over the place between now and November.

The Agony of Strong Men

It was approximately high noon, on June tenth, when the Republicans nominated Mr. Hughes and announced they would begin an active campaign immediately. The Republican idea of an active campaign, for the space of thirty days, so far as could be discerned, consisted in the appointment of Mr. Willcox, as chairman, and the entertainment of Colonel Roosevelt at luncheon by Mr. Hughes, the one function being about as exciting as the other, but both well calculated to have their effect on the needed Progressives; for Mr. Willcox is a nice, amiable, subdued person, who had no part in the foul crime of preventing the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt by the Republicans in 1912; and it was plainly apparent that Mr. Hughes did not have poison put in Mr. Roosevelt's soup. The Colonel came away in his usual buoyant health, which showed that these two strong men stood again shoulder to shoulder in the great work of keeping their ideals herded in one place.

This was what we learned for thirty days, this and the important facts that Mr. Hughes allowed two men to sit in his drawing-room on a train and smoke; that he likes apple pie; and that the Democratic story that he trims his own beard is a canard. But it was not what we might have learned had there been full access to the interior proceedings. Oh, it is a sad, sad story, mates, the tearful tale of the agony of strong men, the slaughter of ambitions, the sobs of Boies Penrose—could anything be sadder than the sobs of Boies Penrose? The answer is "Nothing could be."

Picture to yourselves, if you care to, that eager and enthusiastic little company of Old Guardsters hurrying from Chicago to congratulate the candidate, confer with him, and do a modicum of innocent conniving on the side. They were in high and happy spirits, a merry little party, consisting of Murray Crane, who softly hummed to himself those immortal lines about the fierce ingratitude of forgetting auld acquaintance, Boies Penrose, who joined his deep and resonant bass with the murmuring tenor of Mr. Crane, Reed Smoot, who as befits his apostolic position smiled sedately; James Hemenway, all agow with enthusiasm, Bill Barnes, blissfully letting bygones be bygones; and others all lit up with the extreme pleasure of the glad occasion.

Merrily they rolled along, rolled along, rolled along, and it was halcyon.

"You see," said Boies Penrose, "we'll get there first, and now that we have nominated him we'll just take hold of things and run the campaign in the good old way."

"Hear! Hear!" shouted Bill Barnes. "We'll run the campaign in the good old way."

And so it went, the light-hearted committeemen joking and jesting one with another, and recounting the bountiful olden times when they put it over so expertly.

At last their journey came to an end, and entering the room where their candidate stood waiting to receive them they joyously overwhelmed him with congratulations, which he, discarding for the nonce—that's two nonces for this article—his cold and reserved and dignified judicial manner, received as joyously, and a pleasant time was had by all.

"Now, then, Mr. Hughes," said Bill Barnes, clapping the candidate heartily on the back, "let's get down to business."

"Business?" asked the candidate in a rather distant manner. "What business?"

Somewhat taken aback by the tone in which the candidate made this inquiry, Mr. Barnes endeavored to appear at ease, none the less, and said familiarly: "Why, the business of running the campaign, old top. You understand what I mean, of course?"

Whereat Uncle Murray Crane and Boies Penrose winked in unison, a very difficult feat, for Mr. Penrose is six feet three and Mr. Crane three feet six, or some such stature, and it is almost impossible to wink in unison when there is such disparity of visional range.

Straightening himself to his full height, and stroking his carefully combed whiskers, the candidate replied: "I trust I may be believed, gentlemen, when I say to you that I positively do not understand."

There was a chill, almost a finality, in these words that sent a shudder through the assembled committeemen.

"Don't understand?" repeated Reed Smoot in his most unctuous manner. "Why, Mr. President-to-be, it is very simple and regular, quite regular. We are here prepared to take the burdens of the campaign from your shoulders—conduct it for you, you know—and all at your most loyal service."

"Exactly so," whispered Murray Crane.

The candidate looked slowly round. The temperature of the room fell rapidly.

"But, gentlemen," he said, "there are the Progressives to consider."

"The Progressives!" shouted Bill Barnes. "Great heavens, you are Progressive enough to suit them, I dare say."

"It may be so, gentlemen; it may be so. But I fear that you are not."

It was as if two tons of ice had been unloaded in the room.

"We—are—not?" gasped Boies Penrose. "Why, Mr. Hughes, what do you mean?"

"I regret that my words have been susceptible to misinterpretation. It means that you are not Progressive enough to run my campaign. It is our duty to preserve our ideals and conserve the ideals of the others. I trust I make myself clear? We must have Progressives on our committee, and men not hitherto identified with the practices that, I regret to say, have brought our Grand Old Idealistic Party somewhat into disrepute."

"But we nominated you," wailed Bill Barnes.

"I didn't ask you to," responded Mr. Hughes in his calmest and most judicial manner.

'Twas even so, and 'twas even so much more so than Mr. Hughes surmised, that the Old Guard were aghast. All merriment had left their hearts. Here, apparently, was a person who had the Progressive vote in mind.

Words Hung With Icicles

"It must be apparent to you," said the candidate, each word having an icicle on it, "that unless we secure the return of the Progressives to the Republican Party we cannot hope to win. It has appealed to me, in my consideration of this matter, that victory is the object for which we shall laudably strive. For whatever you gentlemen have done for me I am duly grateful, but I must ask you to divorce yourselves from the open conduct of my campaign, inasmuch as there would certainly be Progressive protest against you."

Well, speaking in broad and general terms, that is about the way it happened—not precisely, of course, but with enough of the high lights shown to make the picture.

Cast an eye over that executive committee, appointed at the end of the thirtieth day. The name of W. Murray Crane is not there, nor that of Boies Penrose, nor that of Reed Smoot, nor that of Bill Barnes. To be sure, the names of a few of the former satellites of these are there, and James Hemenway, the best politician of the lot of them, survived the smash, which proves that even in preserving ideals Mr. Charles Evans Hughes has good, workmanlike ideas as to handy preservers, for the first thing; and, second, that W. Murray Crane wasn't so far in the bad books as might have been imagined.

Moreover, there you will discover the name of George W. Perkins, who ran and financed the Roosevelt campaign four years ago, who was so active at Chicago. Likewise the name of Oscar Straus, who ran for governor of New York when Mr. Roosevelt was running for President, and various and sundry other names calculated to inspire confidence in the bosoms of the Progressive brethren. It will be a stern and very set Progressive who cannot find excuse for following this skillfully selected bunch of Progressives back to the old allegiance.

And it was during the course of the assault on the candidate for recognition that Boies Penrose sobbed. It was a sad sight, a sad, sad sight.

"Murray," he said to Mr. Crane—"Murray, can't I go on that committee?"

"No, Boies, I am afraid not."

"Well, will you fix it so I can be appointed and decline? It breaks my heart to be thus unrecognized, and it may break my organization." Uncle Murray, being a sympathetic man, made another try. It was useless, and then those gigantic shoulders shook and that broad bosom heaved. It's a cinch that it is a sad sight to see a strong man sob. Bill Barnes didn't sob. He cussed. And even if they are now on the committee, those Progressives, headed by George W. Perkins and suggested by The Colonel, didn't have such an easy time as their Chicago maneuvers contemplated.

Both Using the Same Bait

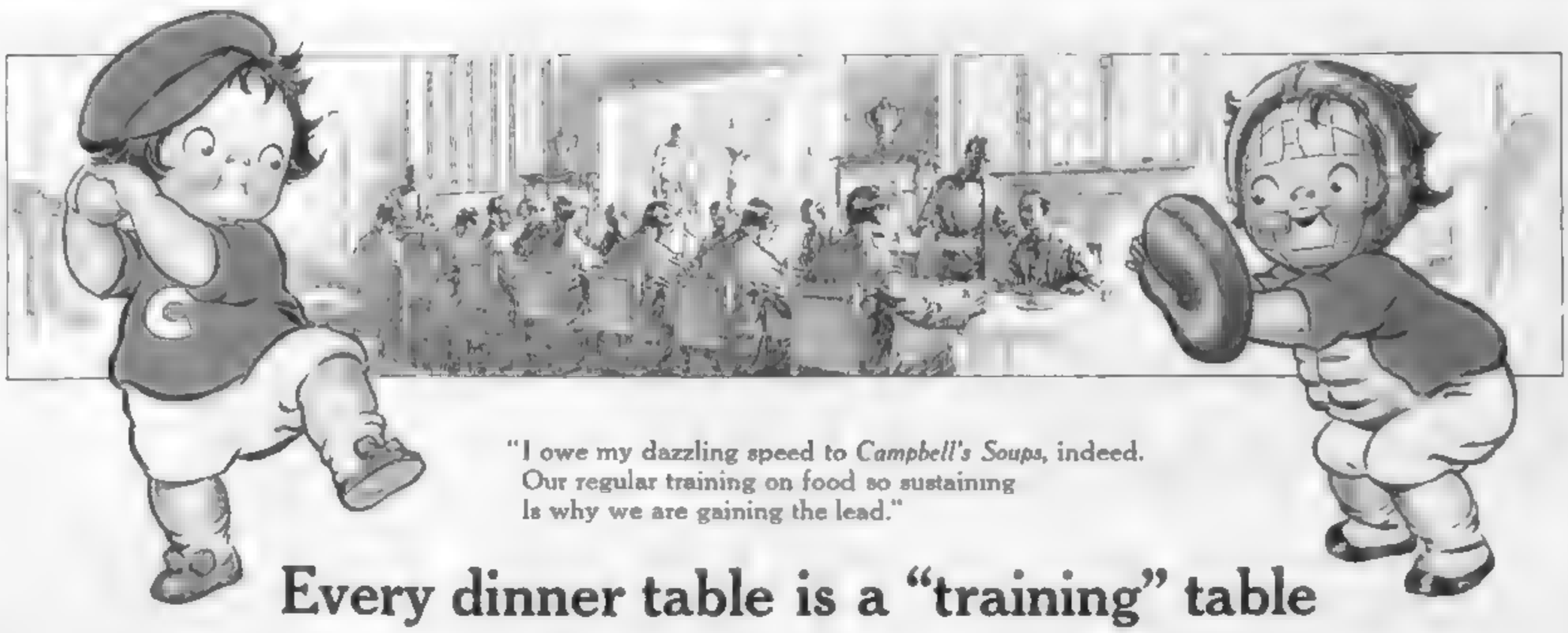
Always it is discovered that when the Old Guard is down and out it has preserved some little knickknack for itself. There is Hemenway, for example, and Jimmie Reynolds, the secretary, and most important, there are the treasurer and the assistant treasurer. They save those out of the wreck, so all is not lost, even if it was necessary to spread the lure for the Progressives by decapitating some of the bravest members of the Guard. Indeed, while it is essential to get the Progressives, it also is essential to hold the Republicans, which is politics, even if he was secluded for six years on the bench, that remained with Mr. Hughes from his old days before he sat on the woolsack.

Ardent as the Republican chase for the Progressives is, and will be, it will be equaled in vigor and eagerness by the attempt of the Democrats to get as many of them as possible. It has always been claimed by the Democrats that Mr. Wilson is a true Progressive, and his speeches veer in that direction, as he views that direction to be. The Democratic platform was especially contrived to attract and retain Progressives, and the birdlime is out in all directions for them, even to intimations that the heroic Colonel is a quitter, and that he should not be followed to Hughes, but that all real, honest-to-ideals Progressives should not only rebuke The Colonel, but should go out on a big, wide-open, rebuking expedition and rebuke them all—Perkins, Straus, Rowell and the whole lot, by voting for Wilson.

It may have been observed that the chairman of the Democratic National Committee is not an Old Guardster—the Democratic organization has its Old Guard, too, as old and as guarded and as guardful as that of the Republicans. The Democratic national chairman is not Norman Mack, nor Thomas Taggart, nor Roger Sullivan, nor any other of the old and powerful boys. The Democratic national chairman is Vance McCormick, a Progressive Democrat from Pennsylvania, and a real Progressive at that, full of uplift and ideals and things, and well calculated to appeal to the former Bull Moose.

Furthermore, although the Democratic executive committee is not appointed as I write, I am willing to take the chance of predicting that not many of the Democratic Old Guard—I mean the real governing Old Guard—will be on that committee, except possibly Fred Lynch, and Lynch isn't reactionary enough to hurt.

Trolling for Progressives is a sport at which both parties can play, and are playing, and they are each using the same sort of bait. The result of the election depends on which set of trollers catches the most fish.



"I owe my dazzling speed to *Campbell's Soups*, indeed.
Our regular training on food so sustaining
Is why we are gaining the lead."

Every dinner table is a "training" table

Every meal you eat has its effect on your work and your success.

Good food, of course, won't give a man brains. But it develops the brains he has; gives them force and keenness; helps him to run "true to form."

No matter whether you are after a batting average or a big contract or a fatter pay-envelope, you can't afford to overlook

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is a food that has a direct influence on your daily working capacity.

It is both an appetizer and a nourisher—a natural invigorant, and distinctly an aid to digestion.

In itself it furnishes sustaining nutriment. Eaten as a dinner-course it gives added zest to the entire meal, and increases the body-building effect of all you eat.

This favorite soup is as tempting as it is wholesome. It has a spicy and satisfying richness peculiar to itself. It is so easy to prepare that you can enjoy it whenever you like at three minutes' notice with no inconvenience to any one. And the oftener you eat it the better for your health and condition.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

1917—Seven-Passenger Chalmers, $1280 Detroit

A New 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers—Service Record 99.21 Percent Perfect

Last November we introduced the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers.

Seven months later sales had increased 792 percent and 631 new Chalmers dealers had been appointed.

Why this phenomenal sales increase? For weeks we sought the answer. Was it due to improved selling methods, advertising, exceptional value in our product, or what?

We knew full well the dollar-value of the Chalmers as compared with cars of other make. But even this could not account for such a gain in sales

At last the little secret was revealed. It happened thus: Things began to grow dull in our Service Department. First we noted a falling off in volume of correspondence.

Then a certain kind of letters from owners crept into the daily mail. There were more and more of them. Every day they increased in number—letters which read somewhat as follows:

"I have driven my 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers 7,500 miles in six months without touching the motor or lifting the bonnet, except to put in oil."

Finally statistics were compiled and then the startling fact was disclosed: After seven months, in the hands of 18,000 owners who had driven 1,000 to 15,000 miles, the car had a service record of 99.21 percent perfect.

Here, briefly, is the record of the 3400 r. p. m.

Sales increase, first seven months, 792 percent. Service percentage, first seven months, 59.21 perfect. Increase in Chalmers dealers, first seven months, 631.

Now a few words about the 1917 Chalmers. It is, to begin with, a 3400 r. p. m. car. That is the all-important fact.

We have built the car in two sizes—the "5-15," a five-passenger car with 115-inch wheelbase, and the "7-22," a seven-passenger car with 122-inch wheelbase.

Although we have not touched the motor, new developments are many. The changes are for the most part changes in the external things—improvements which the eye takes in at a glance.

Note the double cowl, the new bonnet lines, the smart tilt of the windshield. Then note buttonless upholstery with no place for dirt to gather. And note two dozen or more other features which contribute a new charm—features which any one of 1499 Chalmers dealers will show you with no little display of pride.

And the service record back of the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers, please remember, is 99.21 percent perfect.

Seven-Passenger "7-22" Touring Car	$1280 Detroit;	$1775 in Canada
Five-Passenger "5-15" Touring Car	$1090 Detroit;	$1475 in Canada

Chalmers Motor Company - - - - Detroit

Sense and Nonsense

Too Small a Target

A YOUTH reared in the backwoods of Alabama had an ambition to be something more than a farmer on a barren mountain, so he worked his way through college, coming out as a civil engineer. His first job, after his graduation, was for a railroad building a branch line through the hills not far from the parental homestead.

When the contract was completed and the line had been opened for travel, he brought his aged father down out of the ridges to see what had been done. The old man had seen a train once or twice in his life, but he had never seen a tunnel. He couldn't believe that it was possible for men to bore through the base of a mountain from side to side. So the youth took him to the mouth of a tunnel. For a long time the old man contemplated the marvel.

"Well, boy, you did do it, fur a fact," said the old fellow; "but I'll bet you a purty there ain't no train of steam-cyars kin git through that there little hole."

"Wait and see," said the youth. "There ought to be a train along pretty soon now."

They waited. Presently with a roar a train whizzed by and, without abating its speed, disappeared in the tunnel.

"What do you think about it now, Dad?" asked the son.

"Well, they done it that time," admitted the father, "but some of these days that there steam-engine is goin' to miss that hole."

Via England

AN INDIFFERENTLY dressed person dropped into a small saloon in one of the New England towns where munitions are just now being turned out in large quantities for the Allies, and told the proprietor, a German, that he would like to open an account for liquid refreshment, the same to be discharged on Saturday night after he had been paid off.

The owner shook his head in dissent.

"I'm sorry," said the stranger. "There wouldn't be any trouble about you getting your money. I'm getting good wages over where I work. We're turning out shells for the Germans."

The saloon man's manner became instantly genial. He not only consented to giving the other credit, but insisted upon his taking a couple of beers on the house, then and there.

"Tell me," he asked in a confidential tone, after the second round had been served, "how you get them shells over to the Chermans, eh?"

The other man put his emptied schooner upon the bar and edged toward the door.

"Oh, it ain't no secret," he said; "we just ship 'em across to the English and they shoot 'em over."

The First Step

ED BOWES, the theatrical manager, used to live in San Francisco, and out there he knew a certain contractor who did a good deal of work for the city.

One morning—so Bowes says—a stranger who professed to understand street repairing in all its branches applied to the contractor for a job as foreman. The boss undertook to test the applicant.

"Well, now," he said, "supposin' you was called upon to clean out a sewer down in Chinatown that was clogged at both ends. What would you do first?"

The new man thought a moment.

"I'd bless meself," he said simply.

Sentiment

A WHITE lady was passing a small cabin in a Tennessee town when a black woman came to the door and hailed a pickaninny playing in the yard.

"You, Fertilizer!" called out the mother. "Come yere and git yore face washed."

The passer-by stopped.

"Excuse my curiosity, please," she said; "but what did I hear you call that child?"

"I called her by her regular name," said the colored woman. "I called her Fertilizer."

"Isn't that rather a peculiar name for a child?" asked the lady.

"Not ef you knows how dat chile come to git it," stated the parent. "You see, Missis, dat chile is named partly fur her paw and partly fur me. Her paw's name is Fertinand and my name's Eliza."

Seeing's Believing

DOWN in Kentucky is a self-made man who has acquired a considerable fortune in the building and renting of small cottages. Most of his building operations are personally superintended by the owner.

One day not so very long ago he was watching a gang of workmen as they put the finishing touches upon a couple of dwellings, when a citizen happened along and halted to view the progress of the work.

"Uncle Mike," he inquired of the capitalist, "how do you aim to finish up the walls inside?"

"Same as I always do," stated the proprietor. "I leave 'em like they are now till the plasterin' gits dirty, and then paper 'em."

"I should think you would paint the walls at the beginning," said the other man. "You know they say germs breed behind wall paper."

"I don't take no stock in those lies," said Uncle Mike. "I'm seventy-five year old and I been puttin' up and tearin' down houses all my life, and I ain't never seen one of them germs yit."

The Black Man's Burden

THE late Booker T. Washington used to tell this story: He said in one of the black counties of Southern Mississippi a meeting was held in the city hall at the county seat for the purpose of organizing a movement to encourage the emigration from the North of desirable skilled labor. As one of the promoters of the plan was leaving the building after the gathering had adjourned, he was halted by an aged darky of his acquaintance.

"Kunnel," inquired the old man, "whut you-all been doin' in thar to-night?"

"We're trying to work up a scheme to bring more white people down here," explained the gentleman. "What do you think of the idea, Uncle Zach?"

"W'y, boss," said Zach, "dey's already mo' white folks in dis county now dan us niggers kin suppo't."

The Unpardonable Slip

AT THIS year's reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, in Birmingham, someone told this tale with marked success: The narrator said that several years ago the late Booker T. Washington made an address in a small town in Georgia on the duty of the white man to the black and of the black man to the white. Washington, always an effective speaker, was at his best that night.

At the conclusion of the speech, an elderly gentleman with white hair and in the dress of a well-to-do planter came to the platform.

"Washington," he said, "I want to do what I never thought I'd do in my life—I want to clasp your hand. And, furthermore, I want to tell you that, regardless of color, you are the smartest man I ever heard talk."

"I thank you for the compliment, but you do me too much honor," said Washington. "How about Colonel Roosevelt?"

"Oh, him!" snorted the Georgian. "I ain't had no use for him since he invited you to dinner."

Fifty-Fifty

IN THE big Preparedness Parade which took place in New York in May, and which set the example for other Preparedness Parades all over the country, Digby Bell, the comedian, led a company made up largely of actors, theatrical managers and playwrights from the Lambs and the Players Clubs.

The marchers moved in wide lines twenty abreast, extending from curb to curb of Fifth Avenue. All went well with Captain Digby Bell's squad until they reached Forty-second Street, where an isle of safety for pedestrians stands in the middle of the asphalt roadway.

He knew there must be a military command for dividing a column so as to pass about a fixed obstacle, but he didn't know what it was. For just a moment confusion threatened his group. Then in this emergency an inspiration came to the leader.

He swung about and faced the oncoming formation. "Fifty-fifty!" he blared at the top of his voice. And, splitting in the center, the line flanked the safety isle without missing a step.

By courtesy of Collier's Weekly. Page 18

When Fitness Counts

Here's one of Uncle Sam's regulars in Mexico getting his full marching pack ready. The can of Dr. Lyon's in the center is a vital part of the equipment of men who *must* be in the pink of condition.

There's a lifetime of good teeth for you, if you visit your dentist twice a year and three times a day use

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
OR
Dental Cream

Send 2c stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc.
522 West 27th Street New York City

In Your Lunch Box at the Beach

have one of these "mouth-watering" luncheon combinations—which are *made* so mouth-watering by the "big taste" of Underwood Deviled Ham.

LUNCH BOX No. 1	LUNCH BOX No. 2
Eggs stuffed with Deviled Ham	Deviled-Ham-and-Turkey Sandwiches
Chicken Salad (carry in jar)	Snappy Cheese — Olives
Lettuce Sandwiches — Olives	Strawberry Jam Sandwiches
Nut Cake — Sugar Wafers	Ginger Cookies

THE RECIPES

Stuffed Eggs: Cut hard-cooked eggs in half. Remove yolks, mash thoroughly with equal bulk Underwood Deviled Ham and spoonful salad dressing. Fill egg centers and press halves together again. Wrap in waxed paper.

Sandwich: Spread thin slices of white bread with Underwood Deviled Ham not too thick. Make into sandwiches with thin slices cold turkey. Add mayonnaise if desired.

Send for "Good Tastes for Good Times"

This valuable booklet gives many more luncheon suggestions. For it contains the famous Little Red Devil recipes—sandwiches, salads, scallops, omelets, rarebits, timbales, etc.—fine for any day in the year. FREE for the asking. 15c will bring you economical can to try. Always mention grocer's name when writing and if possible say whether he sells Underwood—most grocers do. Send now.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY, 52 FULTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Makers also of Underwood Deviled Chicken, Tongue and Turkey

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

"Branded with the Devil but Fit for the Gods"

TO RETAIL GROCERS: If you cannot get Underwood Deviled Ham from your local jobber, write us. We'll find some way to supply you.

THE CAR AHEAD
A Hudson Super-Six

When you buy a car in the Hudson class you buy that car to keep. So the question is a big one. What that car is or isn't matters much for years and years. Let us look facts in the face.

Always the Master

The Hudson Super-Six, under every condition, will or can be "The Car Ahead."

No other stock car ever went so fast. None ever went so far in one day. None ever climbed such hills on high gear. And none ever picked up so quickly.

Those are facts based on official tests. And no car built can successfully dispute them.

So the Super-Six owner, in traffic or on highways, on hills or on levels, feels himself the master of the road.

Why You Should Care

We hear men say, "Well, I don't care. I don't want speed. I don't need that power."

But you do want—don't you?—the best car in your class, when you pay about the price that gets it.

Let the extra capacity remain latent capacity. Keep the speed and the power in reserve.

You can out-distance your rivals without going faster, because of the quick pick-up. In traffic and in hill-climbing you have less change of gears. Everywhere you get effortless performance. And you rarely tax the motor to half its capacity. That means long life and economy.

No Feats Like These Ever Before Performed

All made under A. A. A. supervision by a certified stock car or stock chassis, and excelling all former stock cars in these tests.

100 miles in 80 min., 21.4 sec., averaging 74.67 miles per hour for a 7-passenger touring car with driver and passenger.

75.69 miles in one hour with driver and passenger in a 7-passenger touring car.

Standing start to 50 miles an hour in 16 2 sec

One mile at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour.

1819 miles in 24 hours at average speed of 75.8 miles per hour.

80% More Efficiency

The Super-Six invention—patented by Hudson—has added 80 per cent to this motor's efficiency. It does this by reducing vibration, the cause of motor friction. So it adds just as much to motor smoothness. And it adds just as much to endurance.

Our radical tests—like those cited below—seem to prove that the Super-Six doubles endurance.

The motor is the heart of your car, and the life of it. The leaders of motordom have always led on motors. Why should any man buy a fine car now without demanding that motor supremacy?

14,000 Now Running

More than 14,000 Hudson Super-Sixes are now in the hands of owners. You can anywhere learn how men like them. Parts are ordered or on hand for 31,000 more. So there will be no change in the Super-Six so far as we can see ahead.

By quadrupling our output we are now, for the first time, keeping close to the demand. So fine-car buyers can now get the car they want.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1475	Touring Sedan	$2000	Town Car	$2750
Roadster, 2-passenger	1475	Limousine	2750	Town Car Landaulet	2850
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1775	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	2850

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

FIRST CORINTHIANS: CHAPTER XIII, VERSE 4

(Continued from Page 11)

It was late in the afternoon of the following day before Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass realized that Papa Finkelstein had not yet appeared. She called to her a footman of her employ, specially detailed to attend her on this occasion, and ordered him to proceed at once to Pike Street and find her missing ward and bring him before her. Being a good footman, his expression gave no clew to his feelings. He deemed it to lie far outside the proper functions of a footman to be hunting up persons named Finkelstein; but he obeyed.

For the moment the scene must shift to Pike Street. The time is half an hour later. Partly by words, partly by wide-armed gesticulations, Papa Finkelstein explained his position in the matter, if not his private reasons.

"Is that so?" said the footman, whose name was Cassidy—Maurice J. Cassidy. He fixed a strong hand grippingly in the back of Papa Finkelstein's collar. "Well, you listen to me, young fella! Wan way or another you're goin'—wit' me, nice and peaceable, or in an ambylance. You can make your own choice."

The words possibly were confusing to the alien understanding, but the large knobby fist, which swayed to and fro menacingly an inch or so below the tip of the captive's nose, spoke in a language that is understood of all men. Papa Finkelstein saw his way clear to accompanying Footman Cassidy. Aboard the street car, on the way uptown, several of his fellow passengers decided he must be a thief who had been caught red-handed, and said it served him right.

Arriving, he was ushered perhaps I should say propelled into the presence of Mrs F. Fodderwood Bass. She greeted his appearance coosomely. Or is coongly the right word?

At any rate, she cooed her approval; she cooed beautifully anyhow. With open pride she directed the attention of certain of her associate patronesses to the little huddled shape of Cassidy's prisoner.

"Ah, there he is!" she said. "My Pet Charity! So improvident, so shiftless; but isn't he just too picturesque!"

Leveling their lorgnettes on him, her friends agreed in chorus that he was very picturesque. They wondered, though, why he wriggled so.

"The dearest, gentlest little man!" continued Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass in clear, sweet tones. "So diffident, but so grateful for everything—the poor, tattered dear! He never says a word to me when I talk to him; but by the look in his eyes I can tell he is fairly worshiping the ground I walk on."

As if to prove the truth of what she said, Papa Finkelstein's gaze even now was directed upon the floor at her feet.

"Now, Cassidy," went on his mistress, "you take him into one of the dressing rooms yonder and have him undress. It's too bad nearly everything has been picked over; but we shall find something for him, I'm sure."

Within a curtained recess Cassidy explained his meaning with threatening mien.

"Take off thim rags!" he commanded.

Rags they may have been, but Papa Finkelstein cherished them. Reluctantly he parted with them, filled with the melancholy conviction that he should see them nevermore. It was a true foreboding. But that was not the worst of it. Papa Finkelstein was in figure slight and of a contour difficult to drape garments upon. Moreover, it was as his benefactor had said—everything had been picked over so. Nevertheless, a selection agreeable to the lady's ideals was finally made.

Fifteen minutes passed. At the end of those fifteen minutes Papa Finkelstein, under the menacing urgings of Footman Cassidy, made a diffident but spectacular reappearance before the Bundle Day audience. His head was bent apologetically low, so that his whiskers, spraying upon his bosom, helped to cover him. His two hands were spread flat upon his chest, hiding still more of his abashed shape. Nevertheless, it might be discerned that Papa Finkelstein wore the abandoned cream-colored whipcords of somebody's chauffeur—very abandoned and very cream-colored, the whole constituting a livery, complete, from the visored cap upon his head to the leather puttees reefed about his bowed shanks.

"Now just look at him!" cried Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass in an ecstasy. "How neat! How trim! How cozy!"

Papa Finkelstein didn't want to be neat. He abhorred coziness; likewise trimness. Mentally he shrunk from the prospect of his homeward journey, foreseeing difficulties. There again was his intuition prophetically justified.

At the corner of Hester Street and the Bowery a skylarking group beheld him and greeted him with cries of an almost incredulous joy. By force they detained the little man, making mock of him in English and in Yiddish. The English passed over his head, but into his soul the Yiddish bit deep, leaving scars. He wrested himself free and fled to his home. His arrival there made a profound impression on Mamma Finkelstein—after she recognized him. So did his language.

Only the absolute necessity of gleaning rent money from the realms of trade drove him forth two days later from the comparative sanctuary of the inner room of his domicile. In the spirit he suffered, and in the flesh as well. Citizens en route to the Subway, on being hailed with inquiries touching on old clothes, from an undersized pedestrian attired as a chauffeur, in reduced circumstances, who had neglected to shave for a long time past, did not halt to listen. They halted to laugh and to gibe and to gird with derision. Until Papa Finkelstein had effected a trade with a compassionate but thrifty compatriot, with an utter disregard for intrinsic values exchanging what he wore for whatsoever the other might give, just so it sufficiently covered him, he felt himself to be as a hissing and a byword in the highways—which he was.

And now into the tangling skeins of the Finkelstein family's life in their relation to the charitable impulses enlisted upon their behalf—but without their consent or their approval—it is fitting to reintroduce Miss Betty Gwin. Springtime came and passed, its passage dappled for all the Finkelsteins with memory spots attesting the more or less intermittent attentions of Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass, and the more or less constant ministrations of Miss Godiva Sleybells.

Summer came; and with the initial weeks of summer came also the time for the first of the series of annual outings conducted under the auspices of the Evening Dispatch's Fresh Air Fund for the Children of the Poor. Yearly it was the habit of this enterprising sheet to give excursions to the beach, employing therefor a chartered steamboat and the contributions of the public.

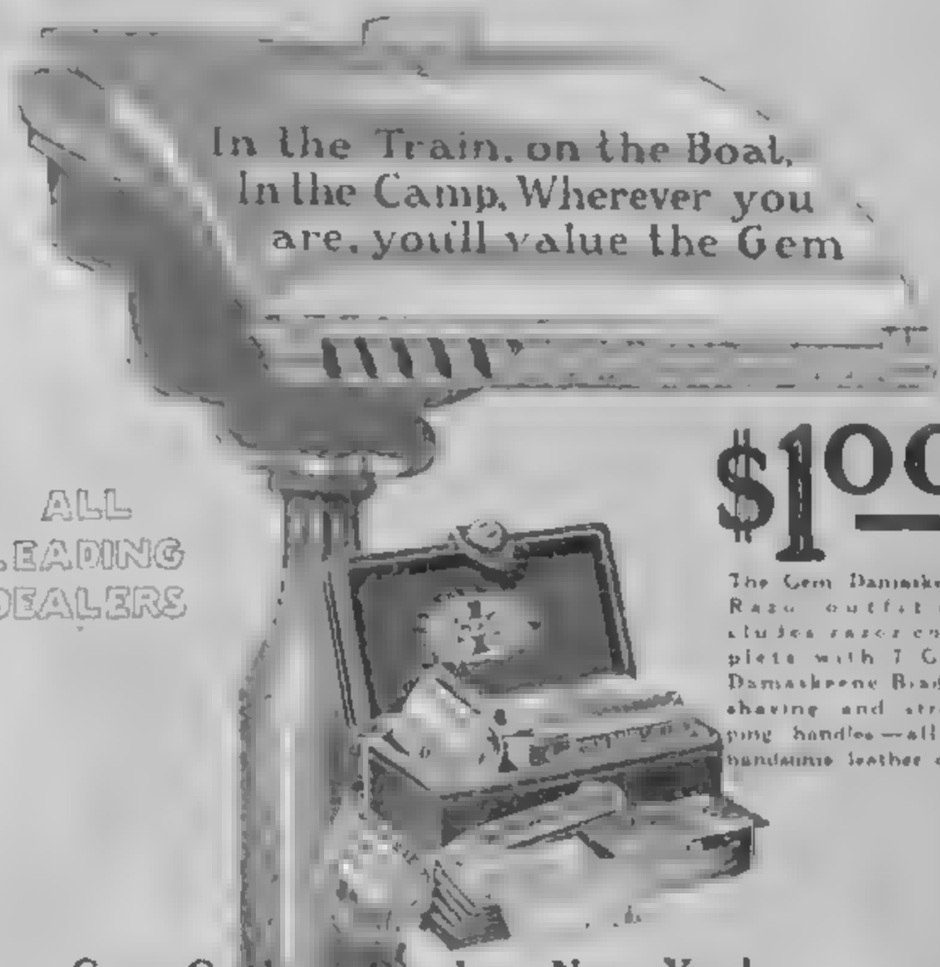
The public mainly put up the money; the owner of the Evening Dispatch, Mr. Jason Q. Welldover, principally took the credit, for thereby, on flaunting banners and by word of speech, was his name and his fame made glorious throughout the land. As repeatedly pointed out in the editorial columns of his journal, the LITTLE ONES of the slums were enabled, through the GENEROSITY OF THIS PAPER, to breathe in the LIFE-GIVING OZONE of kindly MOTHER OCEAN; to PLAY upon the sands; to DISPORT themselves in the very LAP OF NATURE; returning home at eventide REJUVENATED and HAPPY—the phraseology and the capitalization alike being direct quotations from the Evening Dispatch.

Since Miss Betty Gwin was on the staff of the Evening Dispatch, it was quite natural that she should take a personal pride as well as a professional interest in the success of the opening outing of the season. As suitable candidates for admission to its dragooned passenger list she thought of Miriam Finkelstein and Solly Finkelstein. She pledged herself to see that these two were included in the party. Nor did she forget it. Upon the morning of the appointed date she went personally to Pike Street, assumed custodianship of the favored pair and, her own self, escorted them to the designated place of assemblage and transferred them into the keeping of Mr. Moe Blotch.

Mr. Blotch belonged in the Evening Dispatch's Circulation Department. Against his will he had been drafted for service in connection with the Fresh Air Fund's excursion. He was a rounded, heavy-set

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

The Best Safety



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Motorists are rapidly learning that a small sum put into a Goodyear Tire Saver Kit proves a profitable investment.

This kit is a first-aid-to-the-injured for tires. In it is everything needed to restore to running condition a tire that has suffered a puncture or blow-out:

Tube patches,
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Inside and outside blow-out patches,
Talc for the tube,
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With this kit in your car you need never fear having to run on a flat tire, and damage both casing and tube beyond repair.

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EVERY feature of the EMPIRE SIX compels your admiration. Attractive appearance—big, roomy body with divided front seats—long wheel base—high efficiency Continental motor and big tires are satisfaction-giving points that you cannot overlook in this car. ¶ Despite the fact that announcements of new series of other cars in the EMPIRE class, with little or no change in construction, show a marked tendency to higher prices you can still buy this extra value EMPIRE SIX at its established price, $1125. ¶ Any EMPIRE dealer can convince you as to the power, flexibility and easy riding comfort of the EMPIRE SIX—any EMPIRE owner will tell you of the satisfying service and the low cost of running an EMPIRE car.

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By Harold Bell Wright

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Nearly Seven Million Copies of Harold Bell Wright's books have been sold—The great heart of the reading public is an unprejudiced critic

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, Publishers

E. W. REYNOLDS, President 231-233 West Monroe Street, CHICAGO

person, with the makings of a misanthrope in him. That day completed the job; after that he was a made and finished misanthrope.

While murder blazed in his eyes and kind words poured with malevolent bitterness from his lips, Mr. Blotch marshaled his small charges to the number of several hundred, in a double file. To each he gave a small American flag, warning each, on peril of mutilation and death, to wave that flag and keep on waving it until further orders. Up at the head of the column Prof. Washington Carter's All-Colored Silver Cornet Band struck up a clamorous march tune and the procession started, winding its way out of the familiar Lower East Side, across the tip of Manhattan Island, to the verge of the strange Lower West Side.

Well up in the line, side by side, marched Miriam and Solly, the twain whose fortunes we are following. Possibly from stress of their joyous anticipation they shivered constantly. However, it was a damp and cloudy day and, for early June, very raw. Even Mr. Moe Blotch, muffled as he was in a light overcoat, shivered.

The route of march led past the downtown offices of the Evening Dispatch where, in a front window, the proprietor, Mr. Jason Q. Welldover, waited to review the parade. According to his instructions from a higher authority, Mr. Blotch now gave the signal for an outburst of appreciative cheering from the small marchers. Obeying the command, they lifted up their voices; but, doubtlessly through stage fright or lack of chorus drilling, the demonstration, considered for vocal volume, was not altogether a success. It was plaintive rather than enthusiastic. It resembled the pipings of despondent sandpipers upon a distant lea. Standing in the window, Mr. Welldover acknowledged the tribute by bowing, he then holding the pose until his staff photographers had caught him—once, twice, three times.

Half a mile more of trudging brought the little travelers to a dock above the Battery. Alongside the dock lay a steamboat so swathed in bunting and bannered inscriptions as to present the appearance of being surgically bandaged following a succession of major operations. The smokestack suggested a newly broken leg, enveloped in first-aid wrappings. The walking beam rose above a red-and-white-and-blue mass, like a sprained wrist escaping from its sling. The boiler deck was trussed from end to end; and everywhere recurred, in strikingly large letters, the names of Mr. Jason Q. Welldover and the Evening Dispatch.

Without loss of time Mr. Blotch drove his excursionists aboard; and soon then, to the strains of martial music, the swaddled craft was moving gayly down the river. Or, anyhow, she moved as gayly as was possible, seeing that the river was of a rumpled, grayish aspect, abounding in large waves, and each wave flounced with a ruffle of dirty-white foam; and seeing, further, that an exceedingly keen wind blew dead against her, searching out the remotest and most sheltered recesses of her decks. Mr. Blotch remained in the engine room.

But all pleasant things must have an end; and eventually, although to some aboard it seemed even longer than that, the steamer reached Coney. Somewhere on this globe there may be a more dispiriting, more dismal spot than Coney is on a wet and cloudy day in the early part of June. I have heard Antarctic explorers speak with feeling of the sense of desolation inspired by contemplation of the scenery closely adjacent to the South Pole; but, never having been at or near the South Pole, I am still pledged to Coney Island.

On a wide and windswept shore, where pallid sands ran down to pallid sea, and sea in turn ran out and out to mingle, under shrouding fog banks, with lowering skies, the small Fresh-Air funders were turned loose and sternly ordered to enjoy themselves. Perversely, though, they persisted in huddling in close, tight clusters, as though drawn together by a gravitation of common discomfort. Their conductor was not to be thwarted. He had a duty to perform—a duty to them and to his employer—and scrupulously he meant to obey it if it cost forty lives. From group to group Mr. Moe Blotch ran, yanking its members out into the cheerless open.

"Play, consarn you! Play!" he blared at them. "Laugh and sing and dig in the sands! Breathe in the life-giving ozone or I'll break every bone in your bodies!"

Little Miriam found herself alone and lonesome in the shadow of a depressingly pale-yellow dune. She thought of the warm and comfortable tenement hallway, crowded as it would be with gossiping little deputy mothers and crawling, babbling babies. She thought of the shifting panorama of Pike Street's sidewalk life, spectacular and thrilling. She thought of her own two special charges—Izzy and Izzy—deprived now of their customary guardianship and no doubt pining for it.

These poignant memories overcame her. She lifted her face to the unresponsive vault of heaven, and she wept. Once she was at it, there was no false restraint in her weeping; she bemoaned her lot shrilly, copiously and damply. Moisture streamed from her eyes, her mouth, her nose. In her rendition there was a certain aquatic wholeheartedness that would have interested and startled a student of natural hydraulics. Practically this child had riparian rights.

To her side came running Solly, her brother, likewise weeping. His antlerlike ears, undefended and, as it were, defiantly outbranching to the edged breezes, were now two chilled disks, shot through their more membranous surfaces with bluish, pinkish, greenish tones, like mother-of-pearl. His nose, from tip to base, was one frigid and painful curve. And, to top all, Solly, venturing too near the beach edge, had been surprised by a quick, large wave. From his waist down he dripped sea water. His fortitude succumbed before this final misfortune. He mingled his tears with Miriam's, substantially doubling the output.

Their sorrow might have touched a heart of stone; but Mr. Blotch, embarking on this mission of pleasure, had left his heart behind him, foreseeing that its presence might be inconvenient to a proper discharge of his philanthropic obligations. He charged down upon them, separated their entwined arms and, with terrible threats, ordered them to play and dig in the sands.

So they played and they dug in the sands. Choking back their sobs and burying their little, cold fingers in the cold, gritty sands, they played and dug through the long forenoon until dinnertime; and after dinner they dug and played some more, until the hour for departure arrived, cutting short all their blithesome misery.

Beyond question, Solly next day would have developed pneumonia, except that pneumonia was far too troublesome a luxury for any of the Finkelstein family to be having. Besides, at this juncture the weather providentially turned off to be warm and seasonable, and, scouting in East Broadway, he happened upon a large, empty crockery crate, which seemed to lack a friend. He up-ended it, crawled inside it and made off with it; and so completely hidden was he within its capsized depths that one observing the spectacle might have been excused for assuming that a crockery crate was out for a walk on its own account. In the joys of perilous adventures and treasure-findings Solly conquered his symptoms and forgot to fall ill.

The weather continued to be warm and warmer. By mid-July it was so warm that the interior of the tenements became insufferable, and the dwellers slept of nights on fire escapes and in doorways, and even in the little squares and out on the pavement gratings, stretched—whole rows of them—on pallets and quilts. The hot spell afforded Miss Godiva Sleybells an opportunity to do something that was really worth while for the two older of the eight younger Finkelsteins. She came one simmering day and told them the splendid news. They were to have a week—a whole week—on a farm up in the Catskills.

With memories of Coney still vivid in their young brains, Miriam and Solly inwardly quailed at the prospect; but they went. There was nothing else for them to do; the determined dragoness in the double-lensed spectacles, who managed their mother and condemned them at intervals to trials by soap and water, had so ordained it.

I wish I might say the two children were wrong in their forebodings; I wish I might paint their week in the Catskills as a climactic success. Perhaps from Miss Godiva Sleybell's viewpoint it was a success; but, remember, I am concerned with detailing not her impressions so much as the impressions of these small wards of hers.

Remember, too, that in saying what I must, as a truthful historian, say, I mean not to reflect upon the common aims or the general results of that splendid charity which each year sends thousands of poor children to the country, there to breathe in

(Concluded on Page 33)

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is the great American thirst cure. It sells on its quality in the big cities and little towns of all our states. Clicquot Club was winner of Medal of Honor, Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Thousands of people who used to think of ginger ale as a "kind of soft drink" now keep Clicquot constantly in their ice boxes, because they have found it a beverage of character and excellence. Dealers have found that it sells readily, in case lots, to their best trade.

Made in a big, cleanly, model plant by men who have deliberately set out to produce not alone the finest ginger ale, but the best hot weather beverage in the world. Clicquot mixes well with almost any other drink. Use it wherever you would use charged water. Sold by Good Grocers and Druggists. Buy it by the case. Other Clicquot Club beverages are: Birch Beer, Lemon Sour, Sarsaparilla, Orange Phosphate and Root Beer.

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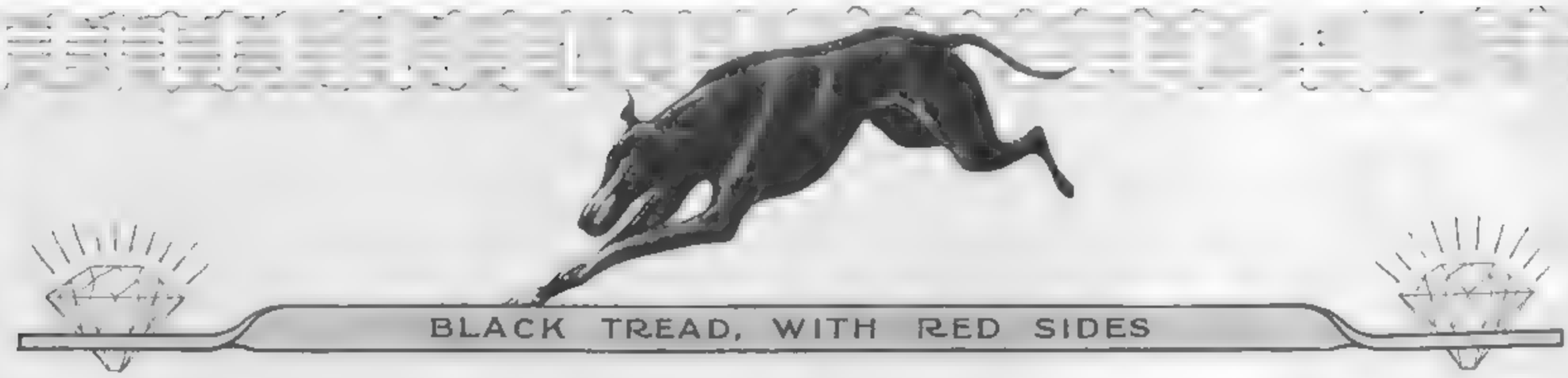


These Tires will Quicken your Car

NIMBLE Tires,—and Strong!

Made flexible, so as to BEND freely over sharp obstacles on the road which would *cut into* less-yielding walls, or more gritty rubber.

Black Treads of the new "*Velvet*" rubber, which is *stretchy* as a rubber band,—*close-grained* as flint,—and so *tough* that no ordinary man can break even a sliver of it.

This 1916 "Velvet" rubber *multiplies* Traction, in the famous Squegee Tread, with *minimum* friction, through its wonderful fly-footed CLING to slippery surfaces.

◆ ◆ ◆

HE who puts 1916 Diamond Tires on his Car will find they give "Pep" to its Action,—make it "light-footed,"—smart at the Get-away,—responsive up the hills,—smoother-running, with less vibration, over relatively rough roads.

He will find them lighter, in weight, than other Tires of similar size.

He will find, too, this lessened weight, for same size, translating into *longer life* and much *more Mileage*.

BECAUSE,—that lessened weight means less "*filler*,"—less *inert substances*.

It means less of the useless "ballasting" material, in Rubber, which bulks larger to the eye, but which *deadens* Tire action,—*thickens* Tire walls,—and thereby *separates* the layers of fabric.

Such *stiffness* engenders great frictional heat between layers, burning the *Vitality* out of the Rubber adhesive between layers.

◆ ◆ ◆

DIAMOND 1916 Tires will be found "Net-Service" Tires, from which all "*muscle-binding*" *encumbrances* have been eliminated, leaving the Vital things free to do their best work unhampered.

That's why they *live so long*,—stretch out their *Mileage* so satisfactorily, put so much "Life," Vim, and ready *response*-to-Power, into Car action.

Test out a set of Diamond 1916 Tires, and see!

P. S.—Diamond Inner Tubes, and Diamond Bicycle Tires, are also made of that new "Velvet-Rubber," which multiplies their Service, without increasing their Cost to you.

Diamond SQUEGEE Non-Skid Tires

(Concluded from Page 30)

for a spell a better air than ever they have breathed, and to eat of better fare than ever they have eaten. In this instance I am afraid the trouble was that the city had trapped the small Finkelsteins too early. If they had not been born in its stone-and-steel cage, at any rate they could not remember a time when they had not lived in it. They were like birds which, being freed, cannot use their wings because they have never used them, but only flutter about distractedly, seeking to return to the old confines within the bars of the prison and the familiar perches of its constricted bounds. Distance—free, limitless and far-extending—daunts those other birdlings as it daunted these two small human ones.

The journey mountainward frightened the small pair. They had never been on a train before. As they clung to each other, cowering low in their seat every time the locomotive hooted, they resolved that willingly they would never be on one again. Upon reaching their destination they were required to sleep in separate beds, which was an experience so very different from the agreeable and neighborly congestion of sleeping four or five to a bed, as at home. Next morning they were given for breakfast country eggs and country milk—the one fresh-laid by the hen; the other fresh-drawn from the udder.

For Miriam and Solly it proved a most unsatisfactory meal. This milk came from a cow, whereas the milk they knew came from a milkman. It was so yellow, so annoyingly thick, so utterly lacking in the clear blue, almost translucent, aspect of East Side milk! The Catskill egg likewise proved disappointing. After the infrequent Pike Street egg, with its staunchness and pungency of flavor, it seemed but a weak, spiritless, flat-tasting thing.

When breakfast was over they went forth upon kindly compulsion from the farmhouse kitchen and, barefooted, were turned loose on a grassy mead. At once all Nature appeared in a conspiracy against them. The wide reaches of space disturbed them, whose horizon always had been fenced in with tall, close-racked buildings. The very earth was a pitfall, bearded with harsh saw-edged grass blades and drenched with chilly dews, and containing beneath the ambush of its green covering many rough and uneven depressions. The dew irritated Solly's naked legs, making him long for the soothing contact of Pike Street's mud-coated cobbles. Miriam stubbed her shrinking pink toes against hidden clods when she essayed a timorous step or two forward. So both of them stood still, then, very much at a loss to know what they should or could do next.

Somebody suggested to Miriam that she pick the wild flowers and the wild vine tendrils and weave them into garlands. Was it her fault that her very first selection should be a spray of poisoned sumac, first cousin to poison ivy, and that her second should be a handful of nettles? Somebody else undertook to induct Solly into the pleasures of tree climbing. Was it altogether his fault that he should promptly fall out of the first crotch and painfully sprain and bruise himself in several places?

And when, finally, they had been induced to quit the immediate proximity of the farmhouse, which at least provided a refuge and a shelter from suspected dangers, and ventured over a fence and into a pasture, a most terrible thing occurred. Toward them there suddenly advanced an enormous red creature, tossing a huge head crowned with sharp horns, and emitting frightful, rumbling sounds from a great rubbery muzzle.

With shrieks of terror they fled blindly into a patch of woodland that was perhaps two acres in extent; and, losing themselves in its—to them—vast and impenetrable depths, they remained there, crouching behind a tree until discovered, tearful, hungry and disconsolate, by a volunteer search party shortly before sunset. Miriam's subsequent description of the monster that had menaced them, as detailed to her mother, gave Mamma Finkelstein a mental picture of something which might be likened to a cross between a raging rhinoceros and a hook-and-ladder motor truck. For it had been many a year since Mamma Finkelstein herself had seen a yearling Jersey heifer. And Miriam never had seen one before.

It was indeed a hard and an irksome week. The end of it saw the two small adventurers, both sun-blistered and peeling, both broken out as to hands and legs with strange, irritating rashes, and both with gladness in their little homesick souls returning to the beloved perils and the customary pleasures of the torrid town.

After this the Finkelsteins for a while had a welcomed respite from kindness. They fairly reveled in it; but not for a great while nor, in fact, for very long, did it endure. Following Labor Day, Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass came back from her country place up Greenwich way and reopened her city place. It transpired that with her she had brought a perfectly splendid idea. She was going to establish the Finkelsteins on an abandoned farm. While motoring about over the country lanes in Connecticut she had found the very spot for them—an ideal spot, indeed—nine acres, and nine miles from a railroad, with a ruinous little cottage, all furnished, perched upon a rocky hillock in the center of the nine acres.

It was upon this site she was resolved they should be domiciled. There—as she herself said—Papa Finkelstein might turn farmer and maybe make a fortune. There Mamma Finkelstein could rear her brood in peace and quiet, far aloof and remote from the teeming multitude. There the fresh, pure air of the country would restore the bloom of health to the cheeks of all the little Finkelsteins. What mattered it though the little Finkelsteins were already so healthy that if they had been any healthier than they were it might have been necessary to tap them for it? I am not detailing what was actually the case, but what Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass, in the exuberance engendered by her generous impulses, said about it.

A scheme so large required coöperation. Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass secured it from Miss Godiva Sleybells, whom she had met upon more than one occasion when the two of them chanced to happen in upon the Finkelsteins at the same time, and from Miss Betty Gwin, who had frequently been called upon to detail to a hungry reading public particulars concerning Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass' social and charitable endeavors.

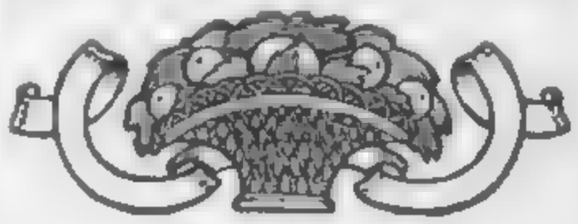
Together these three constituted a committee on ways, means and publicity. Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass provided the funds for leasing the nine acres and for transporting its ten future tenants to their future home. Miss Godiva Sleybells agreed, for her part, to insure that the prospective colonists, both big and little, were properly loaded and properly shipped to their destination. Miss Betty Gwin wrote a moving word picture two columns long about it, in which she mentioned the late Baron de Hirsch once and Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass a great many times.

Actually the day preceding the day set for the removal of the Finkelsteins arrived before it occurred to the three conferees that they had entirely forgotten until that minute to take the Finkelsteins into their confidence—not that it very much mattered; this was but an incidental detail, which before now had been altogether overlooked. Miss Sleybells volunteered to go and tell them. She went and she did.

Reporting back to the principal factor in this kindly little conspiracy, Miss Sleybells said the Finkelstein family had been stunned—literally stunned into dumb silence by the grateful joy the tidings brought to them. She said surprise and gratitude had left them absolutely speechless. Naturally she had no way of knowing, when she broke the glad news, that Solly thought of Coney's inhospitable sands and treacherous seas; that Miriam thought of the fearsome Catskill cow; that their mother, whose whole life had been bounded by two Ghettos—one in the Old World and one in the New, and who knew no other life—thought of a great variety of things; and that the children, ranging from the twins downward, would have done some thinking, too, had they been of suitable age to thus indulge their juvenile intellects.

She had no way of knowing that, when she was gone from among them, Papa Finkelstein stood erect and, elevating his two hands in passionate entreaty toward heaven, with solemn fervor uttered the only words which it is fated that we, in this recital, shall ever hear him utter. He spake them in the tongue with which he was most conversant. He said:

"Gott bei heit!"



September's hurried twilight was folding in upon Pike Street. Against the curbing, surrounded by an admiring throng, stood Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass' third-best car. Hard by stood an express wagon, its driver ready to receive what puny freightage of household and personal belongings as might be consigned to his care. And upstairs, upon the top floor of a certain tenement, in the narrow hall outside the Finkelstein flat, stood Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass, Miss Godiva Sleybells and Miss Betty Gwin. The first named of these three was come to witness the accomplishment of her beautiful purpose; the second, to lend her executive abilities to the details of the undertaking; the third, to write a piece about it.

In accord with her regular habit Miss Sleybells turned the knob. The knob turned part way, but the door did not open; so she rattled the knob and knocked with her knuckles on the panel. Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass raised her flutelike voice in cooing accents.

"Open the door, my dear charities," she said clearly. "It is I—your good angel."

Miss Betty Gwin stooped and applied a squinted eye at the keyhole. Miss Sleybells knocked again—harder. There was no answer.

I shall tell you why there was no answer. The reason is a good and sufficient one. All day within their two rooms the Finkelstein family had bided, waiting, waiting; hoping against hope. With the sound of well-remembered footsteps in the hall without, with the sound of a well-known voice uplifted, the last faint remnant of hope expired.

In melancholy resignation Papa Finkelstein nodded to Mamma Finkelstein; and Mamma Finkelstein, stifling the plaint of the youngest baby in her shawl, nodded back to him in sorrowful confirmation of the worst. With gestures he imposed deep silence upon all present. He tiptoed into the rear room and his people followed, tiptoeing also. He climbed out of the back window and descended the fire-escape ladder to the fire-escape landing at the level of the next floor below. He balanced himself there and into his extended arms Mamma Finkelstein passed down to him, one by one, their children; and he, in turn, passed them in at a window where Mrs. Esther Rabinowitz, a good-hearted neighbor, received them and deposited them in a mute row upon her kitchen floor. At the last Mamma Finkelstein descended and joined him.

They assembled their progeny. They noiselessly emerged from Mrs. Rabinowitz' hall door; and, noiselessly all, they fled down the stairs and out into the gathering twilight of Pike Street, which has a way of growing shabby and soiled-looking as it gathers. They had deserted all their small belongings; they knew not where that night they might lay their heads; they had no idea where they were going—but they were on their way.

Up on the top floor Miss Sleybells knocked and knocked again. Miss Gwin put her ear to the locked, barred door and listened and listened for betraying sounds within; and Mrs. F. Fodderwood Bass raised her coo to yet a flutier pitch. And while they were thus engaged the Finkelstein family, one and all, vanished into the cloaking, protecting dusk where Pike Street runs toward the river.

Did I say Finkelstein family? I was wrong there.

For purposes of better concealment Papa Finkelstein had changed the name. The inspiration had come to him even as he gripped the topmost round of the fire-escape ladder. Changing it, he had seen fit to honor, by virtue of self-adoption, a race of Irish kings, and notably a policeman of his acquaintance, a descendant of that kingly line. He changed it to Finnigan. Loss to the Finkelsteins would thenceforth be gain to the Finnigans.

So they vanished away—Papa Meyer Finnigan, Mamma Leah Finnigan—née Pincus—Miriam Finnigan, Solly Finnigan, the Finnigan twins, Izzy and Izzy; Benjamin Finnigan, Rebecca Finnigan, Lena Finnigan, and so on down to Baby Leopold Finnigan—and were gone!

For does it not stand written that ——? But see Corinthians—first, thirteenth and fourth—and notably the first words of the same. Only it should have been written, in amplification there, that there is a limit.

Wear "Five-toe" Shoes

WHEN you put five toes in a narrow, pointed shoe where there's only room for three, you bend the bones—and then you get corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, flat-foot, etc.

Put your feet into Educators and feel each toe push as you walk—that's Educator comfort—overcoming your past mistakes.

Put your children into Educators and save them all feet troubles.

But unless EDUCATOR is branded on sole, it's not the correct Educator shape that "lets the feet grow as they should."

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RAPID-SHAVE POWDER
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Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined. A new size at 10c a cake.

"A RACE ain't *all* in gettin' started first", as the tarrypin said when he passed the rabbit on the road. The two years VELVET spends in gettin' started helps to make it a winner.

Velvet Joe

VELVET'S *two years'* ageing is *important!*

It means the difference between "just tobacco" and VELVET—the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco.

Nature does a lot in those two years. All harshness disappears, the flavor is improved, mellowness is brought out to the full—and VELVET is the result.

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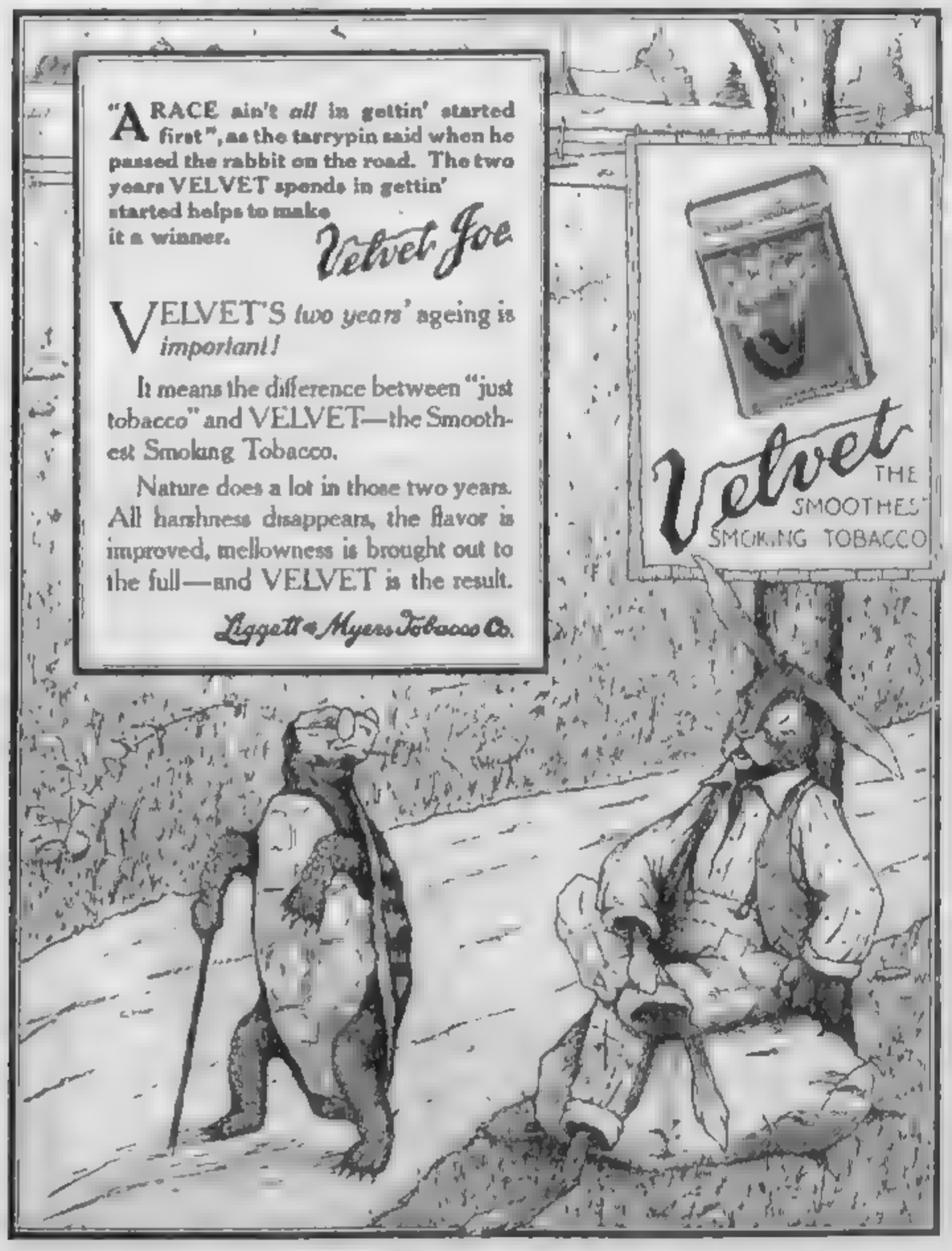


ONCE A MEXICAN, ALWAYS?

(Continued from Page 4)

are seventy-five of them, and every one a crack shot. In New Mexico the deputies and state officers have kept the lid on. The same applies to Arizona. In both states the rangers were abolished.

For about a year the troubles have been growing more acute and of larger proportions. The situation got out of hand several times. It became impossible for the local officers to guard the entire Border, when such formidable assistance was being rendered to bandits on the American side by armed bands from Mexico, and a score of towns stood in daily danger of the fate that overtook Columbus. Finally troops were secured to protect the Line, and then Villa's night raid precipitated action on a grand scale.

"Most of the deviltry has been hatched on this side," said T. N. Reneau, until recently a sergeant in the Texas Rangers, with a record of fifteen years of keeping order on the frontier to his credit.

"What will they do should war break?"

"They couldn't do anything on a big scale, on account of the troops, and because they're not equipped or organized for it. But we'd have raids on outlying ranches, horse stealing and burning. After each job they'd throw their guns in the brush and pretend to be peaceful. I know them well enough to feel positive that a large element would do all the harm they could—even to poisoning and attacking people who have trusted them."

Another qualified to express an opinion is Judge James B. Wells, of Brownsville. They call him the Boss of the Lower Valley, and he is reputed to hold its political fortunes in the hollow of his hand. However that may be, the judge has dwelt on the Border for thirty-seven years, and no man knows it better. In addition, he is a citizen of big caliber, not given to shooting off ideas at half-cock. With hosts of friends and supporters among the Mexicans, he could not afford to be anything but temperate in his statements, which gives them additional value. And he foresees trouble.

Judge Wells' Summing-Up

"We would have to look for it in the Border counties in the event of war," he told me. "There is a fairly numerous element which would make it hot for us wherever and whenever possible. Of course there could be no general uprising, for the people are too closely watched and haven't the necessary arms or organization. Moreover, there are thousands of the better class of Mexicans who would not want it. We have some mighty fine citizens among them, people of property and proved fidelity. They would be losers by any uprising. No matter how things shape, their position will be a hard one, with danger in it.

"On the other hand, much of the Mexican population is grossly ignorant. They can be led to believe anything by agitators, and they are ready to strike a blow for Mexico against their American neighbors whenever a chance offers, even at sacrifice of life. Raids on lonely ranches, horse and cattle stealing, shooting from ambush, burning property—work such as that would be of common occurrence.

"Look at what occurred during the Garza revolution in the early nineties. That ought to teach us what to expect. Even the most trusted employees turned traitor then. And look at recent happenings all along our Border. A large part of the depredations have had their impetus and often their origin from this side.

"The Mexican is this way: He can be steadfastly loyal to individual Americans out of friendship, but that he feels any special affection for the Stars and Stripes I cannot believe. His heart is with Mexico. That is the land of his fathers, and he loves it."

One of the most prominent Mexican citizens on the American side agrees with this view. He is Deodoro Guerra, a former sheriff and county commissioner—the man who gave first information concerning the Plan of San Diego. Mr. Guerra has always shown himself staunch to this country. He, too, can see nothing but a resumption of raids and banditry in the frontier counties the instant intervention comes, and he expects them to be more serious than any that have yet been perpetrated.

What our Mexican citizens of Guerra's stamp will do in that event is a puzzle. They are between the devil and the deep blue sea. On this side they are the objects of suspicion and underground attack from Americans who do not trust them, or resent their competition; across the river they are execrated as traitors to the country of their forefathers.

Guerra has always given service and money to any local enterprise that would help his town.

Yet when they organized a Home Guard he and his sons were left out of it. Not only that—they were ordered to stay indoors after nightfall. Of all the affronts to which he has been subjected, that cut deepest. He was stung to the heart.

"Was it fair?" he demanded hotly. "They class me with bandits and traitors! And all my life I have given proof of where I stand. My boys, too, they are good boys. They have been brought up as Americans. Perhaps I shall be killed before these troubles are over, but that does not worry me. The treatment we have received would make renegades of most men, but my boys and I will stick. We will help when we can, no matter what our enemies do, for we have friends among the Americans. And this is our country now."

The Sheriff of Starr's Proclamation

That the military are alive to the possibilities is fully evidenced by their attitude toward the "native" population. They maintain a sharp eye on the Mexican quarters of every town and periodically search houses they have grounds for suspecting. These combings have almost invariably produced rifles and ammunition from strange hiding places. And whenever there is a disturbance of any kind in a community, particularly in cases of fire, the Mexican element is bottled up in its own section. In places where important property might easily be destroyed, such as pumping plants or mills, all the Mexican citizens are required to carry lights when abroad after dark, and those who don't seem to have a legitimate purpose are promptly arrested.

When Judge Wells said that the better element would try to prevent trouble he scored a bull's-eye. That is the other side of the picture, and is revealed in a proclamation issued on June twenty-fourth by the county judge and sheriff of Starr. Both are Mexicans—H. Garza, Jr., and J. C. Guerra. Of course the significance and real value of this proclamation remain to be proved, but just now it ought to be accepted on its face. It sets forth:

"FIRST—The military authority of the United States Army in Texas has proclaimed a guaranty of protection to all citizens and residents, no matter of what nationality; and more particularly to peaceful resident Mexicans, during the conditions existing on the frontier on account of the Mexican situation.

"SECOND—There has been organized in Rio Grande City a corps which is known as the 'Defense Social,' which is now recruiting members, formed of persons known to be loyal to the Government of the United States, whose duty it is to protect the lives and property in the vicinity of Rio Grande City. This organization has military authority, which ought to be respected. It will surround and guard the town, and will resist any invasion and prevent any hostile demonstrations. Individuals who are found giving information to an enemy of this government, favoring criminals, bandits or spies, inciting race hatred either against officials or military authorities, or against the law and order, will be treated as traitors in war; imprisoned and severely punished.

"THIRD—We beg that all citizens will remain in their homes during the night and not go on the streets after midnight, as to do so will subject them to detention. . . .

"FOURTH—We urge all Mexican people who are citizens of the United States to remain quiet and neutral during the present disturbance between the two countries. Everyone should attend to his own personal business and not discuss the disturbance. . . . They should not gather in groups or in small bands, for such gatherings would naturally lead to discussions and excitement. . . . IF YOU WISH TO FIGHT, JOIN THE ARMY. . . . Leave the two governments to arrange their difficulties. . . . Traitors will be executed immediately. . . . If any start local difficulties or agitation they will be arrested and will receive prompt

and severe punishment. . . . Do not circulate rumors, as there are many reports or rumors in circulation which should not be believed because they are inaccurate and prejudicial. . . . Do not believe exaggerated reports until they are confirmed. . . . Report the names and places of any violators of this proclamation. . . . A strict observance of neutrality and coöperation by the good citizens, and good conduct, is required of every person. . . . Conduct yourself always as a good citizen."

Just how much of a restraining influence documents of this sort will be upon the unruly remains to be seen. Proclamations are about the steadiest output of Mexican authorities; it's a cold day when a *jefe* cannot issue a sheaf of decrees. And usually the people to whom they are addressed go merrily on with their plots and hell-raising.

As mentioned above, the majority of the bandit raids have been along the Texas line; Villa's swoop upon Columbus is the most notable exception. One reason for this is the character of the country. On both sides of the Rio Grande is a dense tangle of brush all along the Lower Valley mesquite and cactus, huisache and junco. Everything that grows in this region puts forth thorns. Trees that are perfectly innocent up north have thorns on them down here like needles. Old-timers assert that there was scarcely any underbrush in the country forty years ago, only a sprinkling of trees. Their theory is that cattle coming south to the river in dry seasons brought the seeds.

Farther west is the Big Bend country, so broken and rough that stock cattle cannot thrive and the steers and goats acquire a slant from so much grazing going up hill. That stretch is a holy terror, a bandit paradise. No better country for the operations of outlaws could be found than the Lower Valley and the Big Bend. Trailing is difficult, and pursuit hazardous because ambush is so easy.

Mexicans in Border States

In New Mexico and Arizona is a different "lay." They have great reaches of sandhills and rugged mountains, but they have vast, fertile open valleys too; and nowhere is the undergrowth so dense. Concealment in those parts is harder than it is on the Texas Border, and that is one of the essentials of banditry.

Next comes the matter of population. New Mexico and Arizona have far fewer Mexicans than Texas. The figures stand at 234,000 for Texas, against 52,000 for Arizona and 22,000 for New Mexico, in round numbers. Anyone can see with half an eye that the Lone Star State is open to five or ten times the trouble of her neighbors. She has had it too.

Still another factor enters in, and that is the character of the Mexican population in the six states to the south of the Line—Tamaulipas, Nuevo León, Coahuila, Chihuahua, Sonora and Lower California. Their traits are reflected in their blood brothers on this side and their attitude determines to a considerable extent the latters' attitude toward Americans.

Now Sonora is in many respects the most advanced state in the Republic of Mexico. It has more schools, greatly superior methods of agriculture and higher standards of living than its neighbors. The people are better fed and more nearly clothed. Their soldiery are sturdier physically, and well equipped as equipment goes in Mexico. They excel the half-naked, starved rabble that Gavira had in Chihuahua and Nafarrate in Tamaulipas as much as United States regulars surpass a mob scene. And General Calles has had Sonora well in hand; the state is organized. Moreover, he has been consistently friendly toward Americans—until his outburst a fortnight ago, when he began to confiscate American properties wholesale. But that about-face does not affect the point under discussion.

In Chihuahua, Coahuila, Nuevo León and Tamaulipas there have been a succession of *jefes* who differed in their hostility to the gringoes only in degree, with possibly two exceptions. Sonora has suffered comparatively little from revolutions; in the others people are dying of starvation. The man with a gun gets the food over there, and so in the last extremity the men join one of the armies.

Nafarrate brought a few hundred Juichetecos Indians into Matamoras last week, who were so hungry that at sight of the food in the bakeshops they fell on them with one accord, sacked and ate. Never before was such an aggregation that called themselves soldiers. Some were afoot and without arms, clothed in rags; others bestrode burros; a few had gaunt ponies. Their condition was pitiful; but it is hard to feel pity for men who would joyfully knife you.

There is practically no attempt at education in the states touching Texas, and economic conditions have sunk so low that the populace is easily persuaded to take a chance on bettering themselves at the expense of their white neighbors north of the river. The floating element in Texas is recruited from just such scum. She has a "meaner" Mexican population than any other American State. What wonder then that she has had to bear the brunt of the Border attacks?

What the Border Wants

And to think that the Border problem, with all its cross purposes, is only one factor in the whole wretched mess. They are far from being unanimous on what they want even along the Line. You never heard any frantic howling over in Arizona for intervention up to recent weeks. I take it that the controlling copper and cattle interests were very well satisfied with the Mexican régime, and the local public took its cue from them. But since war threatened Calles has turned and plundered American interests in Sonora. He confiscated in July about fifty thousand head of cattle, some millions of acres of grazing and irrigated lands, ran the owners out of the state, and levied a tribute of twenty-five thousand dollars a month on a copper company operating in his territory.

So a portion of the Arizona people have joined their voices to the chorus for action, and they're singing bass; but their demand seems to be for a new governor, rather than for intervention, and they hope to achieve it through pressure from Washington.

To the east lies New Mexico, and there one can find plenty of men who see red every time the Mexican business is mentioned. Also he can find numbers of sober citizens with no money at stake who are far from being sure that they want intervention.

Next you hit El Paso, and the skies echo to wailing and gnashing of teeth. They would have Uncle Sam go in with a rush; they've been clamoring for it these several years. But El Paso is full of refugees and men who either own or represent large properties in Mexico.

Brother Cummings Prepared

Proceeding down the Line one encounters more of the same stuff. The Lower Valley and its numerous towns are stoutly for setting things in order "below"; yet here again are some dissenters. I talked with scores of men who were unable to discern how war could benefit them, but were keenly alive to the possible damage it might do. They owned land in Texas. It always comes down to that—every man views the situation through his pocketbook. Probably none of them in any section would object to an indefinite stay of the troops. You know what I mean. No better place to leave you could be picked than Brownsville. The Border is living in a hair-trigger atmosphere, but that town—well, they're up on their toes from early dawn until closing hour at 9:30, waiting like dogs on the leash for the word, the word that will set an avalanche of men pouring into Mexico. There they are with hands on the cranks of their automobiles, tingling to give the twirl that will shoot them across the Line.

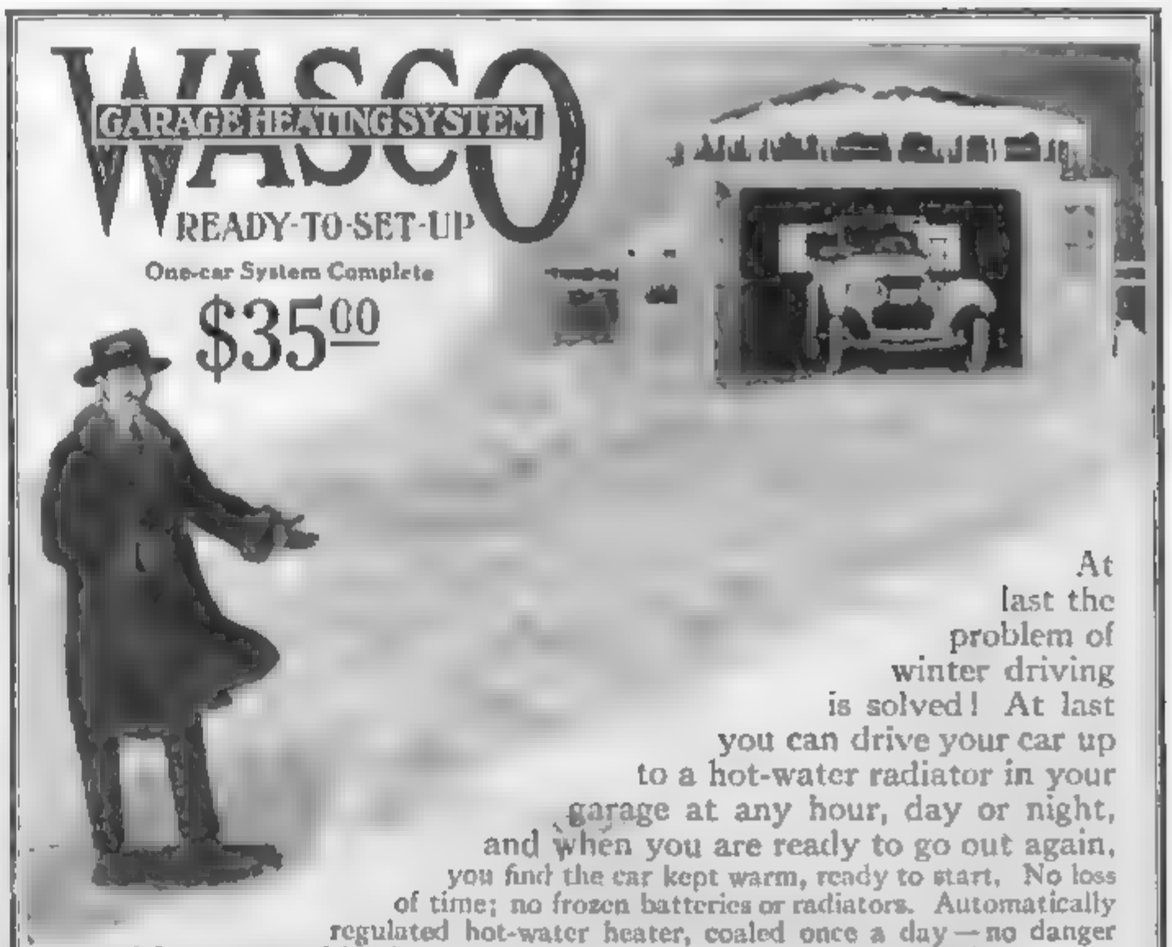
The town is divided into two political camps, whose mildest epithets one for the other would bar this magazine from the mails. It reminds one of a gone generation. The two newspapers reflect it vividly. I have been along the Border practically from coast to coast, and unhesitatingly pronounce these two papers the champion mixers of the Mexican controversy.

Ten days ago Nafarrate sent word across the river that certain of his bravos would "get" Brother Cummings for his mean treatment of the Carranza faction. And now the Brownsville editor sits down to his machine with a full-grown automatic at his elbow.

"The first guy shoving his nose inside that door who doesn't speak English," Brother Cummings announced, "gets it."

They lead earnest lives in Brownsville.

WASCO
GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM
READY-TO-SET-UP
One-car System Complete
$35.00

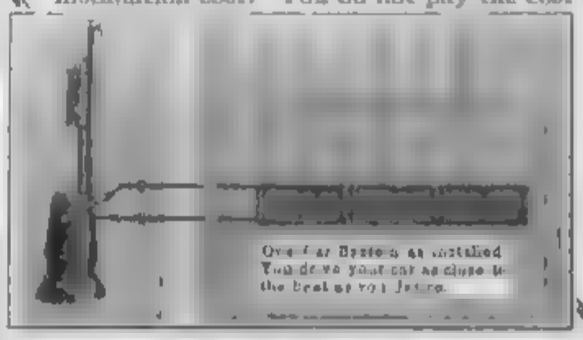


At last the problem of winter driving is solved! At last you can drive your car up to a hot-water radiator in your garage at any hour, day or night, and when you are ready to go out again, you find the car kept warm, ready to start. No loss of time; no frozen batteries or radiators. Automatically regulated hot-water heater, coaled once a day—no danger of fire; approved by fire underwriters, insurance men and fire chiefs.

Special August and September Offer

Take advantage of the August and September price, $35 for one-car system, F. O. B. Syracuse, N.Y. Warehouses in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Des Moines

The "WASCO" Systems being stock sizes for one to six-car private garages, you get the benefit of our quantity production. Being complete, ready to install and sold direct to you so that your chauffeur or any handy man can install, you make a distinct saving in installation cost. You do not pay the cost of a special system, specially installed.



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Weighs only 7 pounds.
Sure killing power because striking energy is ¾th of a ton; because penetrates half inch steel at 100 yards, because Spitzer point bullet (soft nose) explodes the tissues it penetrates.
Easy to hit game because trajectory so flat that midrange height for 300 yards is only 5⅛ inches.
Recoils only 5¼ foot-pounds.
Terrific velocity of 3000 feet per second.
Accuracy equals new Springfield Army Rifle, most accurate rifle in world.

Six Shooting Stars from the

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Price $30; cartridges $4.20 per hundred.
Gun dealers everywhere will be glad to show you this .250-.3000 Savage.

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Reviewing a G

Just about one year ago the whole country was sitting on edge in anticipation of our introducing the sleeve-valve Knight motored car.

Everyone knew that practically all of the European car manufacturers had adopted the sleeve-valve motor in preference to all others. Everyone knew of its wide and sweeping success.

So they patiently waited!

In Europe the Knight motored car had been selling at from $4000 to $8000.

But it had been rumored that we would offer a Knight motored car at a price that would be revolutionary.

So thousands of people who were on the verge of buying other cars waited.

Then came the Willys-Knight announcement

From our initial announcement alone our production was oversold for six months.

As the new Willys-Knight cars went into use and t
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On all sides peop
the Willys-Kni

The smoothnes
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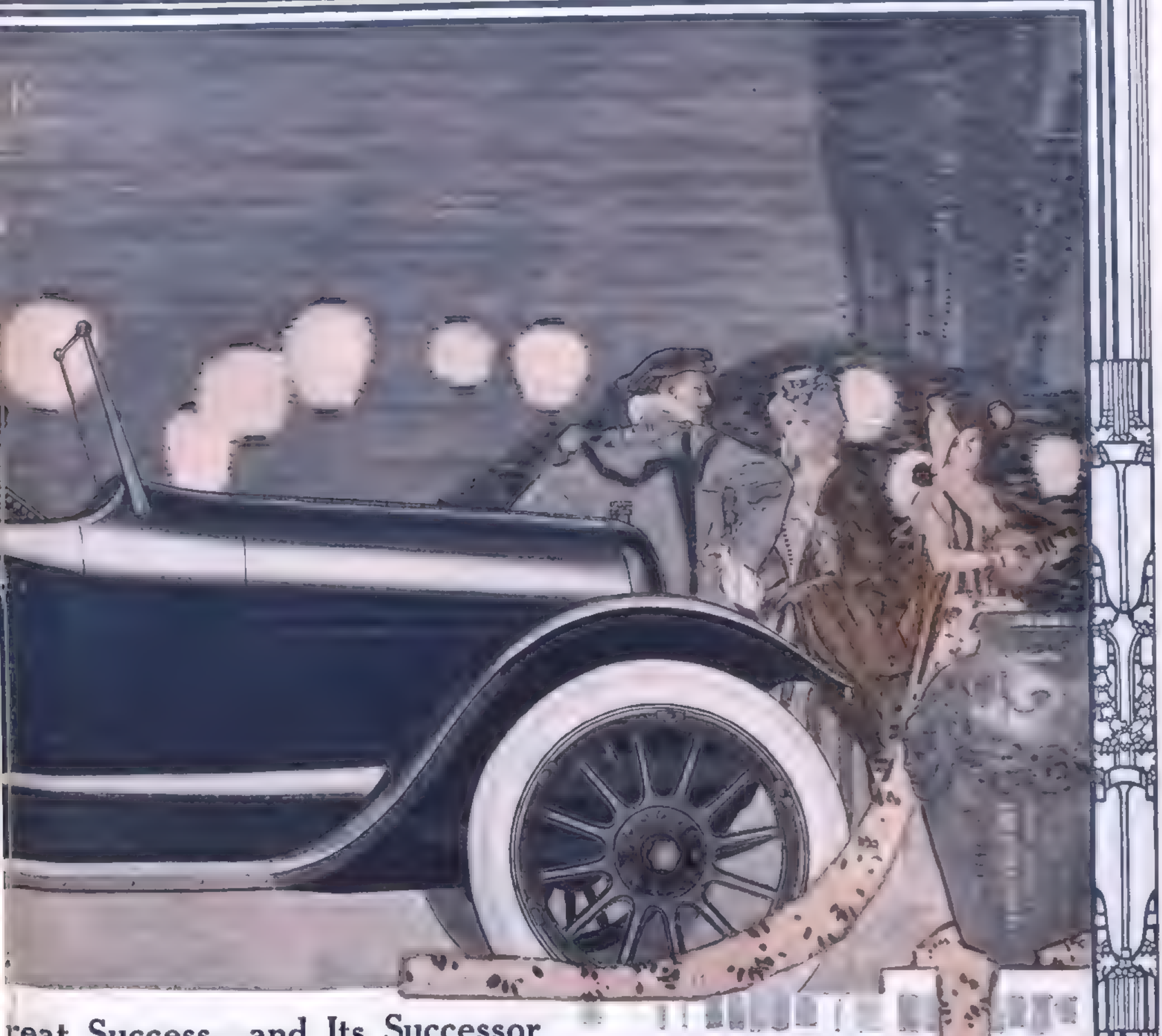
giant power,
quietness
around simpli

Brief Specifications

New double cowl body
40 horsepower four cylinder sleeve-valve motor
121 inch wheelbase
Seven passenger seating capacity
34 x 4½ inch tires—non-skid rear
Moto-Meter
Cantilever rear springs
Auto-Lite starting and lighting system
Electric switches on steering column
Vacuum tank fuel feed
Gasoline tank in rear with gauge

"Made in U. S. A."

The Willy



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tablished a new standard of motor car efficiency.

So that today the Willys-Knight motor car is pointed to and conceded to be one of the great substantial successes of the industry.

With considerable gratification we now make another Willys-Knight announcement.

Of the sleeve-valve motor we need say but little. In the hands of tens of thousands of owners it has stood up and delivered far in excess of any of our descriptions or claims

Probably the most distinguished feature of the new Willys-Knight is the striking body design.

The body is much longer—and lower It has that fashionable double cowl feature. The new harmonious and graceful lines now make the Willys-Knight one of the most attractive motor cars of the year

The wheelbase has been lengthened to 121 inches.

It now seats seven passengers.

The rear springs are now cantilever the easiest riding springs in the world

The quiet bevel drive gears are continued

Finished in rich French Blue with battleship gray wheels, and highly polished aluminum fittings, this newest Willys-Knight is now one of the country's smartest motor cars.

Demonstrations and deliveries now.

s-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Goggles That "More Than Protect"

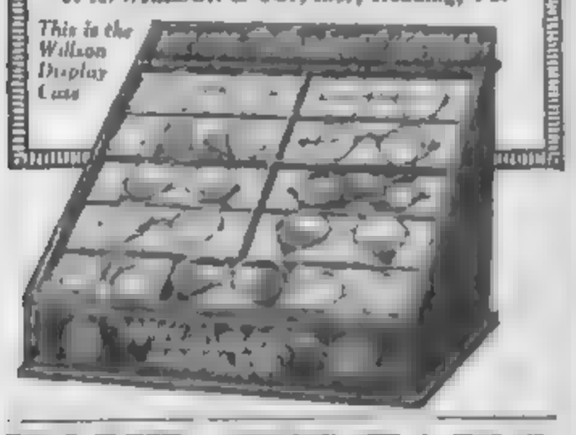
There are goggles and goggles, almost any of which will protect the eyes—after a fashion. But you need something more than protection. You want distinctive appearance and, above all, comfort. Make sure of the utmost in satisfaction and service by wearing

WILLSON GOGGLES

They are scientifically made to give complete protection, with special exclusive Willson features which make them fit snugly, "stay put" and adjust themselves to the shape and proportions of the individual face with perfect comfort.

The Z-Ilex Self-Adjusting Goggle and the Albex Eye Protector are present-day necessities for motorists. Look for them in the Willson Display Case, or for the special Willson style that best fits your needs. At your dealer's. **$1.50 to 25c.**

T. A. WILLSON & CO., Inc., Reading, Pa.



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RED STREAKS

$2.50 Each

GOODYEAR makes one single tube bicycle tire—the *guaranteed* Blue Streak.

Goodyear Blue Streaks are of one standard quality, sold at one standard price, under one standard *guarantee*.

Goodyear Blue Streaks sell, *everywhere*, for $2.50, each, non-skid.

Why pay more, when Goodyear Blue Streaks carry the same guarantee as tires for which you are asked as much as $10 a pair?

You can get standard-quality, standard-price, standard-guarantee Goodyear Blue Streaks from any reliable bicycle tire dealer.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR AKRON

Bicycle Tires

IN DEBT AND OUT

(Continued from Page 13)

we got back in debt again. This finally led me to the investigation which convinced me that debt was a mental habit and not a set of outside circumstances.

I had been wanting to get back into the newspaper business. I heard of a country paper that had been taken over by a real-estate man who wanted very much to get rid of it. I went to see him.

"How much do you want for it?"

"A thousand dollars."

I shook my head.

"I'll tell you"—he was really anxious to unload—"I'll let you have it for nine hundred."

"I'll take it," I said. Then, as his joy soaked a minute, I added: "And pay you one hundred dollars down and a hundred dollars a year, with eight per cent interest."

It was good psychology to let him enjoy his profits a moment before I broke to him that he had sold it on time. He accepted the terms. When I got home I had just one dollar and forty-five cents and not the slightest notion of where I would get the hundred dollars. There was no bank in our village. But at Milton, six miles west, and at Ellery, ten miles east, were banks. I had never been in either bank. I did not know a man in either, but I sat down and wrote two letters.

I offered no explanations of what I wanted the money for. I gave them no family history to bolster up my credit. I referred them to no one. I merely wrote:

"*Dear Sir:* I wish to borrow fifty dollars for ninety days.

"Sincerely yours,

"JAKE ROGERS."

Nothing hurts a man's chance to get money from a bank more than to apologize for having to borrow or to enter into detailed explanations. It is the bank's business to lend money for business, but not for accommodation.

From the bank's standpoint, you could not assign a worse reason for borrowing than that you are hard up on account of a plumber's bill, or because some relatives are boarding with you. If you have business with money they are ready to furnish it. If you merely need money that is your own problem.

Much to my surprise, next day both banks sent me blank notes to fill out. I bought the paper and moved to that town.

The plant was a run-down affair with an old Washington hand press. I had to buy a new press and a gasoline engine. At the end of the first three months I had three mortgages on my outfit and owed seven type and paper bills, to say nothing of our real debts, the store bills, for we found it easy to buy from my advertisers.

The Hardest Fight of All

At the end of two years I owed eighteen hundred dollars on my outfit, had borrowed three hundred dollars more, here and there, for operating expenses, and had a boycott on my hands. I am not a bit partial to boycotts. They are not American—decidedly not. That is, they are not what American methods ought to be. But, in fact, they are very American. I find them in some form in almost every town.

It looked like a hopeless case, and yet I dared not quit, with all that horde of accounts swarming at my heels! I buckled down for a fight—a fight with the boycott, a fight with the mortgages, a fight with our own buying proclivities. But the hardest fight of all was the old fight of keeping my self-respect and poise in the face of the humiliation of debt.

"No, I can't pay it to-day. I'll get to it pretty soon." To feel the maddening self-reproach: "You are an intelligent man of nearly thirty and yet unable to meet your weekly obligations!" The worst of it was my printers.

Nothing can be more humiliating than to fail the people who work for you—and it is bad for their work. They do not care for their jobs; they are careless and insubordinate. There was a time when I owed my foreman thirty dollars. One morning—press day—I found on my desk a very brief farewell:

"Forget it! I got drunk trying to."

One of the hardest tasks a man ever sets himself is to convince people that he is honest when he does not pay his debts. This used to rankle with me a great deal. My intentions were perfectly good. I wanted most earnestly to pay my debts. I worked—sometimes worked all night to try to increase my earnings—and yet because I could not pay I was classed with the dead beats who buy with no intention of paying.

But you cannot blame the world. It is a blunt, material sort of creature and counts only results. It wants dollars on the first of the month—not promises; and if a fellow is short on dollars and long on promises he must take the consequences. And yet there were those who saw my purpose and appreciated my situation and really befriended me.

One thing I had learned, which helped me—I never dodged a creditor. If I intended to cross the street and saw a creditor coming down the walk, I changed my plan and went on to meet him. I acted toward him just as though nothing was between us. I never stopped and explained why I was not round the first of the month. Another thing—I always renewed my notes promptly the day they were due and paid the interest.

Why the Thriftless Run Behind

Finally, after four years, I made the paper pay itself out of debt—nearly. I sold it and cleaned up all my debts but sixty-five dollars. And I got a position at what seemed then a big salary, eighteen hundred dollars a year. But we did not pay that sixty-five dollars—not until after we had gone one hundred and twenty-three dollars more in debt fitting up our new home.

After that—for ten years—my debts went up and down. I had a constantly growing income; but I did not get out of debt. Sometimes we were near it, then back we would slip. The debts were not worrying me. My credit was good. I could always pay when a creditor insisted. I had not thought much about it until one night I sat down and figured up all my bills. They came to three thousand dollars—almost four months' salary.

"What," I asked myself, "would happen if my income suddenly stopped—as it easily might? Why, we would be right back in the grinding mill of debt—worse even than before."

Then I followed that question with: "Why, on an income of nine thousand dollars a year, are you still in debt?"

"For exactly the same reason," I confessed to myself, "that you were in debt when you were making nine hundred dollars a year." It is the bad mental habit—the trait of the child and the savage—of wanting to pluck the fruit before it is ripe, of mortgaging a dozen to-morrows for one to-day.

It was then that I began on the psychology of debt. Always before I had begun with our expense account, with the dealers, with various saving devices. Some of them worked in a way. We saved money for a time, but always for some bigger purchase that usually used up the savings and added a few dollars to our charge account. This time I determined to go inside my thinking processes and see which wheels were out of gear.

I went all the way back, over this story as I have told it to you, and out of it I tabulated the mental habits of debt:

1. An overestimate of income. In mild cases this consists in counting the maximum. If a man is working at three dollars a day, he multiplies twenty-six working days in the month by three, without any allowance for sickness, accident, bad weather or nonemployment. If he is in business he counts the next month on a par with his best month in the past; if in a profession he figures the largest possible number of clients. In the more exaggerated type of debt mind he expects unexpected good luck to add to his regular income.

2. An underestimate of expenses. A tendency to think of the debts separately—and to count them as extraordinary emergencies that won't happen next month.

3. Thinking that if you can afford a thing that costs twenty dollars you can afford a better quality that costs only five dollars more—the elasticity of optimism.

4. Considering what we want as absolute necessities that must be supplied at once; but what our creditors want as luxuries to be looked after in sixty or ninety days—or when we get round to it.

5. Thinking more about what we owe our station in life than what we owe our tradesmen. It is easy for the debt-making mind to convince itself that good clothes, a fine variety of food, conveniences, and a nice home are the wisest sort of investments—even off the other fellow's money.

6. A feeling—when not pushed by creditors—that debt is rather a trivial matter. "Oh, everybody runs accounts. They know I'm good for it. Why worry?" An impression that it is much better to be generous and jolly than prompt and just.

7. In thinking that living in the future means living off the future. There is as much difference between hoping for to-morrow and borrowing from to-morrow as there is between raising a crop and mortgaging the farm.

After I had made these diagrams of our mental processes I announced to my wife: "We are going to get out of debt!"

It is a wonder that she did not laugh. We had made resolutions of that sort so often it surely sounded like a joke.

"Yes, we must," she said seriously, but not with any furious concentration on the point. "How?" she asked after dusting a section of the piano the maid had missed.

"I am working out a plan," I said.

Just before lunch next day my wife called me up from the furniture store.

"I wish you would come by and help me select a new rug for the spare bedroom."

I went. She had narrowed the choice down to two—one that cost one hundred and twenty dollars and one that cost two hundred dollars.

"This, Mrs. Rogers," urged the salesman, smoothing the nap of the more expensive rug, "is a great bargain. It will wear much longer than the cheaper one."

Economizing in Earnest

My wife—with one of those dexterous pretexts known to women—got me isolated out of hearing of the salesman.

"Now what do you think, Jake? Of course we can get along with the one-hundred-and-twenty-dollar one. But real economy, you know, is in getting the most for your money. The two-hundred-dollar rug will last more than twice as long and always be a pleasure. If we are to get out of debt we must buy wisely!"

"No!" I said with the emphasis of a sudden conviction. "The way to get out of debt is not to buy at all. We have been buying wisely but too well for twenty years. We'll quit now and get out of debt first! Pass up the rug!"

"But, Jake," my wife expostulated after we got home, "we have to live. We can't get along without buying some things."

"All right," I said, "if there is anything you can truthfully say you'll die without, buy it! But otherwise we have quit until we pay up."

"But, Jake," she still protested, "I don't see how we can run the house less expensively. We are not extravagant and I'm a good buyer, you know."

"Yes, I know," I replied determinedly; "so good a buyer that I'm going to let you have a vacation. Don't buy anything for a while; the rest will be good for the nerves—of our creditors. And if two people can't run a seven-room house on less than six hundred dollars a month, we'll give up the house. We have tried to get out of debt before; this time we are going to get out."

That night I pinned up in the kitchen a sheet containing a list of twenty-nine names. I had put up a similar one in my office.

My wife read it: "Adams, Chas.—Burton, A. T. Crosby, Em.," and so on.

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"I'll explain later," I answered.

Two days passed and not a word was said about purchases. Then at dinner Mrs. Rogers remarked casually:

"I've got to get rid of my range and order one of those new six-burner gas stoves like Mrs. Collier's," adding quickly, "she says it saves half the fuel."

"You remember that list of names in the kitchen?" I asked. "Go and begin at the top. Call up Mrs. Adams and the rest,

all the way down, and see if each of them has a gas stove."

"Why?" she asked, looking at me mystified.

"That list," I said, "contains the names of the twenty-nine people to whom we owe money. If there are any of them who haven't got a gas stove we better give them the first chance of buying one with their own money."

My wife saw the point and said nothing more. Two weeks later I called the house on the phone.

"Say, Mrs. Rogers," I began, "let's run off to the lake for a few days' vacation; we can go to Crescent Point to-night and spend a week fishing and boating."

"Mr. Rogers," came back a very solemn voice, "take that list and begin at A and go on down to izzard and see if all those twenty-nine creditors have had a vacation. If not we better let them have a chance at their own money first."

"Good for you!" I exclaimed, properly squelched. "Exactly what we'll do."

Lean Weeks of Thrift

For four weeks we literally bought nothing but groceries and less than usual of those. And at the first of the month I had four hundred and fifty dollars of my salary to turn in on debts.

"Now that is a fine start," I said, "and that is the principle we will go on. But of course we cannot continue indefinitely without some extra expenditures. Here is our permanent chart for purchases. Nothing that cannot stand this examination goes."

Month May	Buying Chart		Cash on Hand $250.00	
Purchase	Why wanted?	Can it be done without?	Could a less expensive thing be substituted?	Cost

"Now," I said, "you tack this up on the wall, handy, and I will take one to the office. Whenever either of us wants to spend money for anything aside from groceries, fuel, lights, telephone and water, we will put the item down in the first column and agree not to buy it for twenty-four hours.

"A little delay in pulling the trigger would save most of the murders that are committed; and a little delay in buying will save forty per cent of the expenditures. If you doubt it ask clerks what per cent of the buyers who look at an article, and decide to think it over for a day or two, ever come back. Then, too, this chart with the actual cost of the articles bought that month will be direct reminder of how much money is already spent."

We figured the cost of our actual necessities—food, light, fuel, and so forth—and we found it came to not quite one hundred and fifty dollars a month. We had two maids which cost us fifty dollars a month.

"Let one go! Two people do not need two maids—when they are in debt," I suggested. And my wife agreed.

Allowing two hundred dollars for actual expenses and necessary incidentals left five hundred and fifty dollars of my salary.

I took twenty-five dollars of that and gave my wife twenty-five dollars for personal incidentals. Then we divided the rest to see which could save most for the debts, during the month. In the right-hand corner of the chart we entered two hundred and fifty dollars. When we felt that we absolutely must buy a thing and had thought it over for twenty-four hours we bought it and set the cost in the last column. A glance would then tell us how fast we were eating up our capital.

At the end of the month my wife had about two hundred and sixteen dollars of her money left and I had about one hundred and ninety-seven dollars. This we turned in on our debts. It was a simple plan; but I have noticed the most effective things are simple. That chart was a constant corrective of our mental habits of buying. Two conditions alone saved us several hundred dollars a month—that of delaying the purchase twenty-four hours, and of having our previous expenditures for the month always before us. One day I noticed this list on my wife's chart:

Month July	Buying Chart		Cash on Hand $250.00	
Purchase	Why wanted?	Can it be done without?	Could a less expensive thing be substituted?	Cost
4 pairs curtains	For front bed room	Hardly	I'll get the less expensive	$22.00
1 dozen silver spoons	Old ones are worn	Yes		
1 new vacuum cleaner	Old one broken	No	No	$26.00
1 pair green shoes	To match green dress	No		

The green shoes I knew were just posted, waiting the twenty-four-hour limit. The next day I noticed they were scratched out. I asked the reason. "I changed my mind and am not going to have a green dress."

Out of Debt at Last

Before we had looked on each big purchase as an extraordinary emergency, which would not happen again. But now we saw emergencies were always arising and we let each month take care of itself. If we could not buy a thing and have some left for the debts, we did not buy. In exactly seven months and three weeks we were out of debt, for the first time since I was fourteen years old.

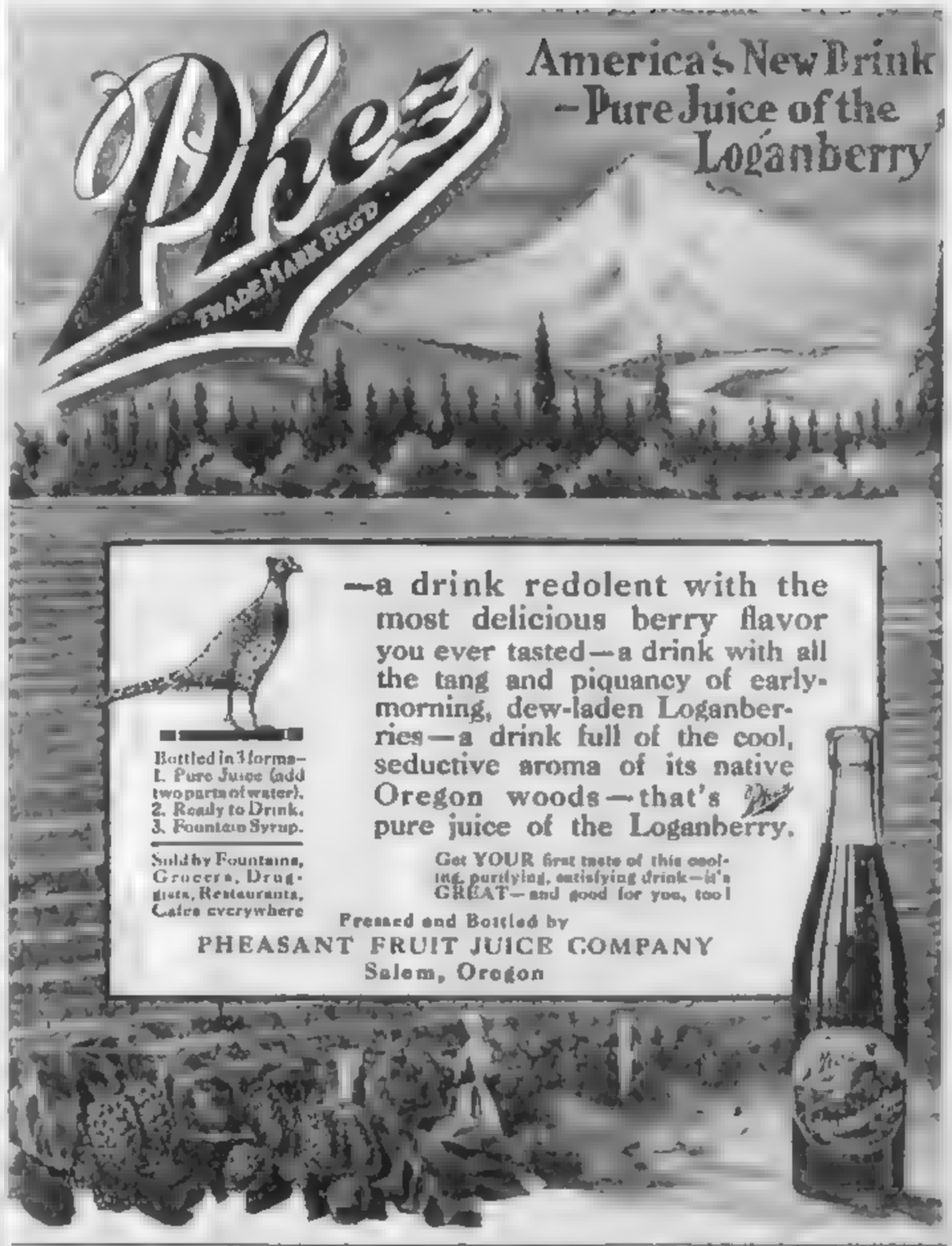
I wonder if you know what that feeling was? The change in our mental attitude was almost incredible. We had not become penurious or self-sacrificing martyrs. Merely our sense of values had shifted. It seemed to us, now, far more important to pay our butcher and clothier promptly than to replace the rug with green vines by one with brown leaves. It did not seem so damaging to our self-respect for a just-out-of-the-city neighbor to remark: "The Rogers are still using furniture ten years out of date," as it did for our grocer to say, "The Rogers are surely slow pay."

We kept right on with our charts—a fresh one up every month. We file the old ones away. We each have a bank account now. Not running a race, not seeing how many dollars we can squeeze out of the month's pay roll, but just cutting out things that we can very well spare.

Of course it will seem to many readers that nine thousand dollars a year made saving easy. But the amount of income cuts surprisingly little figure in whether or not one goes into debt. I venture there are fully as many nine-thousand-dollar-a-year people in debt as there are nine-hundred-dollar-a-year.

I emphasize that it is not the amount but the mental habit that counts. In the long run, we all have to live on what we make. Whether we like it or not, we are going to be forced sooner or later to use only what we pay for. The man that gets behind not only loses self-respect and peace of mind, but also has an increased load of interest added to his burdens. The one who keeps even saves interest and gets better service; and if he gains a little, there is a constant increase of interest to add to his future purchasing power. And there is a supreme satisfaction in feeling that you think straight, that your word is good, that you have paid already for every item of living you have enjoyed, and the future is free!

The chief element of sin is its wastefulness. It mortgages days and months of the future for a few hours of lurid excitement. And that mortgage must be paid in bodily suffering and mental deterioration. The greatest cause of failure is using to-day that which will require too great a payment to-morrow. The foundation of all intelligent living is to buy to-day the work and play that make life enjoyable as it passes, leaving to-morrow unmortgaged and undogged by the hounds of remorse.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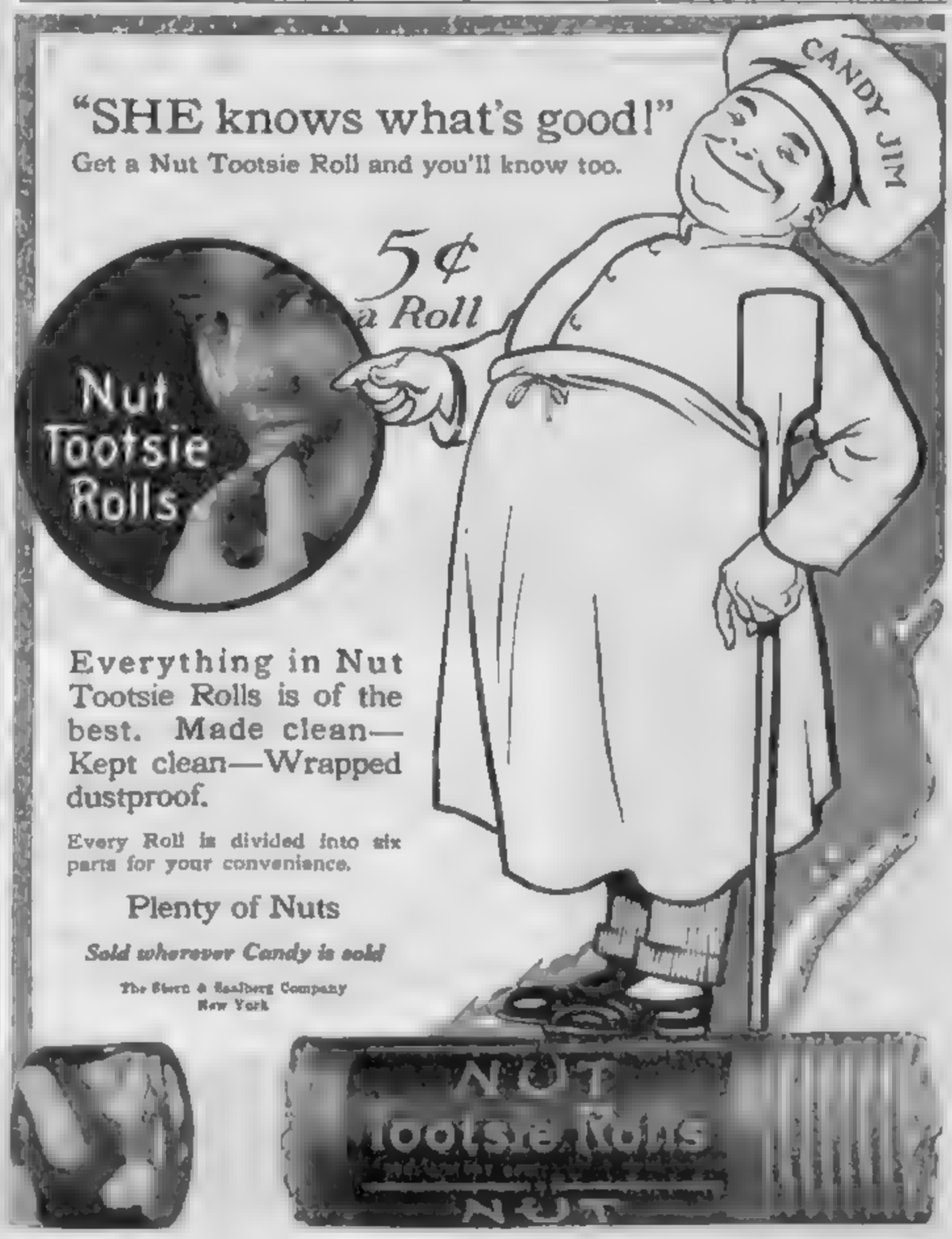
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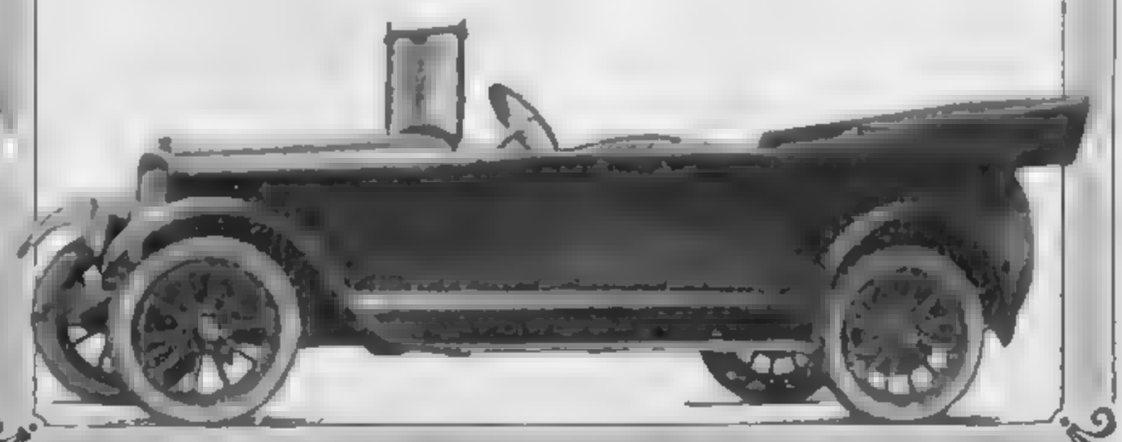

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Hints From the Field of To-Day

ALMOST every shooter has had trouble in curing his bird dog of breaking shot—that is to say, running in after his birds after the gun has been fired. This fault is closely allied to the more puppyish one of chasing the flying birds. It is not difficult to cure a young dog of the latter fault; but even a well-broken dog is apt to lapse into bad habits if handled by a shooter who pays more attention to his birds than to his dog.

Breaking shot is especially natural for a dog that is asked to retrieve his birds. His natural instinct is to rush in and get his mouth on the bird as soon as he can. He has found the birds and pointed them; and, once they get on the wing before him, he longs to break in after them. Bad shooting is more apt to unsettle a dog than is steady work by the gun.

This habit is really not so reprehensible to-day as it was in the muzzle-loading times. In those days we used to train our dogs to drop to shot, using the command "Charge!"—now obsolete in training. The theory is that there may be some scattered birds lying that have not gone up before the gun, and that if a dog dashes out he may put up these birds while the gun is still unloaded.

Most of our shooting now is on quail and with breech-loading guns; so that the actual lost chances to the gun to-day are not so great as they once were. Young grouse are apt to lie close and go up one at a time before a covey-point—more apt to do this than are quail. Of course, on scattered birds, marked down after a covey-rise, it is quite possible that a dog breaking shot may put up one or more other birds without pointing them.

Although breaking shot is more common when a dog is allowed to retrieve his birds, most of us like to see a good dog bring in a bird—it seems to give him pleasure and it is a pleasure to see him; so that we do not all like to break our dogs to stand fast and not retrieve. Hence there is perhaps no one fault that gives us more annoyance in working with a dog otherwise well-broken than this eagerness to get away and get his mouth on the feathers after the birds are up and the gun has fired.

A One-Man Method

To steady down a dog, some trainers use the check cord and some the check collar. The latter is severe in application, but its use is apt to linger well in a dog's mind. Others take along a long buggy whip and, when the gun is fired, bring it down on the dog's back with a loud "Whoa!"—which takes the dog's mind off the birds. In any of these cases one must stop his shooting and put his mind on dog training. The average sportsman is not apt to care to do both, especially if he be a city man out for an infrequent shooting trip.

What, then, is a good method—a good one-man method—of steadying down a dog that breaks shot? Curiously enough, it was at a vaudeville show that very recently I found what may be an answer to this interesting question. A friend and I were sitting watching a young woman juggler, a part of whose act consisted in using the flying bolas—three balls suspended on cords—to snuff a cigar held in the mouth of a performer some feet distant. He was lucky, or she would have knocked off his block, bean or coco.

"Good work!" said my friend. "Did you know that the best way to break a dog of breaking shot is by that same sort of contrivance?"

I had never heard of it and he explained:

"Take about three rubber balls—say, the size of the floats on a seine—with holes bored through them. Tie your balls on cords, each on a separate cord long enough so that the ball will lie back under the dog's feet. Tie the free ends in the ring of a snap hook. You can carry the bolas in your pocket with no trouble when you are hunting.

"When the dog points, step up to him and snap the hook on his collar, letting the balls drop down on the ground. When the dog jumps forward, to run in, the balls will wind all round his feet and legs, and tangle them up. That will tangle up his mind, so that he will stop to see what is wrong. You can then get him under control. After a few times he will stand steady when you snap the balls on his collar, and you can go on about your shooting. This is the best one-man method I have ever seen to steady down a dog."

Personally I have never used this contrivance, but know my friend to be a practical and experienced sportsman. His suggestion is very much worth bearing in mind.

The So-Called Indian Bed

Odd things come up now and then, whether in vaudeville shows or in public print. Not long ago I saw in a sporting paper an article by an Eastern writer who had been out West as far as Glacier Park and had discovered what he called the "Indian bed." He described it as a contrivance about six feet long, built like a Venetian blind, of willow wands tied together with string. Moreover, he said that another Eastern writer, a naturalist of some note, had recommended this Indian bed He himself complained of the bed, because when he placed the wands between two logs they were very apt to break down under the weight of a man, and because also, as made by the Indians, this bed was narrow at the top and wider at the bottom.

I mention this matter not with the wish to be rude or even critical, but only with the desire to be useful. There is nothing more detestable than the tendency toward controversy in regard to sporting equipment. It seems fair and useful, however, to say that the Indian bed above described is not a bed at all. It is only a lazy-back, or a back rest, and has been a part of the lodge equipment of the Plains tribes time out of mind.

In use this lazy-back was spread at the rear of the lodge, with the broad end on the ground, covered with blankets or robes. The smaller end was supported at the top by a tripod. Mr. Indian sat on the lower part of the bed and leaned back against the rest of it very comfortably. Sometimes there might be two of these back rests.

So far as I know, no Indian ever supported his bed between side logs—or, indeed, ever used logs at all in making his bed. He usually slept flat down on the ground. I don't recall ever having seen a full-blooded Indian use anything like a bed or mattress under him; he went to it, robes or blankets straight. Certainly the original intention of this bed was not to be spread between two logs and used as a bedspring. I don't know whether I have mentioned this matter before or not. A friend having seen the same inaccurate story above referred to brought it to my mind not long ago.

The Khaki Shrimp

Many men have many minds, likewise many notions, hints, points and wrinkles. I suppose that to-day more than seventy-five per cent of the bass fishermen use multiple-ganged hooks on their casting lures. I myself do not use them and do not favor any of these mechanical appliances, which are ultradestructive, any more than I would care to hunt for deer with a machine gun; but I seem to be very much in the minority in regard to this practice. Therefore, I presume I may mention a little contrivance a friend of mine showed me down in Alabama last winter. We were trolling for sea trout and redfish, in which work he always used an artificial minnow with a highly silvered body, which probably was made of silk.

"This thing is too shiny," said he. "I have a scheme that makes it twice as killing as it is the way the makers build it."

He showed me his scheme, which was very simple—all he had done was to cut a piece out of the khaki lining of his coat and sew this all over the body of his artificial minnow. It was a poor job of sewing, for the thread showed everywhere. Moreover the edges of the khaki were all frayed out. If the thing did not look like a salt-water shrimp, it certainly did not look like anything else. We tried this lure alongside all the others and, without doubt or question, it would kill twice as many fish as any other

minnow or spinner we could find. It happened to look right as to color, and so on, to the actual consumers down under the water.

I was reading somewhere the other day about a man who covered a floating lure with a piece of birch bark and found that it would work. I have not the slightest doubt that either of these methods would improve the quality of nine-tenths of the highly colored casting baits that are put on the market to-day.

Now I suppose some manufacturer will swipe this idea. He is welcome if only he will make a Christian casting bait with a single hook. While power remains with me I intend to protest against those contrivances that have six, nine, twelve, fifteen or eighteen hooks attached to them. I don't think they are sportsmanlike and am quite careless as to who may differ from my own belief—although I fear I don't make many converts.

No one can have failed to note the rapid increase of the use of the motorcar in sport. Hardly anyone shoots or fishes these days without using at some time or other the ever-present aid of the gasoline vehicle. I recall that in my own last chicken hunt we rode over five hundred miles, and that in my last fishing trip we averaged fifty miles a day, visiting half a dozen streams instead of one each day.

As to the result of this increased use of the motorcar, it means less game, less wilderness, better roads, more game protection, more game planting, and more game preservation. There is no use crying out against the automobile—it has come and it is going to stay.

The other day a friend of mine asked me, offhand:

"What is the best sort of tent to take along when a fellow and his wife are going out on a little motoring and camping trip? My wife and I are pretty well used to canoeing and understand the simple life."

Without much hesitation, I recommended to this gentleman a pyramid tent, or miner's tent—a single-pole pattern, seven feet square, made of silkaline, very light, and of as dark a color as could be obtained; the front door to be screened against mosquitoes; the floor cloth to be sewed in at the bottom; and a window, with one of the patent window roofs, to be put in at the back. We figured that this tent was about as light and compact as anything offered on the market, although lacking some of the desirable features to be found in some of the square-front models. The main difficulty about it would be in making the screened window rain-tight; this, however, can be done by the proper tentmaker.

What the Tentmaker Thought

A still lighter model of tent for two persons is made, which might be described as a pyramid tent or miner's tent bisected, the front being cut square off. In this case the pole does not go inside the tent, but at the front edge of it or outside of it. Any sort of pole will do; indeed, the tent can be used without any pole at all. There is a loop attached to the top of it, so that it can be stretched upright by a rope thrown over a limb of a tree, or a crotch of the pole, the free end of the rope then being used as a guy rope. This sort of tent usually is pitched without any flap in front or, at best, only a mosquito bar; so it does not need a window in the back so much as a pyramid tent. It is very light and practical in this way, requiring only four pegs, no pole, and a short rope to pitch it.

There is yet another form of the single-pole peaked tent which also is like half of a pyramid tent, or like the tent above described, except that it has a wall in the back. This wall, of course, requires the use of guy ropes, which the miner's tent does not need. It offers more room than the pyramid pattern, but is a little slower to pitch. It usually is sold with a fly, which may be used in front or shifted round to the back, making a double roof.

Having agreed upon the tent for my friend, in turn I asked him a question.

"Tell me," said I: "What sort of a tent would you use if you were going out on a motor trip with your wife, your wife's maid, your wife's chauffeur, and your wife's dog?"

"All in one car?" he inquired.

I told him yes; and his answer perhaps held wisdom.

"In that case," said he, "I should advise you to stay at home."

Good advice! But the best of us make rash promises sometimes, hoping they may be forgotten—which they never are!

I admit there are certain complications in the proposition last above outlined, but the problem was so interesting in solution that perhaps others may care to learn how we went about it.

In the first place, I laid the problem of the tent before a professional tentmaker—and it cost me about fifty dollars to learn what he thought about it. Of course I have had tents of many different patterns, which would do for a man in almost any average sporting conditions; but here was an entirely new set of conditions, involving the comfort of an inexperienced camper of the gentler sex.

I turned over to the chauffeur my own light single-pole tent, mosquito proof, dry and ventilated; but that left three persons still to be accounted for. The tentmaker and I agreed that a tent with floor room nine feet by seven feet was large enough for three people; but madam went up in the air.

"I couldn't possibly sleep on three feet of ground!" said she.

Well, maybe she couldn't. So we allowed four feet a head for three persons. That made the tent twelve feet long. We agreed that seven feet deep would allow room enough for all. We agreed, also, that if we screened off four feet at one end—for a tent can be made perfectly well with a partition in these days—it would account for the maid and still leave the boss and the madam plenty of room.

The Tent for the Car

We devised this tent on the open-front, or Baker, model—that is to say, with a three-foot wall at the rear, a peak about seven feet high, and the front cut off entirely square. Such a tent looks like a wall tent cut in two right along the ridgepole. It can be pitched by means of a rope ridgepole along the top, supported at each corner by a pole, the whole guyed out in front.

These tents usually have a straight flap in front of them, to be used as a fly, which when dropped down completely closes the tent in front. It is then in the shape of a lean-to or, as above suggested, just like half of a wall tent cut along the ridge. This model has many advantages, although it is not so compact as many other tents, because it carries the entire floor dimensions up to the roof. We showed madam a picture of this tent, and she graciously consented to sleep in it—but with a certain objection.

"What's going to become of the car?" she asked. "We can't take the garage along with us, can we?"

"Oh, yes, we can!" said the tent man. "We even make tents large enough to go entirely over a car and leave sleeping room on one side. If you want to, you can drive your car in under this fly and it will cover up at least twelve feet of the car."

When I explained that we could use a certain waterproof khaki poncho to cover up the radiator of the car, if it projected in front, the madam agreed that we had a tent which would cover three persons and one car; so we O. K.'d the order.

The material of this tent is of the light silkaline material that has so entirely replaced the old heavy canvas in modern tent-building. Of course there must be jointed poles to take along, and these mean weight and bulk; but the maker said: "I say that this whole tent will go into a bundle about three feet long and not so very big round, and will not weigh over seventeen pounds."

We were even persuaded into taking along a dozen or two steel tent pegs. I presume the most tenderfootish thing a man can do is to carry along steel tent pegs; but, as we had plenty of transportation, we allowed this to happen just once.

The tentmaker wished to have this tent made only with sod cloth and without the floor cloth sewed in, insisting that mosquitoes could be kept out in that way, and that the floorcloth otherwise would get wet and cause the tent to mildew. None the less, I insisted that the floor of the tent must be sewed in; that it must be made of the same material as the rest of the tent; and that there must be a six-inch sill in front of the tent—a sort of protection against insects, although considerable of a nuisance in actual use of the tent, since one often sits partly in the tent, with the feet outside.

The maker agreed that his cheesecloth netting in front of the tent would be absolutely mosquito-proof. In turn, I insisted that the tent must have a large

(Concluded on Page 46)

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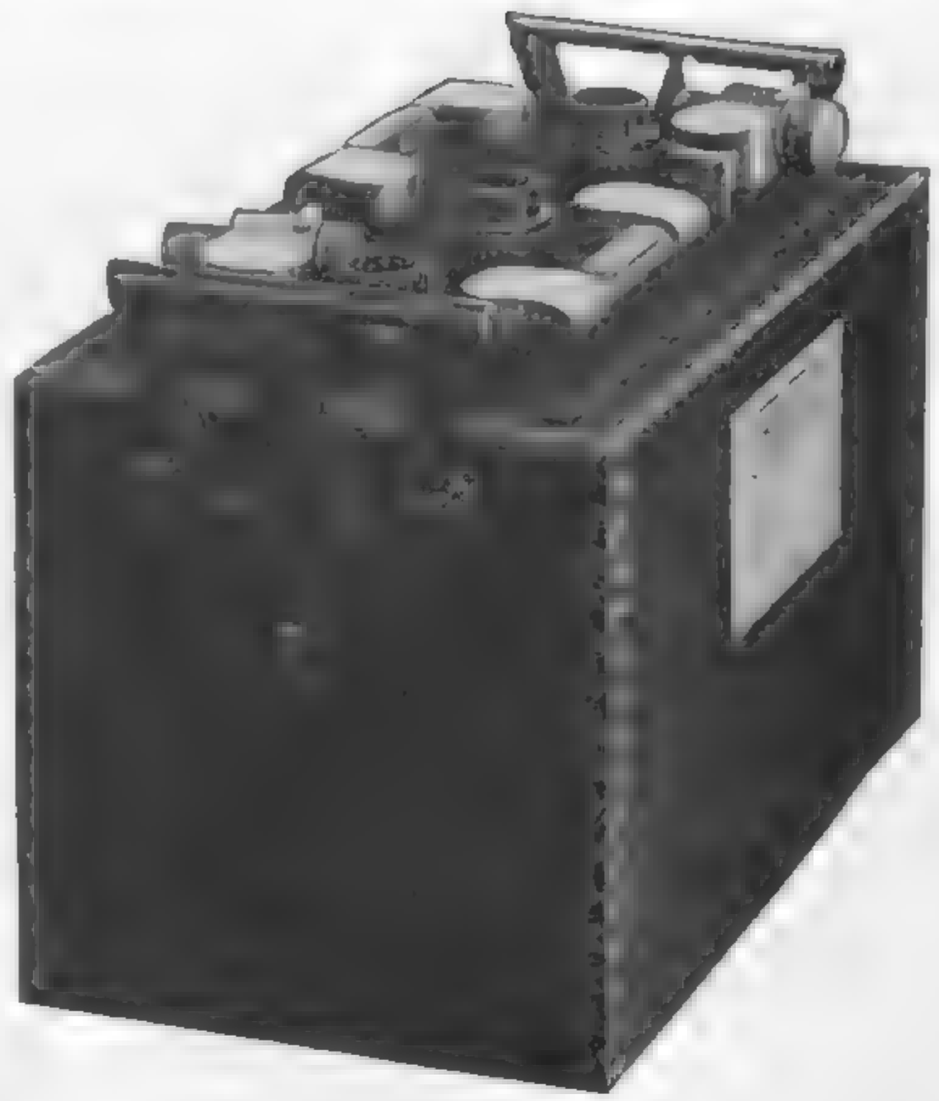

The parallel is even more striking when you realize that a battery's length of life often depends on the treatment it gets during its first ninety days in a car.

It may be injured by thirst, starvation, overheating, overwork and other evils that can easily be avoided.

Then why not avoid them? Why not learn at the start the character and functions of a storage battery, its relation to the rest of the electrical equipment and what to do if your starter seems to lose its "pep" or your lights grow dim?

Let us give you the address of the nearest Willard Station and send you booklet A-13, which will point out sources of battery troubles and how to escape them.

We'll Help You Over that First 90 Days

Free battery service as needed during this crucial period of your battery's life is part of our new service plan. Write for booklet A-14 and get the details.

The plan includes an interesting feature for those whose batteries have already gone beyond the 90 day period. Apply to any Willard Service Station or Factory Branch, or write to Willard Storage Battery Co., Cleveland.

Willard Storage Battery Company

Cleveland, Ohio

New York 228-240 W. 58th Street — Detroit 736-40 Woodward Avenue
Chicago 2574-84 So. Wabash Avenue — San Francisco 1434 Bush Street
Atlanta 8-10 East Cain Street — Minneapolis, Minn. 36-38-40 So. 10th St.
Indianapolis 416-418 No. Illinois St.

Direct Factory Representatives in Philadelphia, Boston, Dallas, Kansas City, Omaha, Seattle

Willard Storage Batteries are for sale by car dealers, garages and all Willard Service Stations and Factory Branches.

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Cars Whose Makers Equip Them with Willard Batteries

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Here's a tempting relish with the *true* tomato taste—

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Adds zest to all it touches

Put it on cold meat. Let it "appetize" your favorite dish of beans, spaghetti, fish, soups or oysters.

Blue Label Ketchup is made from plump, juicy, vine-ripened tomatoes *cooked lightly* in order to retain the natural flavor and seasoned with pure spices only. That's all. But it makes one of the most delicious relishes *you* ever tasted. And it keeps after it is opened.

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government.

Our chili sauce, soups, jams, jellies, preserves, meats, canned fruits and vegetables are equally as high quality and satisfying as Blue Label Ketchup.

Write for booklet, "Original Menus." A postal mentioning your grocer's name will bring it.

Curtice Brothers Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

A Striking Ornament for Your Radiator

MOTORISTS, here is a radiator ornament with real life to it! A miniature Robbins & Myers Fan that spins swiftly as the air resistance sets its flashing blades in motion

Can be mounted directly on radiator cap.

Robbins & Myers quality throughout. Finished in gloss-black enamel and nickel or brass.

Looks and acts like a real electric fan. Attracts attention everywhere. Sent anywhere in U. S. on receipt of $1.50 and 10 cents for postage and packing.

Write for descriptive folder

Dealers: Write for interesting proposition.

The Robbins & Myers Company
Springfield, Ohio

Robbins & Myers Fans

(Concluded from Page 43)

window in each end and three windows in the back, each screened with double bobbinet, and each covered by a flap that could be buttoned over the window, or could be rolled up and buttoned in place, leaving the window open.

I also insisted that the rear of the tent should be made with eaves at least five inches in depth, the grommets for the guy ropes being let into the edge of the eaves. This makes a sort of porch over the tent's rear wall, which runs off any rain so that it will not fall into the open windows. It will be seen that we insisted the tent should be ventilated and that it should be insect-proof.

This tent will be large and roomy and not too bulky; and there are many things to be said in favor of it. Even if there should be a bad rain, so that the fly would have to be used as a front to the tent, it would still be ventilated and would be dry. In decent weather the fly can be put up as a porch roof.

Under this madam may stretch her hammock and, when the boss is out fishing, may recline there idly while her carefully selected maid lulls her to slumber with the costly plumage of a fan from the Orient. While this is going on, the chauffeur is to be splitting wood. This is the simple life to-day—it is easy if you have the price.

But this is simply the start of an automobile camp outfit. Of course we took along a collapsible canvas bucket to bring water for the camp and for the radiator of the car should it grow overheated. There are canvas washpans, collapsible, which pack very closely. There is also one of the long steel griddles, with folding legs, which you find in sporting-goods stores to-day. I don't know who first invented this contrivance, but have a suspicion that it was myself in some earlier day. Besides these, there are two folding broilers of wire stiff enough to stand grief in packing and in use. This sort of cook outfit will do for hurry-up work. When we go into permanent encampment we shall use a stove that I have invented especially for this trip.

The Collapsible Stove

Earlier mention has been made of the original of this collapsible stove, but in its improved form it may perhaps be described more fully. The material of the stove is sheet steel, sixteen gauge. It ought to be made about thirty inches wide in front; but as the stove box on the running board of my car is only twenty-two inches deep, I designed this stove to be twenty-two inches in front, sixteen inches in height, and sixteen inches square at the rear. There is no bottom to it, but there is a detached sheet, sixteen by twenty-three inches, which will lean up against the front of the stove to cut off the draft or keep in the coals.

In order to make the top of the stove rigid there are two light angle irons put under it, one at the front and one midway of the front. There is also a cross bar across the front at the bottom, bolted and detachable. These will keep it stiff in any condition of heat. The sides of the top piece are bent down half an inch all round. The tops of the side pieces are bent in one inch, and the bottoms as much. There are three bolts on each side of the top, fastening the top and sides together, and the rear is made and bolted on in similar fashion. Ordinary stove bolts are used, such as you can find in any hardware store or in almost any automobile tool box. It is the intention, of course, to set up the stove after arrival in the permanent camp; and it can be packed in a very flat package of no great weight.

The main feature of this stove, however, is the pipe. This is let in at the back of the stove, where there is a hole cut five inches across—the dimensions of the standard stovepipe of commerce. In this hole there is a shallow thimble bolted onto the rear of the stove, about an inch in depth. We figure that, after making a permanent camp, we shall probably be somewhere within reaching distance of some store or may pass one on the way. We can then get an elbow of stovepipe and a couple of extra lengths.

In use the stove can be set up anywhere—under the fly of the tent if it is raining—and the pipe outside the fly will afford a good draft and carry off the smoke. When the stove is put inside the fly of the tent it will still be possible for one to sit under the tent and cook in comfort, even if it is raining rather smartly.

The advantage of this stove is that it is more comfortable for cooking and requires less fuel than an open fire. Of course in cold weather it is very useful, because by means of it you can warm up the interior of the tent—bring it up as close to the tent as you like—and with no danger of setting fire to the bedding, as is the case with an open fire. Letting the pipe in at the back of the stove leaves the entire front free for cooking utensils. We figure there will be room enough for a stew kettle, a coffee kettle and a frying pan all at once. So the weather may be rainy or not, just as it jolly well pleases. I got an automobile-fender maker to make this stove and he did a splendid job, of which we are both very proud.

This stove, when knocked down—and with the pipe left as a matter of future purchase—is intended to go into a box that has been put on the running board of the car by the chauffeur. He has fixed a couple of angle irons, screwed fast to the bottom of the running board and projecting above it two or three inches, to which the box will be screwed fast. The box is shallow enough not to rub against the paint of the car or damage the costly coat of arms on the door. Of course it puts the rear door of the car out of commission on that side of the car, although it does not go far enough forward to cover the front door.

The Deerhair Mattress

This box will be dustproof, with a felted lid, because, besides the knockdown stove, we intend putting in the broilers, some of the frying pans, the short-handled axes, and so on, some wire, and perhaps an item or so of grub now and then. Of course there will be a reflector oven of aluminum provided with a baking pan. If the aforesaid maid cannot make good biscuits in that pan there is going to be trouble in camp and she is going to lose her job.

The rest of the cooking and eating outfit will be made of aluminum and carried in a cylindrical canvas case. This case goes under the maid's feet as she sits in front with the chauffeur. In the lap of the maid is a place for the family dog. The chauffeur sits on his own raincoat. All the other raincoats and all the fishing rods and one lap robe go inside the metal robe rack on the back of the front seat. The washpans go in the side box on the running board. The collapsible water pail goes in the front of the car, handy for use by the chauffeur on the road.

One suit of clothes each is all that is allowed to the personnel of this little party. The extra items—a spare shirt or shirt waist, underwear, toilet articles, and so on—are reduced to a minimum and carried in one suitcase for each person. These suitcases are numbered one, two and three in plain figures. There is one each for the madam and the boss, and another for the maid and chauffeur together—you can guess about how much room the chauffeur will have left. All the suitcases go into a well-made automobile trunk built to my own notion. It has a dustproof locking lid. When the car stops to camp it is easy for each person to take out of the trunk personal belongings needed in the camp.

On top of the trunk, which goes on the trunk rack behind the car, will be carried the tent bag mentioned before and one, or perhaps more, of the bed rolls. These will be cased in waterproof round bags of canvas, with an inner one, tied well, so that they will be dustproof. There may be a pair or two of blankets folded and used on the rear seat above the cushions.

On the floor of the car, in front of the rear seat, there will be placed, first, the long folding griddle mentioned above, and then two folding automobile seats, which madam thinks will be just lovely for seats in camp. Above these will go another bag or two and perhaps a small hand bag, and a small bag or box of groceries.

In the flaps at the sides of the rear doors there will be room for a bottle of coffee or tea, and sandwiches enough for lunch. We count on renewing the grub supply from time to time, and on using the car as a frequent transport between camp and town after the permanent camp shall have been established.

It is a shameful confession to make that, in addition to the above-described effete luxury, I was obliged to listen to the importunities of madam and provide an air bed. Not unreservedly did I consent to this. The maid and the chauffeur, each, may have a tick, to be filled with straw or hay when we get into camp. The boss will sleep on his own blankets and his little deerhair mattress. Madam will have the only air bed—but not full length; only about two-thirds length, and just long enough to go on the back seat of the car when it is deflated. The chauffeur says it is very simple to blow this thing up with the tire pump of the car—otherwise we should not have it. There are so many other things I can do besides getting down on my stomach and blowing up an air bed that I am disinclined to indulge in that form of exercise.

Speaking of practical camp beds, and referring to the light deerhair mattress, which is part of my own pet bed, another friend of mine gave me yet another tip as to camp mattresses.

"When I was a broncho buster out in Montana, a good many years ago," said he, "the pet bed of all the cow-punchers was one made of horsehair—that is to say, the hair from horses' tails. It took me a long time to accumulate hair enough to make a mattress. When we were breaking stock I used to comb out or pull out all the tail hair I dared to swipe from any of the horses that would stand for it. I got two or three bags of hair, which we hauled round with the camp stuff for some time before I thought I had enough. Then I made up my bed—although you don't really need a tick at all, for the hair will mat down and hang together. I cleaned the hair by just soaking it for a time in running water and then throwing it out on a bank to dry.

"This horsehair is always light and springy; it never breaks and never mats down like deerhair. I consider that a horsetail mattress, made with plenty of hair, is the lightest and best camp mattress in the world.

"I once offered a puncher twenty-five dollars for his bed, and he would not take it. When I left the range I sold mine for thirty dollars. I don't suppose you could get one for fifty dollars to-day."

Lighting the Camp

As to a camp light, note once more the efficiency of the modern automobile. The chauffeur says it is not necessary to take any camp light at all, as he will just light the camp by means of the headlights of the car, which is practical and perhaps not any more expensive than the rest of it. Of course you cannot always tell, in automobiling, just how close your camp is going to be to the car. Really the best camp light I ever saw was a gasoline lantern, made with a mantle. It afforded the most brilliant light I have seen, and was better than any of the lamps or hand lights that condense the rays by means of a lens.

The car used in this case is a six-cylinder forty-horsepower, such as is usually called a seven-passenger car. We have no plan as to our campaign—we are going fishing. We don't know where; and that is all there is about it. We shall start from Chicago in a general northerly direction. Perhaps we may get as far north as the Green Dog Road House—if we have good luck.

I am very much grieved, pained and humiliated to make the shameful confession of owning and devising an outfit such as the above; but these are some of the things that happen to us if we commit matrimony at some unguarded moment of our lives.

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DELIVERED FREE

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MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. S-55, CHICAGO

THE BARNACLE GOOSE

(Continued from Page 15)

It was the evening of the Newry Fair when he began to think seriously of returning. They were all sitting in the great stone-flagged kitchen of the farmhouse. From the long deal table in the middle of the room a huge lamp filled the space with creamy light, and in the lighted fireplace a kettle purred, hanging from its crane. The kitchen rafters were black and amber from the smoke of four generations, and below them hung at intervals long flitches of bacon. Over the mantel were the guns he remembered from his boyhood—his father's double-barreled fowling piece with the long, true barrels; his grandfather's old musket; and the flintlock his great-grandfather had borne when he went out with Lord Edward in '98.

His father sat by the table, reading a paper diligently, and he was surprised to see how hale the old man looked—he was sixty now and looked fifteen years younger. His mother fussed about with a pannikin of milk, followed by three mewing kittens, while in a corner of the room Joe was binding whipcord about the handle of a fishing rod, occasionally making it swish through the air with a keen sibilant sound like the hiss of a snake.

"I think I'll be going back soon," Grant said suddenly. "I think I'd better be getting along."

His mother looked at him sharply, but said nothing. Joe lowered his rod. His father raised his eyes from his paper.

"And what would you be doing that for?" he asked slowly. "Sure, I thought you were going to stay with us."

"I can't be doing that." Grant answered easily. "I've got my business over there. And I've got to be making my way in the world."

"And why can't you stay and do it here?" the old man went on.

"Ah, sure, what would I be doing here?" Grant began impatiently. "There's nothing for a man here. On the other side I've got a place of my own, made by my own hands in twelve years. That's something, isn't it?"

"There's no use talking to you," his father said resignedly. "If you must go, you must go. But if you were wise, Willie John, you would take whatever money you've made in America and buy that place of Peter McKenna's down the road. You'd get it cheap now. And after I'm gone the farm goes to you and Joe. If you haven't got enough money I'll lend it to you."

"No; thank you," Grant replied a little surlily. "I'll get back to my own place."

"Ah, wet," his father turned back to his paper. "have it your own way."

Joe sent the rod swishing through the air a couple of times. He turned to Grant with a quick smile.

"It's not back to your business you want to be getting, Willie John," he laughed. "You want to be getting back to where the good times are. In a week or two you'll be walking up Broadway, looking at the big buildings you'll be telling about. Or going down Fifth Avenue, maybe, riding in a motor car. Or hanging round all day drinking highballs with the millionaires. That's what you will be after. Business!"

Grant turned on him with a sudden gust of anger.

"I want to tell you something, Joe," he whipped back: "I'm up in the morning at half past six. I've got the place open by eight. It's seldom I'm through before ten at night—and twelve of a Saturday night. Do you know, this is the first holiday I've had for twelve years, barring Sundays and bank holidays! And on them I'm too tired to do anything. I'm as hard worked as you are."

"I'm afraid you're worse," the brother replied. He looked keenly at the hitch of the whipcord to the haft of the rod. "It's seldom we can't get a day off when there's a fair on, or a good horse race, or a coursing match. What would life be if we couldn't!" He swished the rod through the air again. "And as for your father" he took a sidelong smiling look at the old man "he's hardly ever at home now since they elected him to the County Council."

"To get on in the world," Grant said sententiously, "you've got to work night, noon and morning. There's no time for flying round to places of amusement, and chucking away hard-earned money. That's what's wrong with all this country."

Joe looked up at the rafters heavy with flitches of bacon; at the kettle purring on its crane. He glanced through the window to where the full haggard lay. His ever-ready smile crept about his eyes.

"Oh, I hardly think we'll starve for a while," he laughed. "Will we, mother?"

The little old lady with the kittens smiled and shook her head.

"I'm not saying anything," she said.

There was the sound of a gate clanging and the chime of voices. A dog growled and then broke into a bark of welcome. The voices came nearer to the door. Joe rose to open it. The mother put her head on one side to listen.

"Do you know who that is, Willie John?" she asked.

"No," Grant answered. "I do not."

"It's Eunice Doran," she said. She waited an instant. A smile crept over her face. "Larry Doran's daughter, from beyond the hill."

"Oh, to be sure; I remember her," Grant smiled back.

Of course he did—a lank, gray-eyed girl, with a habit of staring you out of countenance. The last time he had seen her she was fifteen, with long arms and legs that seemed eternally in the way; and he recalled, with a smile, how in those days he had been a little in love with her, and they had passed many queer, awkward moments together.

A funny, pathetic thing! And as he thought of it a shutter in his mind opened and he saw again the girl he had left on the stoop in Schermerhorn Street, with her chic way and flashing eyes.

He wondered what she would think if she knew he had once had a boyish affair with this simple thing from his own townland; and he blushed in imagining her teasing laughter.

He warmed with a glow of pride as he thought of her—of Miss Levine, as he somehow always called her to himself—of her marvelous clothes, of her manicured hands and wonderful eyebrows, of her appreciation of the latest effort of a cinematograph comedian, and her up-to-dateness with the last flivver joke. He smiled, too, as he thought of the wonder with which this poor country girl would regard the metropolitan divinity.

She came into the room slowly; and, though he could distinguish little of her features or form, he felt a sense of shock, for somehow he had expected a lanky overgrown girl with arms and hands like the awkward legs of a foal—and what he saw was a tall woman, as tall as he himself was, who moved with the slow dignity of a queen.

She threw her cloak off and Joe took it from her, and as it fell Grant caught one instantaneous glimpse of her that effectually wiped the Brooklyn girl from his mind, like a sponge passing over a chalked slate. He saw first the great mass of black hair knotted at the back of her head, which seemed less like hair than a splash of dim, vivid color; and from a side view he saw the small nose, with the sensitive nostrils, as clearly cut as the nose on an intaglio; and the line of chin sweeping down, as it were, in one soft, firm stroke. That was all he saw for a minute—that and the flush on her cheeks.

"How are you?" she said to his mother. "And how are you, Mr. Grant? And Joe?" She turned to Grant, looked at him for an instant and put out her hand. "And this is Willie John," she said. "You've been a long time away, Willie John."

He saw, as he looked at her, how very gray her eyes were, and how very deep—like orifices through which light shone—and how very steady. He noticed that her mouth was firm, and that she seemed to have lived each instant of her twenty-seven years; and still she was a woman with the first flush of beauty on her. She turned away to talk to his mother and he saw for the first time that her servant girl was with her. So engrossed had he been with her entry, and so shocked by seeing her beauty, that he had seen only her.

"I'm going to have the flax pulled on the ten-acre," she was saying—and Grant felt every syllable of her low contralto strike him clear and compelling—"so I'm asking the neighbors fair and early. My father's dead, Willie John"—she turned to Grant for a moment—"and I've the place on my hands."

"Ay; I heard that, Eunice," he said. "I was sorry to hear it."

"You'll be going back soon?" she asked.

"I'll be going back very soon now," he said. "In a couple of weeks at most."

"I've been wanting him to stay and settle down," his father broke in; "but there's no use talking to him."

"Ah, there's nothing for a man here," he answered disgustedly. "It's on the other side a man gets his chance—ay, and a woman, too, for that matter."

"Is that so?" Eunice uttered; and she caught him with her serious gray eyes.

"There was Joe Carragher's daughter, from Balleek," he instanced; "you knew her well. She went over six years ago and now she's a lady's maid in one of the big houses on Fifth Avenue. A grand position!"

"Is that so?" she repeated; her eyes had narrowed a little and she was studying him intently.

"Then there was Patrick Hagan, the brother of the captain in the Dublin Fusiliers. He's got a saloon on Third Avenue and does a grand business."

"That's the devil's business, Willie John," his mother said quietly.

It was the first time since he had come back that he had seen her without a smile on her lips.

"It's different on the other side, I tell you," Grant commented with asperity. "And there's Barney Doyle, that went over before me; he's head waiter in one of the big places on Broadway. Do you know that fellow makes as much as seventy dollars a week in tips. Seventy dollars! Fourteen pounds!"

"His father was a great lawyer." Old Grant shook his head. "God be good to him! They called him the Star of the North."

"Fourteen pounds a week—in tips!"

Grant thought he could detect a chill, contemptuous tone in the Doran girl's voice; but he put the thought out of his head, for why should she be contemptuous? She drew her blue cloak about her.

"I think I'll be going," she said.

"I'll leave you a bit of the road," Grant offered.

They went out and down the loaning. Overhead a great white moon showed, a great silver plate of a thing whose beams scintillated in minute gossamer threads. Before them the road ran, as white as the moon, and everything showed in a faint purple—trees, fields, the singing river on the left of them, and the hill that rose between them and the sea. A little breeze was stirring and they could hear a soft soughing from the trees and a murmur from the beach. Somewhere behind them, on the Yellow Road probably, a corn crake was venting its harmoniously raucous cry.

They stopped and looked about them. Beneath them the great plain of Louth lay, which Maeve of Connaught had once raided at the head of a hundred thousand men. And as Grant looked at it in the subtle moonlight the memory of forgotten legends came to him in vague uncoordinated fragments. There was Slieve Gullion behind him, where Cuala, the great artificer, hammered on his magic anvil night and day, and up whose slopes Finn MacCool had pursued the white deer without horns.

And in front of him was the sea, where for thrice three hundred years the Children of Lir had mourned in the guise of white swans. And on the hill beside him was the fortress of Bricriu of the poisoned tongue, whose satires killed men and withered the leaves on the green trees. Suddenly he heard Eunice's voice addressing him.

"I suppose you've done well for yourself, Willie John?" she asked.

"Ay; I've done well," he told her. "I've got a business over there worth ten thousand dollars. And I've built it up in twelve years."

"Ten thousand dollars!" she mused. "Two thousand pounds; that's a good deal. That's half as much as your brother Joe made and it's a great deal more than I have myself."

"Brother Joe made!" he uttered in a tone of amazement.

"Yes—your brother Joe made," she answered naïvely. "He's made as much as four thousand pounds trading in cattle between here and England, and buying horses for the Italian Government."

"Twenty thousand dollars!" Grant said, dumfounded. "Brother Joe!"

"And you've more than I have," she continued mercilessly. "The Cliff Farm is worth only eighteen hundred pounds. That's only nine thousand of your dollars."

He answered nothing, for a quick sense of shame suddenly suffused him when he remembered how much he had talked, and the others keeping so dumb. Something began tumbling very fast about him. They went up the hill and suddenly the sea stretched before them, sheer through to England, a vast surface of shimmering ripples, where the moon touched, and here and there white curling waves. And beneath them it murmured on the beach in a steady crooning. The breeze blew landward and pressed about them firmly in a cool, even motion. To the right the Cliff Farm lay, softly white, and a faint scent came down from its orchard. The servant girl passed through the gate and up toward the house.

"America's a great country!" Grant said aloud.

He did not know why he said it. Perhaps it was because he could find nothing else to say, and perhaps it was a sort of incantation, conjuring away the doubts that were rising in his mind.

Eunice made no answer. And as he looked at her, standing there in the moonlight and the breeze, the old affection he had had for her a dozen years ago rose within him, and he wondered whether he shouldn't put his arm about her and kiss her for old times' sake. But the idea left him as soon as it came, for the thought of trifling with her seemed a desecration.

"It's a great place!" he said again lamely.

She swung round upon him suddenly, savagely, her head tilted, her eyes flashing. The cloak behind her stood backward with the breeze; and as he watched her, amazed, petrified almost, the thought of dead ancient Irish women flashed through his brain—Maeve, the fighting Queen of Connaught; and Deirdre, who dashed herself dead against a rock; and Grainne, the king's daughter, who fled to follow Diarmuid of the Spears.

"Then why don't you stay there?" she uttered passionately.

"Why don't I stay there?" he repeated blankly.

"Why don't you stay there?" she said again. "You come back here—you and your like—with a smile on your mouth and a sneer in your eye. You come back here in your fine clothes, that you've sweated day and night for, and taken charity to get—ay, charity! What's tips but charity? And you lord it round for a while and tell us what fools we are—and patronize us. Patronize us!"

She swung round and fronted the low-lying land with the faint, blue heat haze of summer over it, touched into silver in the June moon. The muscles of her throat were throbbing. She was poised on her feet like a bird ready for flight.

"Look down there at your father's farm," she told him. Her hand stretched toward it and her gray eyes blazed in his face. "Look at it well! Look at the corn that's green, and the rye ripening, and the stacked haggard. Look at the trees in the orchard and the fruit hanging from them, and the river alive with trout, and the mountain with its grouse and hares. And then go back to your grand business and fumble the halfpence in your greasy till!"

He said nothing. Mechanically his eyes followed her hand where it pointed, and every word ate its meaning into his brain as if etched by strong acid.

"Ay!" he said dully.

"Have you eyes to see, man?" She bent toward him with her hands outstretched and her face aflame with anger. "Or have you ears to hear? Or has groping for coppers made you blind like a mole? Or the tinkle of tuppences deafened you the like of a bat?"

"I've got eyes," he answered sullenly.

"Use them, then!" she snapped. "And when you go back to your grand business, stop making a poor mouth about Ireland. Don't whine the like of a beggar in the street. Stop your talk about poverty-stricken Ireland, and oppressed Ireland, and lazy Ireland. We've got money here as well as you, for all your grand business; and we've got pride, and we've got strength. And we don't want anybody talking about our sorrows, and the nations pitying us in the four corners of the earth."

He said nothing, but his face had gone white; and every now and then he winced, as though he had been caught by a whip. He wished to heaven she would stop; and still, back in him, something had awakened that yearned to be lashed into life.

"I heard you wanted your father and mother to go back to America with you and partake of the grand business. Look at that farmhouse again. Your grandfather built that with granite hewn from his own quarry. And you want them to leave that and to go off with you and grub in a huckster's booth! God's glory and the blue sky over us!"

There was the rapid flapping of wings and they saw a wedge of birds in the moonlight. Suddenly they caught the shrill clamor of the barnacle goose.

"Even the birds," she uttered with scorn—"even the birds have sense. They're happy when they get back from roving. Not like you and your like, Willie John. If you want to go, go! And God go with you! If you want to stay, stay—and you're welcome. But don't come back for a while, croaking like a magpie chattering over a ruined hearth."

She turned to him, and the agitation and passion seemed to leave her by a great effort of will. Her hands unclenched and her voice grew calm, with even a queer crooning melody in it; but her bosom heaved tumultuously.

"I liked you once, Willie John," she said. "I thought there was the makings of a big man in you. I mind the time at the football, and you running down the field like a hare, and no one to catch or trip you. And at the fairs I mind you putting the horses through their paces like a jockey born. And at throwing the weight there was no one of your size or years that could best you. Ay! I mind you, and your dogs following you, and your head high up in the air. I thought well of you that time, Willie John. I thought there was no one like you." She raised herself to her full height and looked at him squarely. "But now," she said, "I'd rather have a stray tinker that does be traveling the roads."

And scornfully she left him.

He came into the kitchen, two evenings later, from the parlor. His father sat by the table, reading his paper. His mother pottered about the turf fire, teasing it into flame. In a corner Joe sat, polishing the barrel of a breech-loading fowling piece with an old rag. His father caught the glimpse of paper in his hand.

"Were you writing, Willie John?"

"Ay," Grant answered; "I was writing a letter to America."

He moved toward the fireplace and turned slowly about again to his father.

"You were saying," he asked, "that that place of McKenna's was for sale. I wonder how much he'd want for it?"

"He'd take four thousand pounds," his father answered. "Maybe less."

"I'm afraid I haven't got that much." Grant shook his head. "I've only two thousand."

"We can lend you the difference, Willie John," Joe broke in. He squinted down the barrel of the rifle. "Can't we, dad?"

"Ay; sure!" his father answered.

"I'm much obliged to both of you," Grant said.

He reached for his hat.

"Are you going out, Willie John?" his mother asked.

"I thought I'd go up and call on Eunice Doran," Grant answered her. "I might as well be neighborly."

He went out, and there was silence in the kitchen for a few minutes. Joe clicked the lock of the gun.

"Do you mind that wild gander I put a ring on three years ago?" he asked his father. "It's back again. I saw it over the marshes to-day."

"It'll take a mate and settle down in the marsh now." His father nodded. "It took it three years to find out that home is a good place. It's a queer, silly bird—the barnacle goose."

A little ripple of laughter came from the mother's lips as she stood over and poked the turf. The elder Grant looked up, astonished.

"What are you laughing at, Sarah Ann?" he inquired.

"I was thinking," she answered.

"What was it you were thinking about?" he pursued.

"Oh, nothing!" she parried. "I was just thinking."

And she went on teasing the fire, while a subtle, affectionate smile played about the corners of her eyes.

The Sunset Dish

Which Children Get Tonight

Perhaps a million children, this summer night, will sup on a dish like this. It is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice—the bubble-like grains—in a bowl of milk or cream.

The dish used to be bread and milk. Sometimes it was crackers. Now it is whole grains, because whole grains are better. And those airy, toasted, flaky grains are made four times as porous as bread.

Not Merely Delightful

Puffed Grains are served because children enjoy them. They don't like to go back to homely grain foods when they once taste these nut-like tit-bits.

But there are other and greater reasons. Children need whole grains, rich in elements which white flour lacks. And those whole grains should be wholly digestible.

That is what Prof. A. P. Anderson has accomplished in these foods. Every food cell is steam exploded. Every atom of the whole grain feeds. That is true of no other form of grain food.

Please remember that. Your doctor will confirm it. If you want easy, complete digestion—if you want the whole grain made available—you should serve wheat and rice in puffed form.

At Noon

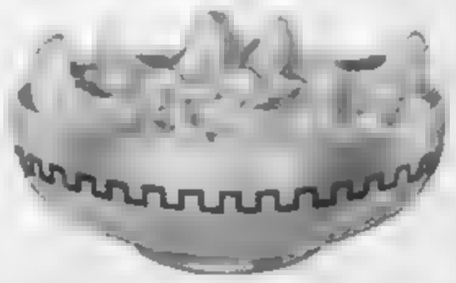
When you serve ice cream, try scattering Puffed Rice on it. The finest chefs do this now. The grains are fragile, crisp and flaky. The taste is like toasted nuts.

Use them also in candy making. See directions on the package. Puffed grains are both foods and confections. Between meals, children love to eat them dry—like peanuts.

Puffed Wheat 12c
Puffed Rice 15c
Except in Far West

Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c

At Morn



In the morning serve with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. Serve a different Puffed Grain each morning. Every pantry shelf in summer should contain all three. As breakfast dainties, Puffed Grains hold supreme place. Nothing compares with them.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(1364)

Engineering the Telephone

THE great Bell System, with its telephone highways connecting the farthest points of the country, is primarily a brain creation.

The telephone engineer is the genius of communication. Like the general of an army, he plans, projects, and directs his campaigns far ahead. He deals with the seemingly impossible—transforming ideas and ideals into concrete facts.

His problems may involve doubling the capacity of a city's underground telephone system, or the building of a transcontinental line, or a serious war-shortage of supplies needed in telephone work.

Whatever the difficulties, they must be overcome so that the progress of the telephone shall continue equal to the ever-growing needs of the people.

It is not enough to provide only for the present—the future must be anticipated and discounted.

In the Bell System, more than two thousand highly efficient engineers and scientists are constantly working on the complex problems of the telephone business.

As a result, the service keeps step with present requirements and the assurance is given to every subscriber that the Bell System is prepared for whatever the future develops.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

"Let *Me* Sit on the Mercury for You!"
Polar Cub
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$5.00
THE A. C. GILBERT CO.
301 Fox St., NEW HAVEN, CONN.
DEALERS: If you haven't stocked Polar Cubs—write at once for particulars and prices.

THIS IS THE LIFE

(Continued from Page 18)

A roar of laughter burst from the assembled guests, but Tommy Ogle gravely continued his part.

"Lovely mustaches," he commented, twirling hypothetical adornments. "Yes, I often use them to file my nails. Besides, they are so warm, and the air on the Neva is so veree, *veree* cold. But nothing like the Casino to-morrow morning when I meet the famous Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle face to face. Ah, what chilblains I shall then have!"

"How do you like our American women?" shouted someone through the enfolding mirth.

"Charming—I find them so. Particularly the lovely Mrs. Horatius Plutenberg. No, thank you"—this to the servitor bringing him his fish—"I do not care for it that way. We always eat ours raw in Moscow."

Breakers of laughter dashed over the tables at this last sally.

"Silence!" cried Tommy Ogle in his high falsetto, beating on the table with the egg-beater. "By order of His Majesty, the Czar."

It was with sallies like this that the gifted comedian kept the dinner in a roar. Never was the dreary operation of eating food which nobody wanted so pleasantly performed. As for Hawkins and Henry and Parrins, no one single event ever did more to destroy a long and honorable record for composure.

"Hookey, I'm glad Old Sables didn't come!" choked Hawkins, sending a peal down the dumb-waiter.

So, in fact, was everybody else. Compared to this, the stately dinner adorned by the real grand duke must have been a very dull affair.

By early the next morning the news of the great joke had been carried into every nook and cranny of Newport. It reached Undine Plutenberg sipping her morning tea amid rose-colored curtains. It got by those rasping black mustachios to the Grand Duke Ammonia. "Heavens!" wondered all Newport. "How will Mrs. Cuttle and the Grand Duke treat each other this morning when they meet at the Casino?" In order to see, everybody got there early, and no money ever had to be returned by the box office.

It is said, indeed, that the air at that particular spot on Bellevue Avenue never quite healed from those conflicting glances. Mrs. Cuttle's look would have penetrated several layers of Russian sable. The Grand Duke Ammonia's would have worn down one of Mrs. Cuttle's big diamonds. They cut each other dead.

After this there was also a decided chill between the two doughty anglers. Indeed, the whole span of Newport seasons was enlivened by the differences between these two ladies. Hostilities reached their climax at a big dinner of Mrs. Cuttle's.

Undulating Undine Spoils a Party

On this occasion Mr. Horatius Plutenberg entered on time and told Mrs. Cuttle not to wait with the dinner. His wife, he explained, had been detained and would not be there for a few minutes. In spite of this, Mrs. Cuttle, fuming beside me, endured the hardship of putting off the dinner. Even at a quarter to nine undulating Undine had not yet appeared. At nine o'clock, when everybody was cantering through the fish, Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle commenced to look as though she had prickly heat. Mr. Horatius Plutenberg, too, was squirming with mental nettle-rash.

"Wait a moment, if you please," said the uncomfortable husband at last. "I'll go out and call up Undine."

"She says that she has been detained," reported he, coming back from the telephone in the hall, "but she'll be here in a few moments."

Even a society moment, though, generally takes less time for incubation. It was, in fact, exactly quarter to ten when the beautiful Undine slipped by the lonely Henry at the front door and, sailing into the roomful of people, advanced upon her enemy. Not one word of apology or regret did she utter. Nobody there failed to get the impression that there was purpose in her lateness.

"Really, all I want is an ice and some champagne," drawled she.

It was not by any means all that Mrs. Cuttle wanted to give her. If we had been living in those cheerful days of old Salem I am quite sure that she would have run to get a faggot to put under the feet of the bewitching woman in sea-green chiffon. Yet the great leader showed self-control. There was not even a stitch in her voice as she rose and said: "Oh, please let me get you something else."

The *dénouement* of this story is not known. It probably took place when the tortured husband and his wife met alone in the windy corners of their summer palace.

Newport is the chosen peak of the social climber. Here every year come dozens of people who have worked their way cautiously down to the great summer resort via the more temperate social climes of Bar Harbor and Narragansett Pier. Here "getting in" is a desperate agony, where you can hear the ropes creak and see the athletes using their prehensile great toe.

A few of these aspirants finally do arrive. Some do it by a political dicker, such as is illustrated by the supposed connection between the Swedish prince and Mrs. Grimper. Others are pulled up on the shoulders of sons and daughters who have attended fashionable schools. All of the successful are probably born either in New York or in the South, for it is an axiom that the money of the unknown Westerner gets him no funicular at Newport.

The Troubles of the Climbers

Even, however, when the candidates reach the glittering ice-fields at the top they do so only with great hardships. Nobody except people with plates of iron where their feelings ought to be can ever survive the snubs given them as they pick their way among the dangerous crevasses of society. Of such hardy mountaineers Mrs. Harkinson Buzzer was an excellent example.

Mrs. Buzzer had been a poor girl somewhere in New England, but her husband had made a fortune and through artful investments in certain coupon-bearing society charities they had steamed up a few pegs and were now looking down at the panting figures in the valley. Mrs. Cuttle always invited the Buzzers to one of those "big messes" at Newport which include everybody; and, though she always received them with a glance that said plain as day "I've got to have you and I'm having you," Mrs. Harkinson Buzzer held pluckily on to the ropes.

One evening at Newport Mrs. Cuttle, standing beside her husband and in front of Parrins, wanted to know if everybody was in. No, they were not, Parrins informed her. The clicker in the doorman's hand had registered only 118 out of the 120.

"Who are the extra two?" stormed Mrs. Cuttle.

Parrins had anticipated this query by looking at the envelopes still lying on the big silver tray held by the footman at the bottom of the stairs.

"Mr. Harkinson Buzzer and Mr. Kenneth Gadzooks," replied he.

Just at this moment Mrs. Harkinson Buzzer happened to be standing near by. Covered with confusion, she now stepped forward.

"Why, Mrs. Cuttle," she gasped, "do you mean to say you didn't get my note?"

"What note?" snorted the sultana.

"Why, I told my social secretary two weeks ago to write and say that Mr. Buzzer and our guest, Mr. Gadzooks, would be unable to come."

Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle gave her one blistering look. Then within hearing of everybody she said: "There are some things we should not leave to a social secretary, but I suppose, Mrs. Buzzer, that you do not know that." Having delivered this blow Mrs. Cuttle turned her square back to the offending climber.

Did Mrs. Buzzer march indignantly from the room? Did she decline in the future every invitation proffered her by Mrs. Cuttle? Not at all. It does not pay to be so tactless in Newport. Immediately after getting this rebuke, in fact, she sat down and wrote to Mrs. Cuttle a letter expressing her regret at her "unforgivable carelessness."

Another full-armored contestant in the Newport sport was Eloise Dorcum. She was a pretty girl who had gone to one of those fashionable New York schools where they powder the mind with French verbs

(Continued on Page 52)

Out of These Ten Big Factories—

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Ten big affiliated plants, each an independent unit, yet all of them bound together by a common interest, take part in the production of the LEXINGTON.

This means buying power, better materials at lower prices, broad and specialized experience—a superior car in every detail at the lowest possible manufacturing cost.

With these ten big factories the LEXINGTON enjoys all the advantages of large-scale production; yet the LEXINGTON ideal is not the building of the **most** cars, but the building of the **best** cars possible at the price.

To dealers we offer both a car that sells and cars to sell. LEXINGTON deliveries do not disappoint. Now is the time to get lined up with LEXINGTON, the time to write or wire—or better still, to get aboard the first train and come to Connersville and see for yourself that LEXINGTON statements are backed by facts.

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In writing to us request that we send you mechanical device graphically illustrating the operation of the Moore Multiple Exhaust System.

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Lexington-Continental Engine. Moore Multiple Exhaust System. 40 Horse Power. Six Cylinders En Bloc. Five Passenger. Aisleway Between Front Seats Genuine Leather Upholstery. Left Drive. Center Control. 116" Wheelbase. Convex Mud Guards. Over-Size Tires.

Price includes full ventilating weather-stripped windshield; engine-driven tire pump; speedometer; oil pressure gauge; motometer; electric horn; double bulb headlamps; ammeter; trouble lamp, and spare demountable rim.

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Seven Passenger Touring Car, 60 h. p., 144" Wheelbase . .	$2875
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Deliveries in rotation of orders. We shall be able to take care of a few additional dealers this season.

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A definite feeling of confidence in the name—Dodge Brothers—existing almost everywhere, is the very strongest assurance you could have that the car will always conform to the highest possible standards.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high
The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
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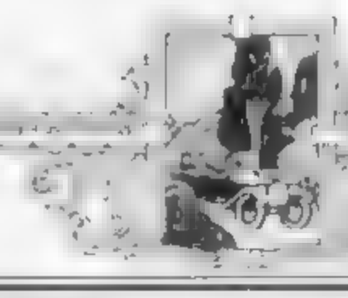
DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



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In return for looking after the subscription renewals and new orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, the Company will pay all the expenses of any young man or young woman in any college, technical school, musical conservatory or business college in the United States.

If you aspire to rise to a prominent place in later life and want to secure the education which will enable you to do it, we should like to tell you how a host of others accomplished similar results and how you can do the same thing.

Box 525, Educational Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

(Continued from Page 50)

and genteel observances. In this way she had met the daughters of those families to which her parents had long been aspiring. It was the same old story of society. The daughters invited her to their little affairs, their luncheons and unpretentious parties, and gradually the more obdurate adult circles broke down, not only for her but for her family.

Even this, however, did not content the passion of the Dorcums for high altitudes. In order to get full benefit of that pure ether dwelling about the banquets which no one wishes to eat and the house-parties which everybody hates, they decided to marry Eloise to any of three or four rich young bachelors. Their efforts, finally successful, racked Newport for several seasons.

One morning as Mrs. Cuttle, looking very much like King Canute, was sitting on her veranda throne at Bailey's Beach she was approached by Mrs. Blinker Van Feder Nest. "Just look!" cried the latter. "He's with her again—that awful Dorcum girl! Oh, what shall I do!"

To be the mother of a Fifth Avenue mansion, a yacht and some millions of unearned increment is a trying task. Mrs. Blinker Van Feder Nest, following the figures of her son Quentin and that gay Tyrolean, Eloise Dorcum, as, attired in bathing suits, they played about the rim of water below, shivered with apprehension.

Mrs. Cuttle gazed out at the ocean as though just about to order it to bring her wrap. Suddenly she turned.

"That girl needs a good snubbing," said she. "She'd have never got where she is to-day if she hadn't worn shin guards and toe protectors. My, the bumps those people have had! But I tell you what I'll do, Elsie: I'll never ask her to another one of my things this season."

"Oh, that would be fine, Sadie!" breathed the tender mother of the Fifth Avenue mansion. "Natalie Commodore has promised me she won't have her, either. And Eliza Tittle Dormouse has been so sweet and sympathetic."

The next morning Mrs. Cuttle, in making out the list for her next "big mess," carefully omitted the name of Eloise Dorcum.

"I'm sure I don't know why I should bother myself, though," she remarked to me. "Quentin's got a head as flaky as breakfast food. Somebody will be sure to eat it up one of these days, and I suppose it might just as well be Eloise Dorcum."

As it happened, however, Eloise did not get this nourishing bit of breakfast food. The boycott system was efficient, and the following season the center of maternal anxiety was Bailey Bellew Heinmann. Again Mrs. Cuttle and other members of the hallowed circles on top pledged themselved to the suppression of Eloise. In this case they were again successful. Yet the common meeting grounds of Newport—Bailey's Beach and the Casino—those two shrines visited each morning by the pious pilgrims of society, coupled with the endurance of Miss Eloise Dorcum, at last contributed to a Dorcum holiday. The sure-footed young climber carried off a husband almost as rich and socially prominent as the objects of her first attentions.

Dodging the Ineligibles

In the good old days it was customary for the irate parents to follow the eloping pair in a rattling post chaise. In Newport the post chaise is occupied by the girl and the solicitous parent. The lover follows as best he may. When, for example, Amoretta Jenkins took a fancy to Mr. Skiley Lark, a bachelor whose wealth was outweighed by certain infirmities, her parents carried her off on a long cruise in their yacht Abelard. When two years afterward she lifted her head sufficiently from this malady to note the charms of a threadbare artist, they whisked her off to Europe. Not until she finally deposited her affections in the strong-box of several millions was she permitted to take the dangerous air of Newport.

It was in keeping with such defensive measures that soon after Mrs. Tinkleton Mannerly Grey had implored Mrs. Cuttle to omit Stephen Faircope from her parties she took the double precaution of sending Veronica abroad. Throughout the London season the girl had been visiting English friends, and from time to time had come reports of her social successes. More than once the rumor ran through Newport that Veronica Grey was engaged to the Viscount Sheepskin, whose mother she had visited through the month of July.

One day in August, during my first season at Newport, Parrins brought me the card of Mr. Stephen Faircope. I think I have omitted to say that the calls of high society are carefully sterilized. Nobody ever dreams of calling in person. Good form demands merely the deposit of your card with the footman at the door. These disinfected visits should properly occur within a week of the entertainment which they acknowledge. Sunday afternoon is a favored time for such ceremonies, and either at New York or Newport there was always a procession of young men solemnly checking in their bits of pasteboard along the route of great houses.

For this reason a personal call from Mr. Faircope could not fail to electrify me. I was still more surprised by his appearance. Since that house party in May, when I last saw him, he had grown thinner, his blue eyes now looked tired and haggard, and though the clean sweep of blond hair was gallant as ever the head itself drooped forward.

"Well," he said, seating himself on a tiny green chair in my sitting room, "she's coming back."

There was no Ciceronian preamble about this young man. He was as given to digging up a subject by the roots as Mrs. Cuttle herself.

"I suppose you think it's funny—my coming in on you like this. But I've got to talk to somebody. It's just too much. You don't mind?" And he looked at me appealingly from under his straight black brows.

I shook my head.

The Confidences of Stephen

"Well, you see, I haven't seen her since that time at Mrs. Cuttle's when that stuffy little Eustace Staringarter kept slipping in the cigars; and this is all I've heard from her." With that he pulled from his pocket two letters. "Look at them," he exclaimed ruefully. "You'd think they had been run over by two freight trains and a typhoon. Lord, how I've read those letters! I get up in the middle of the night to go over them, and once I got so hungry for them that I tore into a department-store waiting room and read them among the Jersey babies and the hat-buying husbands. Yet what do they say? Nothing! They might have been written to her great-aunt. Yet here I go twisting and turning, trying to think when she says 'Riding in the Row' that she means 'I'm thinking of you.' Did you ever in your life hear of such a double-jointed idiot?"

I had, but just at that moment I did not press the similarity.

For a moment the young man looked down at those worn and eye-beaten missives. "Do you think—do you think she might?" he asked, staring up at me from under those haggard young brows.

"Why don't you ask her?" said I.

"Ask her! Haven't I done that thousands of times with my eyes? And it seemed to me often as if she were saying back 'Yes, yes, yes' with hers. But I can't tell. And what shall I do?"

"What shall you do?" I repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, that's what I've come to ask you about now, for I knew you'd be able to tell me. Here in this last letter of hers she says 'I shall be in Newport the sixteenth of August.' Lord, how I've hugged that postscript! It seemed to me she might be saying 'Will you be there?' And here it is the fifteenth, and I'm here. But what good is it going to do me? At first, you see, after that dinner at Mrs. Cuttle's where I came on a fluke, a whole lot of people took me up. 'Mrs. Cuttle's asked that young Faircope; suppose it will be safe for us,' was the way they reasoned about it. And I went round all the time just on the hope of seeing her. But now you know how it is. The Great League for Protecting Our Daughters from Needy Young Men has got me posted. I'm not invited to anything much and I don't know how I'm going to see her. Heavens, it's awful! I could walk through barbed fences to get to her, but I simply can't break through Mrs. Tinkleton Mannerly Grey's front footman."

"Well," said I, looking very benevolently at the hapless lover, "Newport is a very much easier place in which to see people than New York. That's why all the anxious parents are so afraid of it. There's the Casino and Bailey's Beach—you'll probably meet her there. Just hang round here and you'll find her. And," added I, "I'll tell you what I'll do: There are always young men dropping out from our dinners at the

last moment. If there's a vacancy I'll be sure to speak to Mrs. Cuttle about you."

He wrung my hand. "Thanks," said he in farewell. "I'm abject enough to take any invitation that little Eustace Staringarter wouldn't have."

But alas for young love caught in the jungle of Newport politics! On the sixteenth of August Mr. Stephen Faircope, having done the whole seven miles of the Cliff Walk in a nervous effort to use up time before the Casino hour, arrived at the first morning rendezvous just three minutes after Mrs. Tinkleton Mannerly Grey, her daughter and a strange young man were making their way among the foamy groups of white-clad figures. During his plunge into fashionable circles Mr. Faircope had made a number of friends, and as he entered the place Pauline Brown caught him by the arm.

"Well, what do you think of it, Mr. Faircope?" asked this débutante.

"Of what?"

"Why, of Veronica Grey. Evidently it's true—about her marrying the Viscount Sheepskin. That's he with the Greys now. He came over on the same steamer with them and is visiting at their house."

With sick eyes the young man turned to the group at the end of the pavilion. Just as he did so the band surged into Oh, Thou Sublime Evening Star! And just at that moment Miss Veronica Grey caught sight of the tall, white-flanneled figure. I was standing very close to her and once again I saw, as I had at that first ball when he came up to her to be introduced, a sudden little catch in her eyes. When several minutes later he approached to speak to her, however, her tone was perfectly even. "Oh, how do you do, Mr. Faircope," said she. "I'm so glad to see you again. And may I present you to the Viscount Sheepskin, Mr. Faircope?"

The Viscount Sheepskin had muscular cheeks mapped in those tiny crimson veins which so often appear in the English complexion. Otherwise he was tall and had a well-bred Oxford grumpiness. Mrs. Tinkleton Mannerly Grey, who had just slid a tepid hand through that of Mr. Stephen Faircope, surveyed these triple advantages with much pride.

Meanwhile, we had a guest in the house. We knew it because Hawkins and Henry reported that they saw a man going out of the door. We were confirmed by the fact that the bed in our wheat-colored room bloomed every evening in various pairs of shimmering pyjamas. Otherwise, Mr. Eustace Staringarter used the greatest possible delicacy in sparing Mrs. Cuttle the painful consciousness.

The Invisible Guest

The first night that this young gentleman arrived I found him groping about the halls for a bath directly under his eyes. The voice in which he asked me which way to go was decidedly knock-kneed, a circumstance which I connected with his sudden loss of memory in this respect.

It was then eight-thirty and Mr. and Mrs. Cuttle were already sitting down to dinner. I was having my dinner with the family that night, and when I came in Mrs. Cuttle asked at once: "Where is Eustace?"

"Eustace," said I, "is hunting his bath. He seems to feel that it is fleeing from him."

"Lord!" said Mrs. Cuttle. "I hope you took him by the hand and let him down over the rim. And I do hope you showed him which was the cold faucet. That's what he needs."

Half an hour later our guest, who had in the meanwhile persuaded that obdurate bath to heed his suit, came down and was sufficiently revived to eat the tail-end of a dinner. It was a special dispensation, for in the next five days Mrs. Cuttle never once laid eyes on him.

"Have you seen Eustace?" she asked me on the morning of the fifth day.

"No," I said, "I haven't."

On that day, however, Fate softened toward Mrs. Cuttle. She was privileged to look once more on her guest at a luncheon given by the Sudbroke Browns. But he was nothing if not thoughtful, that Eustace Staringarter. On the morning that he left—two days later—his hostess received from him the following note:

"*Dear Mrs. Cuttle:* So sorry not to have seen more of you. Had a fine time. Thanks.

"Faithfully Yours,

"EUSTACE STARINGARTER."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Cuttle, somewhat hurt in spite of a specially well-developed cuticle for such occasions, "that is cool, I must say. No matter how much it hurt him, he might have looked up the old tavern-keeper to say good-by."

After the Newport season the enfeebled participants generally crawl to hot springs or mud baths. It takes two or three weeks of such restoratives to bring them up to normal after their vacation by the sea. And small wonder. Newport is a game for only the hale and hearty.

To understand this, put a pedometer on the flying feet of a Newport day.

A Newport day generally begins, in fact, at half past eight in the evening and ends when the lusty sun is peering over the waters. One person usually attends three affairs an evening, and on a certain memorable night the fashionable set made the following notable record: It dined at Mrs. Cuttle's at the usual time; it danced at Mrs. Cuttle's from ten to twelve; on the stroke of midnight it picked up for the Bathby Dunns' and danced there until three; at this hour Mrs. Holbrook Current claimed the crowd until six. Just then someone had an inspiration. "Let's go down to Bailey's Beach" spoke down a wilted voice. As a result of this suggestion the fiery traveler of the skies, getting up to put the final touches on the rose of Tommy Ogle's breakfast tray, was diverted from his task by the amazing contact of tired brokers and fresh breakers. After their swim, literal or figurative, the gayety-makers dragged their crippled bones back to the Bathby Dunns' for breakfast. It was the end of a perfect day.

The yachts anchored at Newport are a large factor in the life of the place. Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle, of course, never was able to afford one of these fifteen-hundred-dollar-a-day toys. Nevertheless, she, as well as all the other impoverished ones, shared in the benefits of the yachting few. The Sudbroke Browns, the Carl Frederick Commodores, the Blinker Van Feder Nests gave numerous luncheons and dinners on their pretty craft. And often Mrs. Cuttle was one of a week-end party taken for a cruise to Bar Harbor or Block Island.

Newport's Bread Line

Newport bachelors, as I have already said, are recruited largely from the three or four legations which have summer quarters here. These young diplomats are entertained by everybody, and they bring to the lavish entertainments the edge of honest hunger.

Seeing a young Spanish diplomat eating one day at Mrs. Cuttle's, I remarked to her: "Good gracious, just look at that man munching salad!"

"H'm," said Mrs. Cuttle, "you'd munch, too, if you didn't get any more to eat than he does. They're the bread line of Newport."

After I had been with her throughout the season I decided that they were also the ill-bred line. Entertained day after day, the diplomatic corps seldom gives any return for the hospitality heaped upon it. So much so is this the case that one young "Von" became conspicuous because he gave a number of little luncheons and dinners.

For a week after Mr. Stephen Faircope's encounter with Veronica Grey I saw nothing of this luckless lover. Then one day he came and had tea with me. The family was out, and as Hawkins and Parrins left the conservatory, where the tea was always staged at Newport, the young man plunged into the vortex of his gloom.

"Well," said he, "I haven't seen her except at a distance, and then only with that Sheepskin person. But I'm staying round just the same, and some of these days I'm going to meet her and have a talk with her Oh, yes, Mrs. Tinkleton Mannerly Grey doesn't need to think she is done with me yet."

At this moment one of those crowds of excursionists which are driven over Bellevue Avenue in sight-seeing autos was being instructed to a proper appreciation of Newport values.

"And here you have the house of Mrs. Rhinebeck Cuttle, leader of the Four Hundred!" bawled out the driver through his megaphone.

Young Faircope rose indignantly from his chair.

"And to think," said he bitterly, "she prefers this to me and ten thousand a year!"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of articles giving the story of a Social Secretary. The fifth and last will appear in an early issue.

For Fords

Less Carbon
Less Heat

Every make of automobile has its operating problems. Among Ford owners two such problems are: Carbon troubles and Overheating.

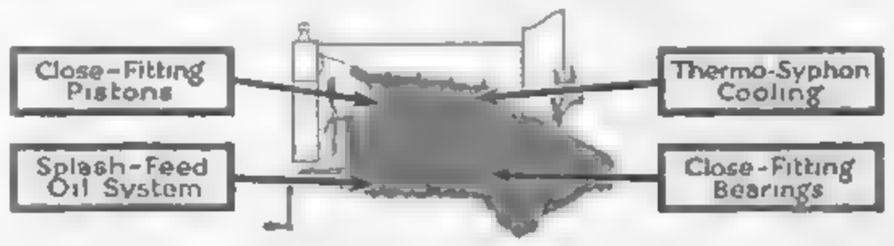
Of course every petroleum-base lubricant in burning must leave a carbon residue.

But carbon residues are of three kinds:

The first—which "cakes" hard on spark-plugs, piston-heads and valves—is the most troublesome.

The second—also troublesome—is an adhesive, sticky or "gummy" carbon, which causes piston rings to stick in their recesses with resultant loss of power and also interferes with valve action.

The third variety of carbon residue forms in a light, dry ash. This light ash is expelled through the exhaust by the natural action of the engine.



The high standing of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" among Ford owners is due to two things:

(1) Its light carbon ash.

In *body* Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is scientifically correct for the Ford piston clearance.

If the oil-level is correct, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" does not work past the piston rings into the combustion chambers in excess quantities. Thus troublesome carbon deposit, so common on incorrectly lubricated Ford cars, is avoided. The slight carbon residue from Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is *a light, dry ash.* It expels naturally through the exhaust.

(2) Its *quality* enables Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" to withstand the high heat in the Ford combustion chambers.

The correctness of the *body* assures complete distribution through the Splash Circulating Lubricating System of Ford cars. Complete protection to all moving parts results. Friction-heat is reduced to a minimum.

Ford owners who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" avoid trouble from overheated motors in summer.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"—An 80c Demonstration

It will cost you less than 80c to fill your Ford crank-case to the proper oil-level with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E". And that trial amount will demonstrate its benefits in the way of—

(1) Lower cost per mile for oil
(2) Lower cost per mile for gasoline
(3) No troublesome carbon
(4) Lessened tendency to overheating
(5) Full power—particularly on the hills

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches: [illegible] Chicago Philadelphia Indianapolis [illegible]

WHERE THE FIRE — FLASHES AND PUT OUTS — THE FIRE IS OUT

MONEY you put into a Grinnell System comes back to you year after year in reduced insurance premiums. If you don't want to invest your own money, you can let the savings, as they occur annually, pay the bill.

—o—

CHEER UP!——the larger your insurance premiums the more we can save you.

The Grinnell is the sprinkler system that has been chosen by clear-thinking captains-of-industry.

GRINNELLS are the machine guns of fire protection—they shoot quick and keep on shooting. Real preparedness against fire means a battery of these little automatic fire fighters on your ceilings.

ARE you safe from fire, are you paying too much for insurance? Don't theorize; get the facts. If you want to put the brakes on Theory and jam down the accelerator on Facts, send for the Grinnell Information Blank. Address the General Fire Extinguisher Co., 277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

Sprinklered hotel advertisement: Every room in this hotel has *two* baths—a tub for patrons and a shower for *fires*.

☞ "When all Louisville Laughed" is a good story by Theodore Ahrens, the Captain of Industry who makes Standard Sanitary bath room fixtures. Read it in the advertising section of this month's Scribner's and Harper's.

§ § §

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND factories contain 100 miles of piping and 60,000 Grinnell sprinkler-heads. This business will not be interrupted by fire.

FORTY-THREE LAUNDRIES that installed Grinnell Sprinklers got an average insurance rate reduction of 74%. This whole business story is told in the words of the men who made the savings in our booklet on "Laundry Fire Protection". Send for it.

GRINNELL AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

Tiolene
IN STEEL DRUMS FOR PRIVATE USE
The MOTOR OIL that's Clean
TIONA OIL CO. BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

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DU PONT FABRIKOID
RAYNTITE
TOP MATERIAL
Single texture. Light and strong. Sheds water like a duck's back. Guaranteed one year against leaking, but built to last the life of the car. Any top maker can supply it.

Big Value Told In A Small Advertisement—It Will Pay You to Investigate

Glide Automobiles

1917 Light Six "40" $1125

RUTENBER high-speed, 3½ x 5 motor, Brown-Lipe transmission in aluminum case—not an iron case, which is much cheaper but adds weight; Spicer universal joint and propeller shaft; Brown-Lipe differential; 34 x 4 Goodyear rims and tires—not 32 x 4 or 33 x 4; 119-inch wheel-base; Westinghouse ignition, starting and lighting system. Beautiful, roomy, 5-passenger body.

Our Free Catalog Tells the Story

THE BARTHOLOMEW CO., 275 Glide Street, Peoria, Ill.

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

(Continued from Page 21)

"How long will it take? I want to get on. This does not interest me. I have seen many natives."

Kingozi smiled.

"Two days of visit. Then perhaps a week to get *potio* and guides."

"Impossible! I could not endure it!"

"I am afraid you will have to. I know the untamed savage. He is inclined to be friendly always. If you hurry the process you must fight. That's the trouble with a big mob like yours. It is difficult to feed so many peacefully. Even in a rich country they bring in *potio* slowly, a cupful at a time. With the best intentions in the world you may have to use coercion to keep from starving. And coercion means trouble. Look at Stanley—he left hostilities everywhere that have lasted up to now. The people were well-enough disposed when he came among them with his six or eight hundred men. But he had to have food and he had to have it quickly. He could not wait for slow, diplomatic methods. He had to *take* it. Even when you pay for a thing, that doesn't work. The news traveled ahead of him, and the result was he had to fight. And everybody else has had to fight ever since."

"That is interesting. I did not know that."

"A small party can negotiate. That's why I say you have too many men."

"But the time wasted!" she cried aghast.

"Time is nothing in Africa." He went on to tell her of the two travelers in Rhodesia who came upon a river so wide that they could not see from one bank to the other; and so swift that rafts were of little avail. So one man went back for a folding boat, while the other camped by the stream. Four months later the first man returned with the boat. The "river" had dried up completely!

"They didn't mind," said Kingozi; "they thought it a huge joke."

An hour before sundown signs of activity manifested themselves from the direction of the invisible village. A thin, high, wailing chant in female voices came fitfully to their ears. A compact little group of men rounded the bend and approached. Their gait was slow and stately.

"Well," remarked Kingozi, feeling for his pipe, "we are going to be honored by that visit from His Majesty."

The Leopard Woman leaned forward and surveyed the approaching men with some interest. They were four in number. Three were naked, their bodies oiled until they glistened with a high polish. One of them carried a battered old canvas steamer chair, one a fan of ostrich plumes, and one a long gourd heavily decorated with cowrie shells. The fourth was an impressive individual in middle life, hawk-faced, tall and spare, carrying himself with great dignity. He wore a number of anklets and armlets of polished wire, a broad beaded collar, heavy earrings, and a sumptuous robe of softened goatskins embroidered with beads and cowrie shells. As he strode his anklets clashed softly. His stride was free, and he walked with authority. Altogether an impressive figure.

"The *sultani* is a fine-looking man," observed Bibi-ya-chui. "I suppose the others are slaves."

Kingozi threw a careless glance in the direction of the approaching group.

"Not the *sultani*, some understrapper. Chief Hereditary Guardian of the Royal Chair, or something of that sort, I dare say."

The tall man approached, smiling graciously. Kingozi vouchsafed him no attention. Visibly impressed, the newcomer rather fussily superintended the unfolding and placing of the chair. The slaves with the plumed fan and the gourd stationed themselves on each side. The other two slaves fell back.

Now the shrill chanting became more clearly audible. Shortly appeared a procession. Women bearing burdens walked two by two. Armed men with spears and shields flanked them. As they approached it could be seen that they were very gorgeous indeed; the women hung with strings of cowries, bound with glittering brass and iron, bedecked with strings of beads. To one familiar with savage peoples there could be no doubt that these were close to the purple. Each bead, each shell, each bangle of wire had been passed through many, many hands before it reached this remote fastness of barbarity; and in each hand, you may be sure, profits had remained. But the men were more impressive still. Stark naked of every stitch of cloth or of tanned skins, oiled with an unguent carrying a dull red stain, their heads shaved bare save for a small crown patch from which single feathers floated, they symbolized well the warrior stripped for the fray. A broad beaded belt supported a short sword and the *runga* or war club; an oval shield of buffalo hide, brilliantly painted, hung on the left arm; a polished, long-bladed spear was carried in the right hand. And surrounding the face, as a frame, was a queer headdress of black ostrich plumes. Every man of them wore about his ankles a hollow iron bangle of considerable size; and these he clashed loudly one against the other as he walked.

It made a great uproar, this—the clang of the iron, the wild wailing of the women's voices.

Kingozi moved his chair four or five paces to the front.

"I'm sorry," he told her, "but I must ask you to stay where you are. This is an important occasion."

He surveyed the oncoming procession with interest.

"Swagger old beggar," he observed. "His guard are well turned out. You know those markings on the shields are a true heraldry—the patterns mean families, and all that sort of thing."

The chanting grew louder as the procession neared. The warriors stared fiercely straight ahead. Before Kingozi they parted to right and left, forming an aisle leading to his chair. Down this the women came, one by one, still singing, and deposited their burdens at the white man's feet. There were baskets of *m'wembe*, earthen bowls of eggs, fowls, gourds of milk, bundles of fagots and firewood, woven bags of *n'juga* nuts, vegetables, and two small sheep. Kingozi stared indifferently into the distance; but as each gift was added to the others he reached forward to touch it as a sign of acceptance. Their burdens deposited, they took their places in front of the ranks of the warriors.

"Am I supposed to speak?" asked the Leopard Woman.

"Surely."

"Shouldn't we order out our *askaris* with their guns to make the parade?"

"No. We could not hope to equal this show possibly. Our lay is to do the supercilious indifferent." He turned to his attentive satellite. "Cazi Moto," he ordered, "tell our people quietly to go back to their camps. They must not stand and stare at these *shenzis*. And tell M'pishi to make large *balauris* of coffee, and put in plenty of sugar."

Cazi Moto grinned understandingly, and glided away. Shortly the safari men could be seen sauntering unconcernedly back to their little fires.

Suddenly the warriors cried out in a loud voice, and raised their right arms and spears rigidly above their heads. A tall, heavily built man appeared round the bend. He was followed by two young women, who flanked him by a pace or so to the rear. They were so laden with savage riches as to be almost concealed beneath the strings of cowrie shells and bands of beads. In contrast the man wore only a long, black cotton blanket, draped to leave one shoulder and arm bare.

Not an earring, not a bangle, not even a finger ring or a bead strap relieved the somber simplicity of the black robe and the dark skin.

"But this man is an artist!" murmured Bibi-ya-chui. "He understands effect! This is stage-managed!"

The *sultani* approached without haste. He stopped squarely before Kingozi's chair. The latter did not rise. The two men stared into each other's eyes for a full minute, without embarrassment, without contest, without defiance. Then the black man spoke.

"*Jambo, bwana,*" he rumbled in a deep voice.

"*Jambo, sultani,*" replied Kingozi calmly.

They shook hands. With regal deliberation the visitor arranged his robes and sat down in the battered old canvas chair. A silence that lasted nearly five minutes ensued.

"I thank you, *sultani*, for the help your men have given. I thank you for the houses. I thank you for these gifts."

(Continued on Page 57)

DEITZ

REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERIES

WATT Discovered
Steam Value Rising From A Tea Pot
DEITZ Discovered
Vapor Value Rising From An Auto Radiator

DEITZ

Positive Proved Economy

DEITZ VAPOR SYSTEM

Less gasoline—more power—no carbon

Conducts water vapor from Radiator to Carburetor

The Deitz VAPOR System is designed for any type of water-cooled car. It can be attached by any man in 15 to 30 minutes, without driving a screw or boring a hole in your radiator, manifold or engine.

When you have properly installed our Deitz Air Valve in your Radiator Cap—our Deitz Automatic Water Trap on your Radiator Overflow Pipe—our Deitz Hydrator on your Carburetor and connected these with our specially made asbestos packed Flexible Hose, the suction of your Engine will draw pure water VAPOR from the top of the Radiator, continuously moistening the mixture of dry hot air and gas—causing three easily apparent economies—LESS gasoline—MORE power—NO carbon.

Facts you should know

Two-thirds of the carbon created in your Cylinders originates from the lubricating oil which passes around the piston—the other one-third comes from the commercial gasoline.

A moistened mixture produces an explosion with MORE EXPANSION, thereby insuring greater and steadier power—it creates a combined gas and steam force. An engine kept continually free from Carbon Deposits will give you 100% continuous high compression in all cylinders. Furthermore, it is a guarantee of longer life because of the even pressure on all pistons.

Endorsed by thousands of motor car owners

The Deitz VAPOR System, originally known as the "Deitz Automatic Auxiliary Carburetor," is sure, simple and scientific—its action is automatic and positive—nothing to get out of order—simply install and then forget it.

CONVINCING EVIDENCE

It laughs at all altitudes

"At sea level"

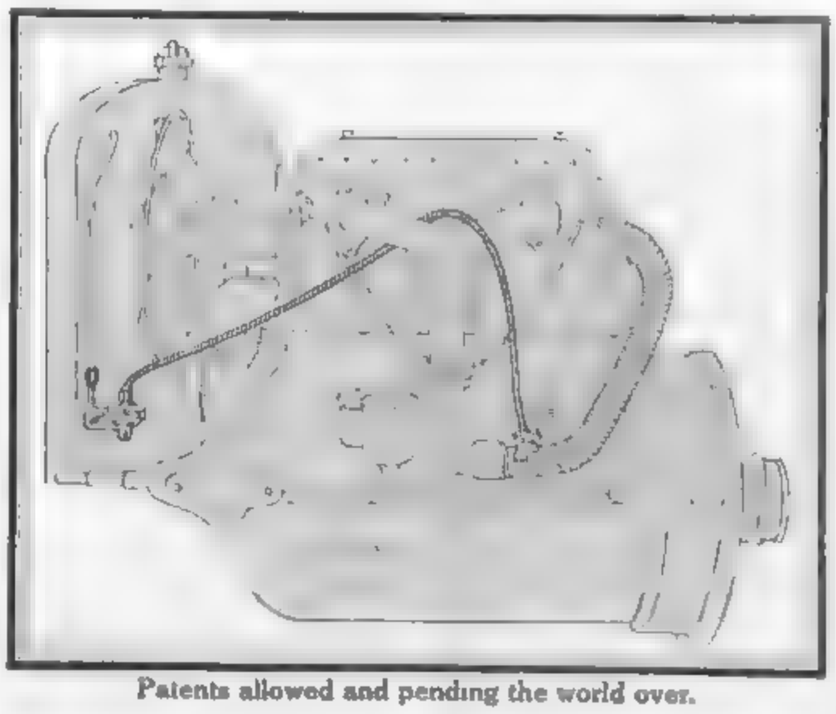
"On the Texas prairies"

"Mid the mists of Niagara"

"One mile high"

"Along the lake shore"

"Up in the clouds"



Patents allowed and pending the world over.

It is a proved scientific fact that water vapor introduced into gas engine cylinders will eliminate carbon—that vapor introduced into a gas explosive mixture will compel complete combustion—therefore with the Deitz VAPOR System you obtain greater power efficiency.

The Deitz VAPOR System cleans your Spark Plugs and keeps them clean—eliminates gas odors—saves gasoline.

You have noticed that your car runs much smoother and more quietly on a damp day. This is caused by the moisture or vapor in the atmosphere. When you attach the Deitz, you obtain the same condition continuously.

It creates "A Rainy Day on a Dry Road."

Announcement

The first Deitz VAPOR System was put on the market March 15th, 1916, and since that date we have delivered to our agencies over 20,000. Our capacity for August will be 15,000, September 20,000 and October 25,000—but our increased production may not keep up with the immediate increased demand so we are going to ask you to be patient with our dealers for a very short time. We have instructed them to fill orders for the Deitz VAPOR System in rotation as received.

In the meantime under no circumstances place your order for anything but an original Deitz VAPOR System. Beware of imitations.

Complete system in brass with steel tubing - - - $6.00

SOLD ON TEN DAYS' TRIAL

Get in touch at once with nearest Deitz Distributor named below or write us direct. A demonstration will convince you.

1124 Michigan Avenue, Chicago — **American Device Co. of Delaware** — 105 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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Kansas, Auto Supply & Tire Co., Wichita.
Michigan, Brown & Sahler, Grand Rapids.
Minnesota, Mills Motor Mart, 344 North Exchange Street, St. Paul.
Missouri, Ben Spitz & Co., 1606 Grand Avenue, Kansas City.
Montana, Montana Device Co., Butte.
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New Jersey, William H Savery, 230 Du Pont Bldg., Wilmington, Del.
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West Virginia, Eugene Bready, Harpers Ferry.
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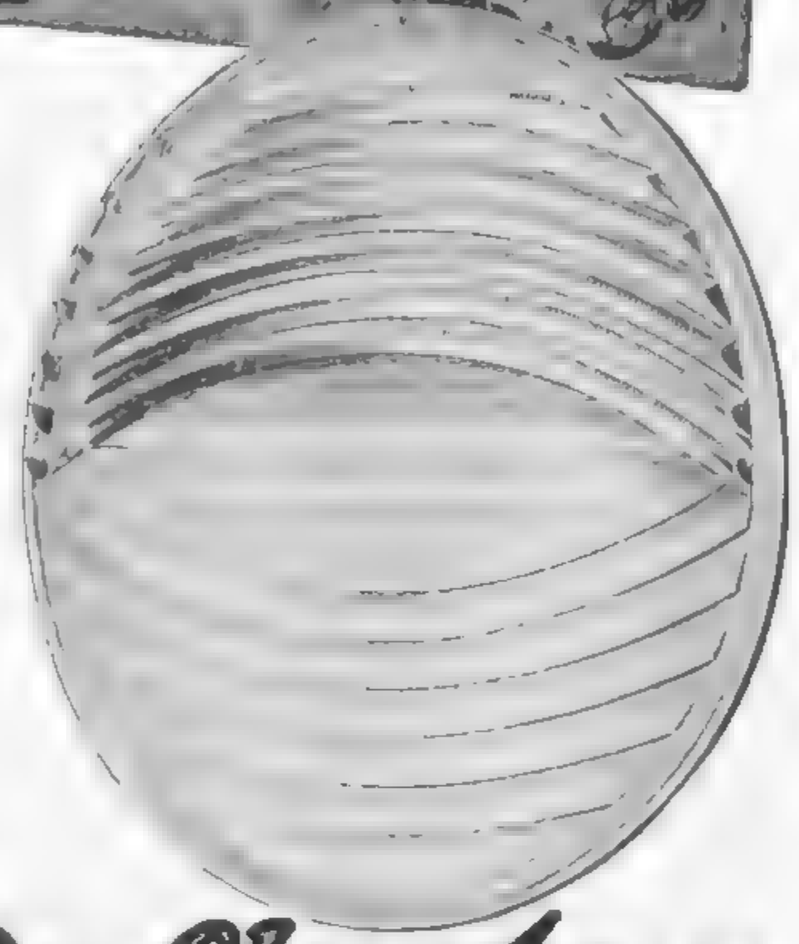
The last element of danger removed from
Night Auto Driving

The solution of the problem of safe driving at night is finally found in the Osgood Deflector Lens. Not a dimmer—not a diffuser, but a prismatic glass lens that fits into your lamps in place of plain lenses and deflects the light downward.

It accomplishes the vital functions of automobile illumination, to wit:

—lights ample distance ahead for highest speed
—no blinding glare.
—places light where needed.
—avoids necessity of dimmers.

The Osgood Lens—because of its deflecting power due to its prismatic principle—casts the light rays exactly where you need them—along the ground far ahead, and to both sides.



OSGOOD *Deflector* LENS

Lights the Ground-Not the Air

Indorsed and Approved by Police Officials Everywhere

The Osgood Deflector Lens is the only lens made on these scientific principles.

Light experts found that the prismatic principle was the correct way to deflect the rays downward without great loss of light and without causing a dazzling glare.

Instead of seriously diminishing the light, the Osgood Lens gives you sufficient light of full intensity along the ground where you want it most. With rays only 3½ feet high, they are below the eye level of approaching drivers and pedestrians.

You know that light that is cast up in the air is wasted. No motorist needs to illuminate the tree tops or house roofs.

Light cast from an Osgood Deflector Lens will penetrate the densest fog—the heaviest mist or thickest smoke, and is an ideal light for city driving in crowded thoroughfares or for country driving on the narrowest of roads.

In cities wherever an automobile light ordinance is in force the Osgood Lens is approved and indorsed by police officials.

For country driving this wonderful deflecting lens lights the road far ahead for greatest speed and avoids the need of constantly switching dimmers on and off when passing other cars.

It makes night driving absolutely safe anywhere, any time and under any conditions. Every road obstruction and depression is visible for 500 feet. No need to fear holes, rocks or other road obstacles when your lamps are equipped with Osgood Lenses.

If you meet a car at night and the driver ignores your signal and does not dim his lights, yet the lights do not dazzle you, do not accuse him of discourtesy—his lamps are equipped with Osgood Lenses.

The Osgood Deflector Lens is the only lens to our knowledge that will meet these two remarkable tests:

On a Packard Twin Six, the lamps, equipped with the Osgood Deflector Lenses, threw the rays close to the ground and lit the road over 500 feet ahead. (This car, going 25 miles an hour, was stopped with foot brakes within 100 feet—well inside the lighted area cast by the Osgood Lenses.)

Another night test—with two Packard Twin Sixes, both equipped with Osgood Lenses, passed each other on a narrow country road in opposite directions, each going 30 miles an hour, without hesitation or inconvenience on the part of the drivers.

The Osgood Deflector Lens can easily be attached in a few minutes. Simply remove the plain glass lenses and insert the Osgood Lenses in place and focus and point the headlights properly—no trouble—no bother and nothing complicated. Their neat appearance will add to the attractiveness of your car.

The low price will repay you many times in the feeling of security they afford. Good accessory and garage dealers sell them at $2.50 to $5.25 a pair, according to size. If your dealer hasn't them send us the size of the illuminated opening of your lamps and we will tell you the price of the size you require and see that you are supplied.

Dealers, write to us or nearest distributor below for very attractive offer.

The Osgood Lens & Supply Co., Dept. A, 1241 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Distributors:

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Nashville, Tenn.
Memphis, Tenn.
CANADA
Toronto, Montreal
Winnipeg, Vancouver

(Continued from Page 54)

The *sultani* waved his hand magnificently.

"It is not the custom of white men to give gifts until their departure," continued Kingozi, "but this knife is yours to make friendship."

He handed over a knife, the blade of which disappeared into the handle in a most curious fashion. The *sultani's* eyes lit up with an almost childish delight, but his countenance showed no emotion. He passed the knife on to the dignitary who stood behind his chair.

"This," said Kingozi, taking one of the steaming *balauris* from Cazi Moto, "is the white man's *lembo*."

The *sultani* tasted doubtfully. He was pleased. He gave back the *balauri* at last with a final smack of the lips.

"Good!" said he.

Another full five minutes of silence ensued. Then the *sultani* arose. He cast a glance about him, his eye, avid with curiosity, held rigidly in restraint. It rested on the Leopard Woman.

"I see you have one of your women with you," he remarked.

He turned, without further ceremony, and stalked off, followed at a few paces by the two richly ornamented girls. The warriors again raised their spears aloft, holding them thus until their lord had rounded the cliff. Then, the women in precedence, they marched away. Kingozi puffed his pipe indifferently.

The Leopard Woman was visibly impatient, visibly roused.

"Are you letting him go?" she demanded. "Do not you inquire the country? Do not you ask for *potio*, for guides?"

"Not to-day," replied Kingozi. He deliberately turned to face her, his eyes serious. "Please realize once for all that we live here only by force of prestige. My only chance of getting on, our only chance of safety, rests on my ability to impress this man with the idea that I am a bigger lord than he. And, remember, I have lived in savage Africa for fifteen years, and I know what I am doing. This is very serious. You must not interfere, and you must not suggest."

The Leopard Woman's eyes glittered dangerously, but she controlled herself.

"You talk like a sultan yourself," she protested at length. "You should not use that tone to me."

Kingozi brushed the point aside with a large gesture.

"I will play the game of courtesy with you, yes," said he, "but only when it does not interfere with serious things. In this matter there must be no indefiniteness, no chance for misunderstanding. Politeness, between the sexes, means both. I will repeat: In this you must leave me free hand—no interference, no suggestion."

"And if I disobey your commands?" she challenged with an emphasis on the last word.

He surveyed her somberly.

"I should take measures," he replied finally.

"You are not my master; you are not the master of my men!"

Kingozi permitted himself a slight smile.

"If you believe that last statement just try to give an order to your men counter to an order of mine. You would see. And, of course, in case of a real crisis I should have to make myself master of you if you seemed likely to be troublesome."

"I would kill you! I warn you, I go always armed!"

From the folds of her silken robe she produced a small automatic pistol, which she displayed. Kingozi glanced at it indifferently.

"In that case you would have to kill yourself too; and then it would not matter to either of us."

"I find you insufferable!" she cried, getting to her feet.

She moved away in the direction of her camp. The faithful Nubian folded her chair and followed. At the doorway of her tent she looked back. Kingozi, his black pipe in his mouth, was bending absorbedly over his map.

XI

THE Leopard Woman, emerging from her tent shortly after sun-up the next morning, saw across the opening her own *askaris* being drilled by Kingozi, Simba and Cazi Moto. Evidently the instruction was in rifle fire. Two were getting individual treatment: Simba and Cazi Moto were putting them through a careful course in aiming and pulling the trigger on empty guns. Kingozi sat on a chop box in the shade, gripping his eternal pipe, and issuing curt orders and criticisms to the baker's dozen before him. When he saw the Leopard Woman he arose and strolled in her direction.

"That's the worst lot of so-called *askaris* I ever saw," he remarked. "Where did you pick them up?"

His manner was entirely unconscious of any discussions or dissensions. He looked into her eyes and smiled genially.

"I took them from the recruiting man as they came," she replied. As always the deeps of her eyes were enigmatical; but the surfaces, at least, of her mood answered his.

"They know how to load a gun, and that is about all. I don't believe one of them ever fired a weapon before this trip. They haven't the most rudimentary ideas of aiming. Don't even know what sights are for. My boys will soon whip them into some sort of shape. I came over to see how much ammunition you have for their muskets. They really ought to fire a few rounds, after a week of aiming and snapping. Then they'll be of some use. Not much, though."

"I really don't know," she answered his question. "Chaké will look and see."

"Send him over to report when he finds out," requested Kingozi, preparing to return.

"What move does your wisdom contemplate to-day?" she called after him.

"Oh, return his majesty's visit this afternoon. Like to go?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I'll let you know when. And if you go, you must be content to stand two or three yards behind me, and to say nothing."

She flushed, but answered steadily enough:

"I'll remember."

It was nearing sundown when Kingozi emerged from his tent and gave the signal to move. He had for the first time strapped on a heavy revolver; his glasses hung from his neck; his sleeve was turned back to show his wrist watch; and, again for the first time, he had assumed a military-looking tunic. He carried his double rifle.

"Got on everything I own," he grinned.

Simba and Cazi Moto waited near. From the mysterious sources every native African seems to possess, they had produced new hats and various trinkets. Their khakis had been fresh washed so they looked neat and trim.

The Leopard Woman wore still one of her silken negligées, and the jewel on her forehead; but her hair had been piled high on her head. Kingozi surveyed her with some particularity. She noted the fact. Her satisfaction would have diminished could she have read his mind. He was thinking that her appearance was sufficiently barbaric to impress a barbaric king.

They rounded the point of cliffs, and the village lay before them. It rambled up the side of the mountain, hundreds of beehive houses perched and clinging, with paths from one to the other. The approach was through a narrow, straight lane of thorn and aloes, so thick and so spiky that no living thing bigger than a mouse could have forced its way through the walls. The end of this vista was a heavy palisade of timbers, through which a door led into a circular inclosure ten feet in diameter, on the other side of which another door opened into the village. Above each of these doors massive timbers were suspended, ready to fall at the cut of a sword. Within the little inclosure or double gate squatted a man before a great drum.

"They're pretty well fixed here," observed Kingozi, critically. "Nobody can get at them except down that lane. The mountains are impassable because of the thorn. They must use arrows."

"Why?" asked the Leopard Woman.

"The form of their defense. They shoot between the logs of the palisade down the narrow lane. If they fought only with spears the lane would be shorter, and it would be defended on the flank."

"Why don't they defend it on the flank also, even with arrows?" asked the Leopard Woman shrewdly.

"'It is not the custom,'" quoted Kingozi in the vernacular. "Don't ask me why a savage does things. I only know he does."

Their conversation was drowned by the sound of the drum. The guardian did not beat it, but rubbed the head rapidly with the stick, modifying the pressure scientifically until the vibrations had well started. It roared hollowly, like some great bull.

The visitors passed through the defensive anteroom and entered the village inclosure. On the flat below the hills, heretofore invisible, stood half a dozen large

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houses. At the end, where the cañon began to narrow, a fence gleamed dazzlingly white. From this distance the four-foot posts, planted in proximity like a stockade, looked to have been whitewashed.

People were appearing everywhere. The crags and points of the hills were filling with bold black figures silhouetted against the sky. Men, women, children and dogs sprang up from the soil apparently. As though by magic the flat open space became animated.

Paying no attention to any of this interesting confusion Kingozi sauntered straight ahead. At his command the Leopard Woman had dropped a pace to the rear.

"The royal palace is behind the white fence," he volunteered over his shoulder.

They approached the sacred precincts, but while yet fifty yards distant Kingozi stopped with an exclamation. He turned to the Leopard Woman, and for the first time she saw on his face and in his eyes a genuine and unconcealed excitement.

"My Lord!" he cried to her. "Saw ever any man the likes of that!" The white posts of which the fence was made were elephants' tusks! "Kingdom coming, what a sight!" murmured Kingozi. "Why, there are hundreds and hundreds of them and the smallest worth not less than fifty pounds!"

"What magnificence!" she replied. "The thought is great—a palace of ivory! This is kingly!"

But the light had died in Kingozi's eyes. "Won't do!" he muttered to her. "Compose your face. Come."

Without another glance at the magnificent tusks he marched on through the open gate.

Other drums, many drums, were roaring all about. The cliff of the cañon was filled with sound, that buffeted back and forth until it seemed that it must rise above the hills and overflow the world. A chattering and hurrying of people could be heard as an undertone.

The small inclosure was occupied by a dozen of the plumed warriors who had now snatched up emblazoned shields and polished spears, and stood rigidly at attention.

Kingozi walked deliberately about, looking with detached interest at the various people and objects the corral contained. He had very much the air of a man sauntering idly about a museum, with all the time in the world on his hands and nowhere much to go. Simba and Cazi Moto remained near the gate. The Leopard Woman, not knowing what else to do, trailed after him. This continued for some time. At last her impatience overcame her.

"I suppose I may talk," said she resentfully. "How much longer must this go on? Why do not you make your call and have it over?"

Kingozi laughed.

"You do not know this game. Inside old Stick-in-the-Mud is waiting in all his grandeur. He expects me to go in to him. I am going to wait until he comes out to me. Prestige again."

He examined minutely the tusks comprising the stockade. They had been arranged somewhat according to size, with the curve outward. Kingozi spent some time estimating them.

"Fortune here for someone," he observed.

At the end of an hour the *sultani* gave up the contest and appeared, smiling, unconcerned. The men greeted each other, exchanged a few words. Women emerged from the house, carrying *tembo* in gourd bottles and smaller half-gourds from which to drink it. Their eyes were large with curiosity as to this man and woman of a new species. Kingozi touched his lips to the *tembo*. They exchanged a few words, and shook hands again. Then Kingozi turned away and, followed by the Leopard Woman and his two men, walked out through the ivory gateway, down through the open flat, under the fortified portal, and so down the lane of spiky walls. The drums roared louder and louder. Warriors in spear, shield and plumed headdress stood rigid as they passed. People by the hundreds gazed at them openly, peered at them from behind doors or looked down on them from the crags above. They rounded the corner of the cliff. Before them lay their own quiet, peaceful camp.

"That seemed to be all right?" suggested the Leopard Woman, ranging alongside again.

"They didn't spear us, if that's what you mean. We can tell more about it to-morrow."

"What will happen to-morrow?"

"Yesterday and to-day finished the side and ceremony. If to-morrow old Stick-in-the-Mud drifts round quite on his own, like any other *shenzi*, and if the women come into camp freely, why then we're all right."

"And otherwise?"

"Well, if the *sultani* stays away, and if you don't see any women at all, and if the men are painted and carry their shields—they will always carry their spears—that won't be so favorable."

"In which case we fight?"

"No, I'll alter my diplomacy. There's a vast difference between mere unfriendliness and hostility. I think I can handle the former all right. I wish I knew a little more of their language. Swahili hardly fills the bill. I'll see what I can do with it in the next few days."

"You cannot learn a language in a few days!" she objected incredulously.

"Of course not. But I seem to know the general root idea of this patter. It isn't unlike the N'gruimi—same root likely—a bastard combination of Bantu-Masai stock."

She looked at him.

"You know," she told him slowly, "I am beginning to believe you *savant*."

"I have a little knowledge of how to go at them, that's true. That's about the only claim I have to being *savant*, as you call it. My book knowledge and fact knowledge is equaled by a great many, and exceeded by many more. But mere knowledge of facts doesn't get far in practice," he laughed. "Lord, these scientists! Helpless as children!" He sobered again. "There's one man has the science and the psychology both. He's a wonderful person. He knows the native objectively as I never shall, and subjectively as well if not better. It is a rare combination. He's way over west of us somewhere now in the Congo headwaters—a Bavarian, name Winkleman."

Had Kingozi been looking at her he would have seen the Leopard Woman's frame stiffen at the mention of this name. For a moment she said nothing.

"I know the name—he is great scientist," she managed to say.

"He is more than a great scientist, he is a great humanist. No man has more insight, more sympathetic insight, into the native mind. A man of vast influence."

They had reached Kingozi's camp under the great tree. He began to unbuckle his equipment. But the Leopard Woman did not proceed to her own camp.

"I am interested," said she. "This Winkleman—he has vast influence. More than yourself?"

"That is hard to say," laughed Kingozi. "I should suppose so."

She caught at a hint of reluctant pride in his voice.

"Let us suppose," said she—"let us suppose that you wanted one thing of natives and Winkleman wanted another thing. Which would succeed?"

"Neither. We'd both be speared," replied Kingozi promptly. "Positive and negative poles, and all that sort of thing."

She puzzled over this a moment, trying to cast her question in a new form.

"But suppose this—suppose Winkleman had obtained his wish. Could you overcome his influence and what-you-call substitute your own?"

"No more than he could substitute his were the cases reversed. I've confidence enough in myself and knowledge enough of Winkleman to guarantee that."

"So it would depend on who got there first?" she persisted. "That is your opinion?"

"Why, yes. But what does it matter?"

"It amuses me to get knowledge. I admire your handling of these people. You must be patient and explain. It is all new to me, although I thought I had much experience." She arose. "I am tired now. I go to the *siesta*."

Kingozi stared after her retreating figure. The direct form of her questions had stirred again suspicions that had become vague.

"What's she driving at?" he asked the uncomprehending Simba in English. He considered the question for some moments. "Don't even know her name or nationality," he confessed to himself after a while. "She's a queer one. I suppose I'll have to give her a man or so to help her back across the Thirst." He pondered again. "I might take her *askaris*. Country will feed them now. I'll have a business talk with her."

As the tone of voice sounded final to Simba he ventured his usual reply.

"Yes, sah!" said Simba.

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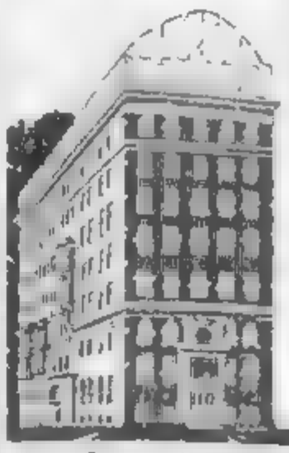

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Continued on Page 63

MY UNCLE'S WILL AND MINE—By George Lee Burton

II

"WE HAD insisted on doing a cash business in our store from the start—we had to. Our savings system helped us; our insisting on their saving made our customers have more money, and made them feel in a way that we were a part of their savings bank.

"After three years of keeping store out there, three years of constant hard work, with Susie Lou working hard, too, and Patsy doing all one could expect and more, as she finished up her high-school course, we found ourselves with a good trade. We had put the building into excellent condition for such an old one, had all the rooms for our own use now, with electric lights and a bath, and had a good stock of groceries of the seconds and lower grades.

"We felt—I felt especially—a glow of satisfaction at having at last made good. But after all, when I thought it over by myself when alone in the store or before I went to sleep at nights, I realized it was only because I had to. With Susie Lou and Patsy back of me, and Uncle Joe's money dangling before us all, I couldn't have done anything else.

"Every wife and daughter ought to help the man of the family, whether he seems to need it or not. And when a fellow doesn't seem to be getting along in anything but years, why it's up to the wife and children to look into the matter and see if it's their fault.

"If they took hold with brains and hands and self-denial maybe they could pull him up and get him started, then stand back of him and push. That's what a lot of American homes need—helping wives and daughters. They would find it paid them, too, in the long run.

"It was funny to see how Patsy and Susie Lou had lost much of their pride—or false pride, maybe it was.

"Perhaps they felt the come-down we suffered when we took the grocery had done away with the necessity of striving, of pretending. Maybe they felt they were as good as, had as much as—is that what the term means?—those about them out there at Fifteenth and Blackstone.

"I'm sure they both felt it didn't much matter anyway. In two more years we'd have the money and be away from there, live in elegance, move in society. I don't know how Susie Lou would have stood it at first unless she had had before her the pretty and attractive Patsy, unless she had been thinking so much of what it would mean for her later on."

The Courting of Patsy

"That young Dennis Hart had gotten two or three promotions, and wasn't city salesman any longer. But he kept coming round on Saturday afternoons to see how we were getting on, especially Patsy; and he used to take her out to the theater or to a concert whenever she would let him—which wasn't often.

"'I don't wish to break his heart, you know, dad,' she would confide in me. 'In less than two years now we get the money—and then farewell Denny!'

"But Denny didn't seem to look at it in that way. And when I saw him look at her in that determined fashion, when she wasn't watching, I said to myself:

"'Look out, Patsy and Susie Lou!'

"Dennis could outmanage Susie Lou; for he could see farther ahead, and yet not overlook anything round him either.

"He was a great pleasure to Pat, I could see that; for he had a keen sense of humor. Also she liked to be adored—every young girl does. You know how that is.

"But Dennis just kept on making himself liked, and more and more necessary to Pat, without coming out and saying much, until about four years after we undertook the grocery.

"Then he seemed to think he'd better speak, to give himself plenty of time before the five-year limit was up. I could see how things were going; but I didn't say anything, just did a thinking part. He didn't seem to mind me at all; seemed to feel I was his friend. He would talk to Patsy on Saturday afternoons just as if I wasn't over on the other side of the room.

"One day I was reading the paper, sitting in Uncle Joe's old chair back in the corner, when I became aware they were talking unusually earnestly, and I heard him say

"'I've decided to marry you in spite of the great wealth you are to have—I love you that much, honey!'

"'Indeed!' Pat answered a little faintly. 'Haven't I anything to say about it?'

"'Yes, you may say "Yes," for I'm going up for the license right away.'

"'Well, you can't use it if you do!' Patsy replied with some spirit at last. 'I've got to get our money and marry well—my mother wishes it.'

"He set his jaw a little and looked at her hard. I could tell it from his tone of voice, I knew him so well.

"'You are going to marry me,' he replied. Yet somehow it didn't sound rough when he said it; only determined. I suppose it was the love that made it sound tender after all.

"'Why?' Patsy questioned, and her voice shook a little.

"'Because I love you and you love me—and love is what counts in this life, you know that's true. It counts most of all, Patsy!'

"I leaned forward at that, and saw Patsy blushing deeper than his hair. Her dimples showed plainly when she replied:

"'I am not going to marry anybody for a year or two, not before we get the money and mamma has a chance to bring me out in society. It wouldn't be fair to her, would it?'

"'Maybe not,' he responded. 'Do you think it's fair to me to keep me waiting?'

"'Yes, I do!' Patsy answered with spirit. 'You've no claim, no right; you're only a suitor. But she's my mother—can't you see the difference?'"

Relentless Dennis

"He nodded and was silent a moment, then said earnestly:

"'Perhaps you are right. But tell me one thing—you don't think I'm after your money, do you; that that makes any difference?'

"'No, Denny, I don't,' she replied. And I knew she was right.

"For answer he suddenly bent forward and kissed her.

"I didn't tell her mother, thought I'd let Patsy tell her. And she did, right away; she's that kind of girl.

"Susie Lou got quite excited over the news; though I don't see why she should have been surprised.

"'The idea of such a thing! Don't have anything more to do with that red-headed boy, Patsy. He must not come here any more.'

"Patsy tried to look serious, but her dimples showed.

"'Do you think that's best, mother? It would be a little lonely without his ever coming round, wouldn't it?'

"'No, indeed; we should have more time for planning our society campaign!' she exclaimed energetically.

"The result of it all was a compromise. Dennis wasn't to come much, only once every two weeks. Well, sir, we did fine with the grocery last year—it was last year; made more money than we ever had. We did more business than ever too. We had an old man and a boy to help us, and neither Susie Lou nor Patsy worked as hard as they used to. I worked as hard, but I had gotten used to hustling. I've gotten so used to it that it's become second nature now."

"Second?" I repeated, smiling.

"Yes," he grinned; "you got me there—it's still second." And he leaned back contentedly.

"So you got your fortune last year?" I suggested, to start him again.

"Yes, we got it—got it in the neck!" he responded with another grin. "Do you know the old fraud, Uncle Joe—God bless him! didn't leave anything worth speaking of—only seven hundred and fifty dollars, all told, besides the grocery! Seven hundred and fifty dollars! Why, we had three times that much in the savings bank ourselves!

"Oh, yes, it was all right and straight, straight as a string. We checked it all up with the trust company, as Judge Gibbons

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FOUNDED 1873

VALPARAISO, INDIANA

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Thorough Instruction at Lowest Expense

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VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY was founded with three departments, 4 instructors, and an annual enrollment of 210 different students. Now there are 21 departments, 220 instructors, and an annual enrollment of more than 5000 different students.

THE REASON for this growth is in the fact that this University constantly increases its facilities, strengthens its courses of study, and offers additional advantages without making the expense to the student any greater. The Univeraity is well equipped with buildings, libraries, and laboratories for giving instruction in the following

Departments Preparatory, High School, Primary Methods, Kindergarten Methods, Commerce, Phonography and Typewriting, Review for Teachers, Education, Arts and Sciences, Engineering, Architecture, Mechanical Drawing, Agriculture, Expression and Public Speaking, Music, Fine Art, Domestic Economy, Pharmacy, Law, Medicine and Dentistry.

Agriculture The work of this department leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture. The library and laboratory facilities are comprehensive and include a new building for Domestic Economy and Agriculture, various laboratories, barns, etc., and two tracts of farm land—a small one of seventeen acres and the Pinney Foundation Farm of four hundred acres.

Engineering The Department of Engineering offers courses leading to degrees in Civil and Architectural Engineering. The facilities include a modern and adequate instrument equipment, testing laboratory, cement testing laboratory, machine shops, architectural and free-hand drawing material, etc.

Law The Department of Law stands for sound, legal education, complete utilization of time, and minimum expense. The department facilities include a comfortable building, well appointed recitation and study rooms, a good working law library and the general University Library.

Medicine The Department of Medicine is located in both Valparaiso and Chicago. The Chicago buildings are just across the street from the Cook County Hospital, in one of the greatest medical centers in the world. Two years of the work may be done in Valparaiso, thus greatly reducing the expenses, or the entire four years may be done in Chicago.

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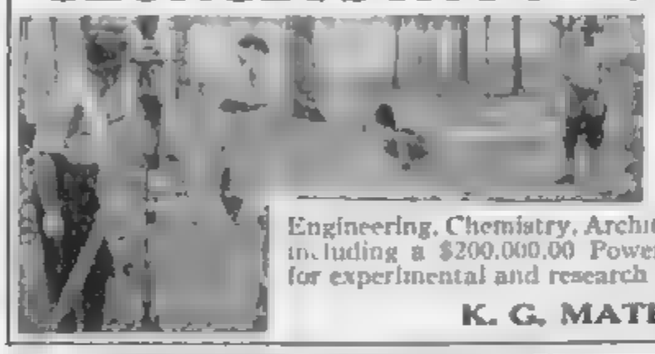

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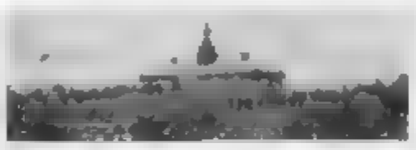

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insisted we should, from that sealed package in the safety-vault box Uncle Joe had left. Just seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold! It was in the package, with a statement from Uncle Joe, which ended with the hope that we had derived much benefit from his devise."

"How did your wife take it?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, it's funny about a woman. You can't ever tell how she'll take anything. I thought I knew Susie Lou; had been living with her twenty-two years; and I'd have sworn she'd have nervous prostration when she found it out. But she didn't, not a bit of it.

"She broke out crying for a while; then looked sick and faint. But in half an hour after they told us she looked relieved, positively relieved, and told me as we went home on the car:

"'Well, R. J., it certainly was a shock, after all we've looked forward to and been through these years. But between you and me, I tell you I feel relieved. It would have been an awful strain to put Patsy through society. Coming so suddenly it would have been a terrible strain on both of us.'

"By 'both' she meant herself and Patsy. I was to have been simply an amiable bystander, a dress-suit escort when needed."

"And your daughter and the—er—Mr. Hart?" I suggested.

"They almost shouted for joy. I never saw or heard of anybody so happy over losing a fortune. Denny's my son-in-law now; they were married at the church the day after we found out. It was a very quiet wedding. 'Owing to a recent bereavement in the family of the bride [the loss of our fortune we never had] the wedding was very quiet, only the families of the contracting parties being present'; is that the way the Society Editor would put it? But I don't believe she put it in at all."

A Monument for Uncle Joe

"Denny's taken the place of both the old man and the boy in the store, and somehow he does the work. Though the way he has of pushing business makes me think we'll need them both again before long. I think Dennis got them temporary places elsewhere just to show me he was willing and able to work.

"The funniest part of it all was the way the three of them tried to comfort me. I think they each felt I was most disappointed of all, because I wouldn't be able to loaf the rest of my life! They didn't come out and say that. Oh, no! They were quite decent about it. But they insisted upon my taking a vacation, the first for five years. They shipped me off to Michigan for a little trip to get some fishing and loafing. I am on my way back now."

"You've had a good trip?"

"There you are—as bad as the rest of them. You want to know whether I've reverted to the born trifler again? No, not exactly. I'm so spoiled by five years of work I can't revert in two weeks. I've enjoyed it, but I got restless the last few days. I got to wondering how things were going at the store, and whether that efficient red-headed son-in-law of mine had been thinking and talking more new ways of pushing business. I guess I'm glad to be getting back."

"So you feel changed?"

"Oh, get out! If I wished to be a hero I'd say I have discovered myself; that I have found I wasn't really incompetent, only lazy and asleep. But I can't even put over my discovery on you now, having told you so much about Susie Lou and Patsy and Uncle Joe. Uncle Joe was a shrewd one, bless his old bones! We're going to take five hundred of that seven-fifty and put up a monument to him!"

Too Much Handicap

AN OLD-TIMER in Arizona heard a bunch of National Guardsmen discussing the report that several hundred Japanese had joined the Mexican army. He was much impressed.

"I don't know as I'd care to go now," he remarked. "Somehow I just naturally don't want to fight any feller who figures it's an honor to die."

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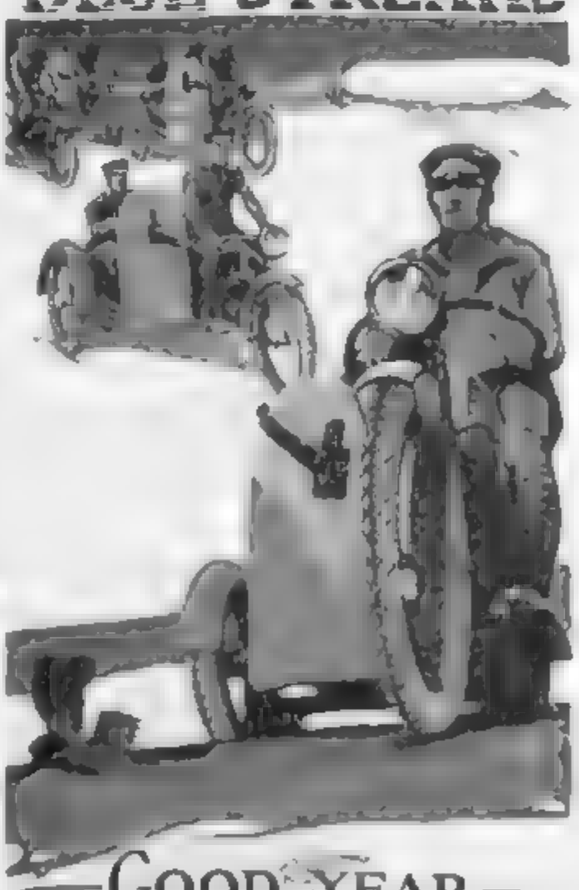

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This man is an expert. He smokes many cigars in the course of business—and he knows that no man who smokes a great deal ought to smoke anything but high-grade Porto Rican leaf. Physicians will tell you that. They are pulling heavy smokers off of strong Havanas every day and putting them on the *naturally mild* Porto Rican cigars.

You *can't make a* "heavy" cigar out of high-grade Porto Rican leaf. That's a fortunate peculiarity of fine Porto Rican tobacco. Yet you cannot make anything but a *rich* cigar out of high-grade Porto Rican. Good Porto Rican gives you all of the satisfying fullness and bouquet *in the smoking*—without the *after*-effect of Havana. A *dark* Porto Rican cigar is *milder* than a *light* Havana. These facts are well known to experts. They may be new to you.

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Previous to the Spanish-American war, Porto Rican tobacco was exported to Cuba. It went into the making of Havana cigars—to give them bouquet and make them sweeter and milder. *It also went into the making of Havana's reputation for fine cigars.*

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But today Porto Rico has the finest and most thoroughly modern cigar factories in the world. She has the expert Spanish workmen. *And she is making the world's finest MILD cigars.*

THE SECRET OF UNITED CIGAR STORES' SUCCESS

We now take the entire output of the best Porto Rican brands. We foresaw the future of Porto Rican cigars under free trade with the United States. We experimented with them, helped to improve their quality by encouraging the manufacturers. Instead of hammering down the wholesale prices, we constantly offered *higher* prices for *better cigars*—and we got them.

We own no factories. We are retailers only. Therefore we are under no temptation to lower manufacturing costs to save money. Our only concern is to please our customers and hold their trade. *We never ask a manufacturer to lower his prices because of our tremendous purchases. We ask him to raise the quality.* We use our tremendous buying power to raise the smoking quality and we lower our own profits to lower the *retail* prices of cigars. That policy, added to courteous and efficient store service, is the secret of United Cigar Stores' success.

RICORO—the "self-made" cigar—is the greatest seller of all Porto Rican brands. (We call RICORO the "self-made" cigar because it made a success on its own *merit*, all by itself, just like the self-made men you hear about. RICORO sold a million a week before we advertised it at all. No ordinary cigar could do that.)

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THANK YOU.

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UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY, at nearest city named below:
New York, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago, First National Bank Bldg. San Francisco, 555 Howard St.

PARIMBAN'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 8)

how he happened to look so peaceful, to show never a mark of violence but that one hand flayed by the sword.

"Who put him in his chair?" he asked aloud.

"I did," said a voice. "Then your boat coming. I was afraid. I did hide in the water."

Parimban's daughter had rejoined them, torch in hand. She wore a robe of salmon-colored silk over a frosty glimmering skirt bound at the waist by a girdle of golden scales. A rainbow marvel covered her bosom—a bodice of Siamese kingfisher feathers, glancing with many soft hues like an enameled corselet.

The boatmen ceased to dig and gaped at her, leaning on their paddles in the grave.

"Go on!" she said scornfully. "Work, you men!"

Some water or woodland *hantu* it surely was, with a girl's form but the lustrous throat of a bird. The gravediggers gave one another a scared look, then fell to obeying her. As she stooped and thrust the butt of her torch into the loose earth which they had cast aside Dan also doubted, in his own way, if she were human.

He had not long to doubt. The girl rose and remained for a moment staring at her murdered father.

"It is done!" she cried. "Our days are ended!"

She turned upon Dan.

"You love him?" she stammered. "You—you did love him?"

And, flinging her arms round the young man's shoulders, she let her courage go.

It was a very mortal body that Dan found himself upholding. Under those fine silks perfumed with camphor leaves it throbbed with unbearable grief.

VI

THEIR escape, which had every reason to be thronged with dangers, proved the easiest thing in the world. Dan's crew had hardly paddled five or six miles along the coast when they saw a red spark and a green spark under the stars, and heard the beat of engines drawing nearer. Dan stood up and swung a torch vigorously, so as to make a kind of firework upon the water—such burning wheels and loops as a boy makes playing with a brand. No one could fail to see them.

"If it's the planters' week-end boat," he said, "she'll pick us up."

The colored sparks, growing larger, suddenly vanished amid the blinding, theatric ray of a searchlight. Dan waved his helmet and shouted, standing upright in a circle of white effulgence that blinked, went out, dodged round them again, and again went out. Then, while it seemed that they were being run down, the invisible steamer ported her helm, "showed her red," and became a floating casino, all bright doors and windows, with music playing on board. She was used to picking up casual passengers off river mouths.

Ten minutes later Dan paid his boatmen very generously, and helped Parimban's daughter up the ladder of the Hiouen Thsang.

"Hello, Puss!" cried an English youngster in plain white uniform. "Oh, I thought 'twas Pussy Cotterell. How are you? What can I do ——"

Dan smiled on this cheerful seafaring babe.

"I want two cabins, please."

The young officer was struck staring, and grasped his beardless chin, dumfounded by a vision of beauty rising from the sea.

"O-o-oh!" said he. "What a ——" Gathering himself together, he became an Earl of Chesterfield. "Beg pardon. The steward's aft. He'll squeeze you in if he can, but really we're full. Rotten crowd going down to town for Easter. Allow me."

Babbling thus, he showed Parimban's daughter an obvious long chair against a bulkhead, and by extraordinary sign language entreated her to sit, as though she were a deaf and dumb Queen of Sheba. She bowed gravely, wrapped a film of scarf across her countenance and followed Mr. Towers.

Under an awning abaft the cabins the great fashionable world sat drinking coffee and liqueurs, all proper, quite as it should be done by ladies and gentlemen. There were tin-wallahs in white evening dress; Scottish bank clerks convivially meditating on Glenlivet; lean, wary British damsels who smoked cigarettes, with their legs crossed; crop-headed quinine planters; Dutch ladies unshod, ungirt and ample; in fact, the apex of civilization, having eaten its dinner, now calmly digested, hearkened unto music, and eyed one another with dislike. A small native orchestra played some new trifle in a bower of breezy potted palms and electric lamps.

"Snip-face Dogans, most of 'em," thought Mr. Towers. He halted a Chinese room steward flitting past.

"Two room, Ah Fee?" he inquired.

The Chinaman shook his head mournfully. "No hab got. No moh loom. Allo finish. Gone in."

Long and spirited discussion, even the sight of much money, failed to alter the steward's mind.

"But this lady can't go sitting on deck all the way!" cried Dan. "She's ready to drop, I tell you."

"No can do."

Towers turned on the company, who sat staring at them.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "can any of you help me? Here's a poor child whose father's just been killed."

He told Parimban's story to the jigging accompaniment of an orchestra. None of his hearers made the least reply, though he heard one cross-legged virgin murmur: "How extraordinary!" They fixed him with solemn eyes, as if he were uttering strange improprieties; and their look gradually made him aware that in truth he was both strange and improper—a muddy, haggard figure from No-man's-land, with a cock-and-bull story which had caused even the musicians to quit playing. Dan's temper was none of the longest; and he did not like certain glances thrown toward Parimban's daughter, behind him. She was leaning on the rail, regarding stars and a black sea with perfect unconcern. But the glances were somehow not right.

"Damn it all," said Dan, "I'm a white man anyhow. Don't seem much to brag of, either."

He was flinging away in disgust when from a chair among shadows by the spare steering gear rose a dumpy little old woman in gray. She passed humbly through that after-dinner company and came straight to Dan.

"Bring the girl into my cabin," she said.

By her dowdy gray clothes and round gray helmet Dan placed her at once. This little wrinkled lady was, beyond doubt, a missionary. Sallow, leathern-cheeked, worn by years of bad climate, she still had fire in her eyes, though they were sunken and magnified behind thick glasses.

"I'm quite respectable." She grinned at the young man's surprise. "Fetch her along to my room and send the doctor. I'll nurse her. You'd better go get yourself a bottle of lemonade or something."

"You're mighty kind, ma'am," he stammered.

"Fudge!" said the missionary lady. "Trot along!"

Later that evening Dan found himself an honored guest on the bridge, among English seamen. Puss Cotterell's friend, the infant Chesterfield, linked arms and made him tell it all again, leaving out nothing.

"But I say, look here," piped the voice of wisdom: "It's all very well, but this girl on your hands, eh? She's a raving beauty, or I never saw one. What are you going to do with her, if you understand me?"

Dan gave a groan.

"With her?" he echoed. "That's it. Hanged if I know!"

VII

HIS uncertainty grew no less with time, but greater. At the next port of call for the Hiouen Thsang his chance friend, the missionary lady, went ashore in a sampan between two Eurasian parsons who shed tears of joy at meeting her. Behind the heavy glasses her own eyes were dry, but twinkled with humorous perplexity.

"Master Dan," she said before disembarking, "you seem a good boy. Are you? I hope so. Wish I could give you letters where you're going, but I don't know anybody there except a horse dealer who cheated me and a banker whose morals are never mind. Take care of our pretty child, won't you? Sugar and spice and gunpowder; fairy princess, tiger cat, angel—that's what she's made of. You dear thing,

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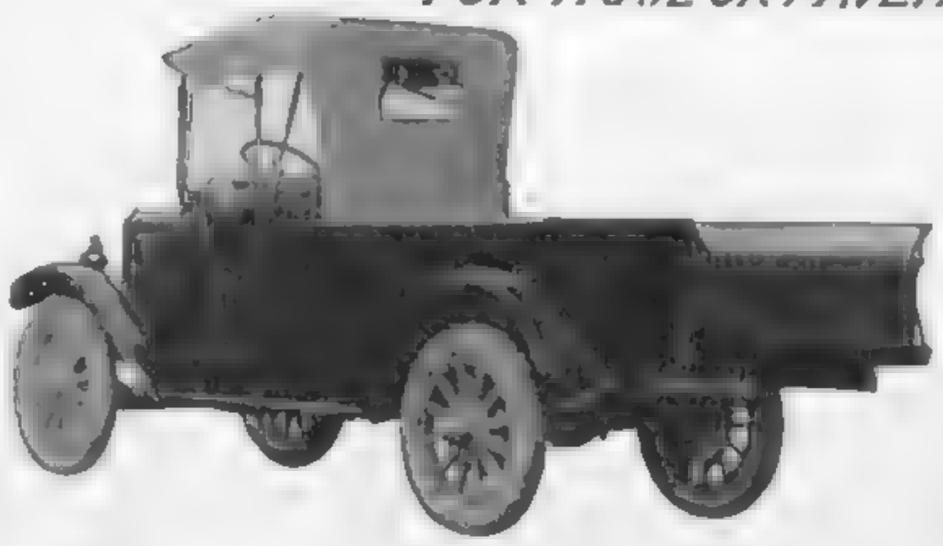

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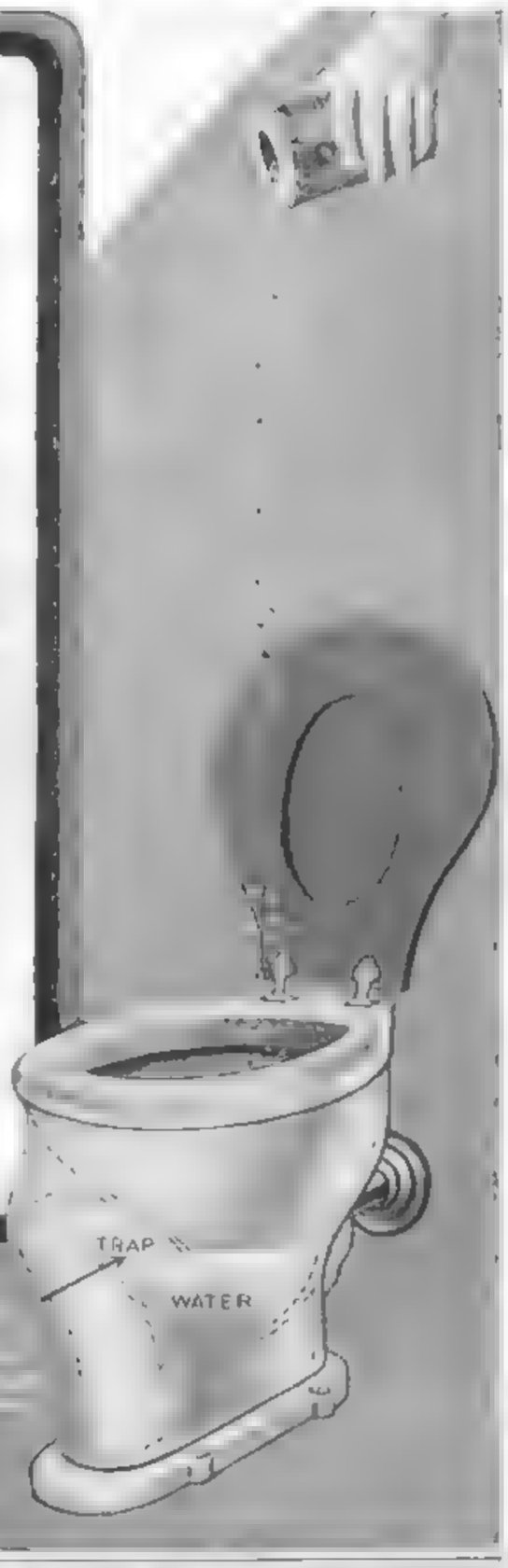

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Iron Clad

keep an old woman's blessing and mind whatever Tuan Dan tells you."

Parimban's daughter embraced her at the gangway amid a staring crowd of Europeans.

"Good-by, my mother," she cried, clinging to that odd little gray body. "I will follow Tuan Dan to the end of the world. But he is very cold to me."

The missionary woman went down the ladder shaking her head.

The rest of their voyage was long and troublous. Dan felt a huge relief when it ended, and they had reached a quiet hotel, where he hired the best room for Parimban's daughter; also an elderly Malay woman, well recommended, to act as ayah, serving maid and watchful dragon. His own quarters he took up in another wing of the hotel. By the missionary woman he had already sent a cable message to his friend Gerit Van Planken, at Palembang, asking him to find the dead Arab's people. Dan awaited the answer cheerfully, but received it otherwise.

It came after tiffin and, being in the nonsense language of a code, required time to be made intelligible. Gerit, a conscientious and able young Hollander, had done his research promptly, thoroughly. Dan felt grateful, even while staring in dismay at the result:

"No go. No thoroughfare."

When the master of the floating house called himself a poor man he had not been joking but speaking literal truth. Once prosperous in the old Sumatran river town where Dan first knew him, Parimban had left few traces there, no family, no estate. Gerit's brief report mentioned losses, troubles, obscure enmities, and some kind of confiscation. "Advise me," it concluded, "if I can be of more service. Letter following."

Letters could not help here, thought Dan. He rose, took his helmet, summoned a ricksha from the veranda, and went trundling off to see what might be accomplished in another quarter, namely, the office of a resident, the grandee of that town.

It was a little, aged seaport, drowned in equatorial heat and silence. Huge *pipal* trees formed a tunnel of dark verdure, under which the red laterite road followed a winding shore, with branch-embowered vistas of the sea, pale blue, glistening like oil. The traffic of Malays and Chinamen passed as a colored vision along this leafy bund. The slap-slap of coolies' bare feet, the light rattle of their ricksha wheels, were movements in a slumber which had lasted throughout history. Dan found the resident commanding this general doze from a shady balcony that looked seaward among tree tops.

"Ah," said the resident wisely, when he had blinked several times over Dan's problem. A placid roly-poly man, who wore white flannel trousers and a jaunty blazer, he lay turning in his lap the folio sheets of a collection of postage stamps. "Curious how things happen, isn't it? Towers—Towers. There was a chap at college with me of that name. Are you by any chance one of his family? Great Mawsley Park I think was their place."

"No," said Dan.

The grandee sighed, petted his gray mustache, and lost whatever animation he had felt.

"Oh." He scrutinized the mounting of a stamp. "If that raid occurred where you say, I fear it's out of my bailiwick. Native state, up there. So the girl's pretty, is she? Some of them are, now and then. She's lucky to get clear away, for the sultan's uncommon fond of pretty ones, I hear. Or is he a sultan? I forget their exact titles, these backwater princes—hmm! Interested at all, are you, in philately?"

"Not to any great extent," drawled Mr. Towers. Though not from Great Mawsley Park, he was yet a citizen of no mean city in America and could afford to smile.

"Rather fun when you've chosen your field," observed the stamp collector. "Frightfully hot this afternoon. Too early for *cha*, I suppose?"

When back in his ricksha below, Dan expressed himself by one word, which would have shocked a resident and routed a missionary lady forever, but to Dan himself did the greatest amount of good.

"Got to hoe this row alone," he decided.

A number of weeds had sprung up during his absence. On the hotel veranda sat two raffish youths who grinned covertly as he approached, so that Dan thought he must know them; but they were strangers—a pair of the pale, unwholesome idlers who disfigure all white men's towns. Dan left them sniggering over their tall drinks and passed on, through a courtyard full of shrubs and gaudy blossoms, to that retired wing of the hotel where Parimban's daughter stayed. The building was all ground floor, with tiled verandas cut into compartments, each fenced by a long stone balustrade. From the farthest compartment, where his charge lived, came sounds of merriment and industry.

He paused at the foot of the stairs. On them squatted two *darzees*, itinerant tailors from Bengal—a black-avised couple, busy and talkative. One of them ground at a hand sewing machine clutched between his bare toes, while the other, chatting and laughing, covered all the veranda with outspread rolls of cloth. Parimban's daughter, in a robe of primrose silk, stood enjoying this confusion, and clapped her hands when she caught sight of Dan.

"They work so quick!" she cried in greeting, and her eyes danced with joy. "They do make my England clothes all soon!"

Her Malay duenna crouched in the background by the doorway, watching the tailors and their goods like an elderly monkey.

"What's doing here?" said Dan.

The bolder of the tailors answered him in fluent babu:

"The lady ordering habit, sir, equivalent of her ee-station. Yess. We not mean box-wallah, sahib. We guaranty tailors by appointment. We cutt, we cutt to the figgah. Memsahib see us make the uncommonly best garment." He smiled a dark and oily smile. "Plenty, plenty! Abundant of enough clothes for a wedding."

Dan looked sternly at Parimban's daughter, and for the first time called her by name:

"Leda, what does this mean?"

Her face, young, clear, light-golden, flushed with a sudden happiness.

"When you call me Leda!" she cried; then, pointing at the rolls of white and colored cloth that lay tumbled on the veranda, tried seriously to explain. "My England clothes!" she said proudly. "Now I can go everywhere with you, Tuan Dan, and the people are not looking so hard to us."

Dan felt a pang of remorse, to see her there, delighted, playful, beset with these carnying ruffians.

"I hate the green-water eyes looking hard. Now we can go everywhere, you and I everywhere!"

VIII

IT WAS not so. They walked the streets of that drowsy port, she in her trim European white and a new helmet, Dan playing guardian, to encounter more stares than ever. The hotel dining room, like any hotel dining room, crowded with tourists and gossiping merchants, was much worse, for it seemed all fluttering punkahs and fixed eyes. After a few days of trial Dan sent Parimban's daughter back to her own veranda at mealtime, and walked abroad with her only at dusk.

When Gerit's letter from Palembang came it brought neither consolation nor advice. There was nothing to hope from that quarter.

Dan read the letter in his own room by lamplight, sat thinking for a while, then rose and went pacing back and forth among the tall shrubs in the courtyard. It was a mild evening, soft stars overhead, with now and then a draft of coolness, rather than a breeze, from off the salt water. As he walked and meditated Dan suddenly heard voices murmuring near by—the subdued voices of men talking privacy. Some one chuckled.

"But, you know, you're such an awfully pretty girl," drawled a far too gentle, languid voice, which affected the listener like the crawling of a slug. "Pretty girls ought not to stay always in the house. Your friend doesn't mind. In fact, he told us to ask you ——"

Dan broke through a screen of dangling plantain leaves, and in a few strides reached the lamplighted veranda where Leda stood. She leaned one hand on the dinner table and was smiling—a figure of unguarded innocence. With elbows upon the balustrade before her lolled the two raffish youths whom Dan had seen formerly. They were exchanging nudges. The mere look of their shapeless backs, he thought, was an offense to manhood.

"Ow, no," said one, fanning himself with a Panama hat. "Your friend's a good chep, the best alive-oh. He wown't object to our

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

taking a little strowl. Come on. It's a perfectly lovely night."

Dan walked in between them, and with fingers and thumb nipping each by an ear, restrained himself from tearing away what he had hold of. With one motion he wheeled this degenerate pair about face.

"Shut off the Mandalay music," he said. And by two accurately planted kicks he projected them into a Chinese gardener's idea of topiarian art.

"*Burra suar!*" he muttered as he kicked the Panama hat after them.

When he had gone up into the veranda Parimban's daughter remained motionless, hand on table, eying him strangely.

"Why you did throw them?" she asked in anger. "They were laughing."

Dan gave a nod.

"Just so," he replied. "But they were laughing at you, Leda."

She grew rigid and visibly taller.

"They?" Her voice turned shrill, then broke. "Me?"

Her clear golden-brown face darkened with a hot flush. How much she had understood he could not tell; but without another word she took from beside her plate a table knife, which, holding it by the blade, she presented him in ceremonial fashion, as if it had been the sword of Zulkarnein.

"Go kill," she commanded. "Go kill them."

Dan took the flimsy knife and stood bending it while he thought.

"My dear child," he made answer at last, "it ain't my custom. White men don't amok like that."

The fine scarlet lips turned scornful.

"No," said Leda. "White men are no good"

Dan agreed at once.

"They're not." He spoke the truth as hard experience had taught him. "They're not. Neither are yellow, black, red or green ones. All men are bad. Customs differ. I'm trying to do the best thing by you, though. Where's your ayah? She was hired to look after you, Leda."

The girl made a motion of dismissal toward the night.

"That old woman? I beated her away," she answered. "She was bad. I told her you will put her in the House of Sorrow. She did bring a rich Chinaman here while you were gone. I did spit on him."

Dan laid the knife gently on the table, sat down, and took his head in both hands. It was intolerable, the state of affairs which he, with the best intention, had brought to pass—a state which could not grow better, which certainly would grow worse. He stared out into the evening. Beyond the reach of the lamplight hung a dark tangle of motionless pennant leaves, the stars above them, and underneath in gaps the firefly twinkle of ricksha lanterns flitting steadily in a line against an outer darkness which was the sea.

Horror besieged him, a ghostly army of discouragement, in which longing for home pressed alongside with bodily weariness, disgust, pity for Leda, and a hateful sense of the vastness, the complexity, the teeming and heartless and immemorial beauty of the Orient.

"What shall I do?" he asked aloud. "How can I leave you alone here?"

With that, to the overthrow of what firmness he had retained, came Leda running, throwing herself down before him and clasping his knees.

"You must not never leave me! I will go where you go!" she moaned; then forsook the poor English for the music of her own tongue. "When you came to my house in the *tambangan* I saw you and feared you, and ran up from the water as a child runs from a swimming sea tiger. Again between the curtains I looked on you, seeing your beautiful gray eyes full of bright love for my father, while you listened to him and were his son. That time also I ran and hid myself, but gladly. The night came, you remember? And I made a song. I was happy, for I made the song of you, the pantun to you."

The child clasped her hands above his knees and laid her chin upon her hands. He saw her great eyes like pools of the sorcerer's ink, filled with a dangerous future.

"*Home to his brethren the Wanderer passes,*
Happy and high, to the sunset afar ——"

She sang and paused for breath.

"That was you, Gray-Eyes the Valiant. I was the lost river, among the swamps, dreaming of her star."

Dan looked upon her wildly, as a man might look down into perdition.

"Don't, girl! Don't!" he said.

The breath of her presence had caught him like the wind careening a boat. She was so very young, so lovely; and she had spoken

He stood up awkwardly.

"Rise, Leda," he stammered in Malay. "Your father called me a true heart."

She obeyed humbly and stood there, glowing, transfigured, ready for his command.

"You would go where I go," he said "Yes. But will you stay when I bid you stay?"

Parimban's daughter raised her slim brown hands to her forehead and bowed in the *sembah* of honor.

"You," she answered, "are my father and my mother."

Dan gave a haggard smile.

"Go to your room, then," he rejoined, "and sleep. To-morrow we shall talk by daylight."

IX

HE ROSE before sunrise and went to walk alone, while the world remained a mass of indigo fog under the trees. Few wanderers were abroad, and those, like himself, passed thoughtfully, specters wrapt in the cool dawn. A lonely ship, far out, moved like a toy along the violet band of morning sea. By the two white stripes on her smoke-trailing funnel Dan knew her for a British-India liner. Gliding toward the northwest, she already had caught the ocean sun, though here the land still lay under its own shadow, a nocturne of misty groves.

"Good old B.-I.," thought Dan. "She'd take a fellow part way home."

He watched her disappear behind great *pipal* branches, then continued his ramble. Without purpose he went on through the town, to where suburbs and jungle met in a leafy maze. Slim betel palms or whispering bamboo covered here the woven basket fence of a native compound, there the gateposts of some retired millionaire, whose name, painted in Chinese, the lessening gloom revealed, like bird tracks on the whitewash.

An old bell rang near by, with a sweet, half-slumbering tone.

Dan halted and looked about him, listening. The sound drifted from a garden shut in by high yellow walls mottled with brown stains. A bell tower, bearing a cross, rose above these walls, above a dense bosom of mango leaves. The garden gate was of solid timber, iron-bossed and studded; and over it, on the masonry, curved a text of inscription.

Down the road came a Malay farmer leading his horned buffalo, on whose rump sat a baby sucking sugar cane.

"What house is that with the bell?" asked Dan, for no reason except that he felt lonely.

The graybeard plowman stared at this ignorant young foreigner.

"Dead Men's Children," he grunted.

"What?"

"The House of Dead Men's Children," repeated the Malay.

His grandson, removing sugar cane from a sticky mouth, piped in precocious treble:

"Children of the Dead. They sing."

The buffalo swayed past with his keepers. Dan became aware that behind the garden wall children were singing a hymn in chorus. He waited, hearkened. Pink vapors wreathed upward from the mango and palm tops, to melt in the sunrise which now gilded the weather-worn cross. He could read the Roman letters arched above the gate:

"*Nam pater meus et mater mea derel n-quunt me,*" it ran, "*sed Jehova recipiet me.*"

Dan's reading was but little on the Bible, his Latin even less than Vulgate, but he pieced together the sense of that much.

"By Godfrey!" said he. "If I had the nerve, now. Orphans. Maybe I have."

He walked hurriedly along the jungle road, thinking and wondering.

It was late forenoon when he had taken his courage in hand and come back to the iron-studded gate of the garden. He knocked there. A wicket opened, and a brown-eyed woman, her forehead concealed by stiff white linen, peeped at him through the aperture.

"Can I see your head?" inquired Dan. "I don't mean yours—I mean the boss woman, the mother, the head sister. I don't know her proper title, but my business with her is very important. This is the convent for orphans?"

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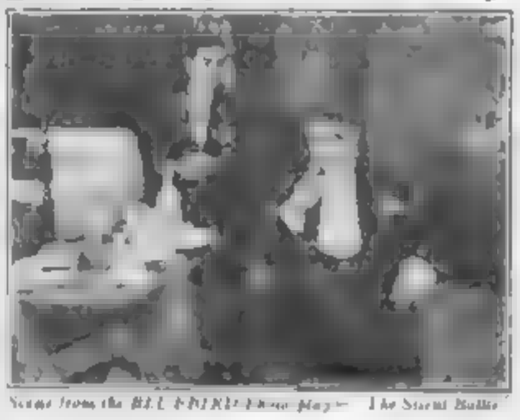
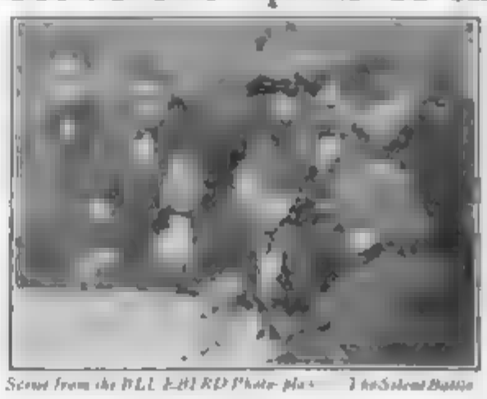
Paying enormous and unprecedented salaries to stars and making the play of *secondary*

consideration, has forced many a moving picture corporation to the wall. Casting the stars arbitrarily in parts that *do not fit* them, or shoveling together a "play" to meet the star's peculiarities, has made the public *uncertain* of its entertainment. It isn't the 5 or 10 or 25 cents that the public worries about, but the *disappointment* and the waste of time. And we claim that the practice is *decidedly wrong.*



Scene from the BLUEBIRD Photo-play — The Silent Battle

BLUEBIRD has been born to preserve the spirit of the drama and safeguard the



Scene from the BLUEBIRD Photo-play — The Silent Battle

public's admission fee. BLUEBIRD is founded on the *play.* BLUEBIRD searches the world for the best and most human plays, the kind of plays that *sustain* the interest, *thrill* the senses and *please* the emotions. And after a play has been declared good enough to be a BLUEBIRD, actors and actresses are secured to faithfully portray the parts. In other words we believe "*The play's the thing*"—the only thing that will positively assure the permanence of the moving picture as a source of absorbing entertainment.

We have a lot of stars in our employ and we cast them when they fit. But there is *no star*

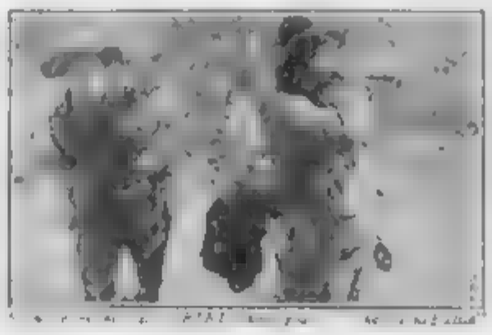
living who fits everything, and the play means more to the public than any individual. That's the basis for BLUEBIRD. We are a big

corporation and we have scores of stars, but these stars do not dominate our business and we regard them the same as we regard ourselves—*incidents* or *parts* of the big machine. We have to depend on the public for support, hence we've got to play fair with the public. The only way we can play fair is to buy the best plays we can find, the most logical, coherent, absorbing plots, and produce a good play every time. We want the public to follow the BLUEBIRD on the basis that the sign means an evening of delightful entertainment.

Scene from the BLUEBIRD Photo-play — The Silent Battle

"THE SILENT BATTLE"—(BLUEBIRD PHOTO PLAY) A powerful cinema

drama portrayed by a brilliant cast, each player precisely fitted to the



requirements demanded by the story, which graphically relates the silent struggle of a strong man against a powerful evil. Supreme in artistry, story and ensemble. A great play that we urge you to see.

Other recent BLUEBIRD Productions: "Shoes"—"Three Godfathers"—"Broken Fetters"—"The Love Girl"—"Grasp of Greed"—"The Secret of the Swamp."

If you are not seeing the famous BLUEBIRD Photo-Plays, you are missing the

finest pictures produced in the world. That you are missing them is your fault, for you can see all of them by simply *asking* the Manager of your favorite Theatre to show them. Ask today.

"If it's a BLUEBIRD, it's got to be good"

There is one unfailing way to secure hosiery satisfaction no matter what manufacturing difficulties exist

Unusual wear, the purity and quality of silk and dye are assured at all times by insisting upon

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Right now, more than ever before, your certainty of an unvarying high standard is the trade-mark PHOENIX on your hosiery

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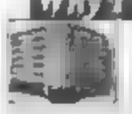
If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?



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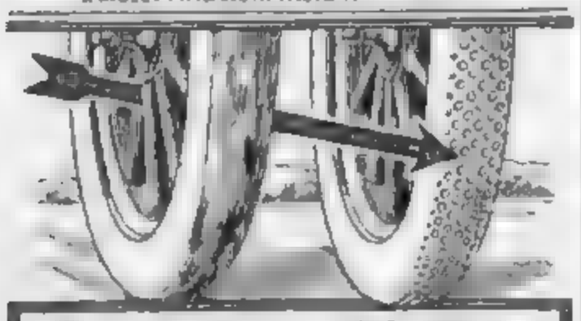

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The MOTOR OIL that's Clean
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Save Your Old Tires

Get 5,000 Miles More Service by "half soling" them with Goodyear Studded Tread—the same as European Motorists have been using for over three years. 10,000 American Motorists have done this in the last 6 months and are saving $50.00 to $200 a year in tire expense.

5,000 Miles Without Puncture is the signed guarantee you get with every Goodyear Studded Tread.

We Deliver Free [illegible] express and allow you to judge.

Special Discount offered to motorists in new territory on first shipment direct from the factory. Mail the coupon below for details. Be sure and put in your tire sizes.

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THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK
Buy it in the sealed glass jars.
The Best is always the Cheapest Substitutes cost YOU same price

"Come in, sir," said a gentle voice, not without a trace of amusement; and the gate swung open.

When he stood waiting in a small office room, he had not found any adequate form of words. There appeared nothing in his environment to help him; the room was a bare, cool, white cell, containing only two chairs, a table, and a dracæna flourishing green in a brass pot. He heard from a distance, from corridors or cloisters, the orderly murmur of young girls' voices repeating some lesson aloud. There seemed to be great peace among these invisible orphans.

A woman entered the room quietly; before he heard her step she was waiting and studying him. The curves of her white wimple shaded a face so calm, so pale and smooth that Dan at the first glance would have called it silly had he not met the penetrating intelligence of her blue eyes, filled with the wisdom of this world and with something deeper.

"Your business was important?" said this lady. "Sir, if you please——"

She motioned him toward one chair and sat down in the other.

"I'm not a religious man," said Mr. Towers. "You understand that, ma'am, to begin with. What I want is to leave a young girl in your care for six months or a year, if you'll take her."

The nun watched him across her table.

"How old is the girl?" she said.

Dan pondered this question.

"About seventeen, maybe."

"I'm afraid she would be much too old," replied the superior. "Our rules are strict. To receive instruction——"

Towers fell into the swing of his argument.

"Rules?" he cried. "Rules are no good when it's life and death. Just let me talk. See! One night I hauled a drunken Finn sailor away from a cabman, took him to the mission he had a card for, ma'am, and that mission wouldn't let him indoors because 'twas after eleven o'clock.

"Too late to save a soul or a body after eleven P. M. It's a fact. I saw it happen. You're not that kind, I can tell in your face. Rules——"

His hearer sat like a statue.

"Go on!" she said presently. "What of the girl's story?"

Dan waited for no second bidding. He told the tale as it had befallen: and, while talking, he had a conviction that the walls of this bare little office had overheard many such histories, many such echoes of human life.

"An exceptional case," declared the nun. "But we're poor. We have no funds to meet emergencies."

Dan sat ready for that objection. A man did not forego a holiday and a voyage home for nothing.

"Funds? I'll supply 'em," he promised. "Half a year or a whole year; then, if I'm alive, I'll come back and take her off your hands."

The pale, sagacious face regarded him curiously from under the starched vault of its wimple.

"Oh, do believe me, ma'am," he urged. "It's life or death. Outside there"— he made a gesture that included the world beyond the convent walls—"outside there, I tell you true, the bottomless pit's yawning open for that child."

"Yes, I know," came the answer. "And the roaring lion."

Silence followed. A clock somewhere ticked with solemn deliberation, and the green hanging ribbons of the dracæna in the brass pot went swaying mildly back and forth.

"Take her," Dan burst out again. "Take her, teach her everything!"

Suddenly his lean, freckled face grew all alight with a grin. "Teach her anything you please, ma'am, except convent music on a piano."

The nun placed her hand quickly before her lips; but she could not hide a longing for laughter in her pale blue eyes. She waited and regained her composure.

"You are a delightful young gentleman," she said. "I wish you would learn not to be scornful. It grieved me when you said you had no religion."

"Oh, I haven't got much," Dan confessed eagerly. "But I got more than that old stamp collector."

It was too honest. The good sister laughed outright and rose in a very pretty confusion.

"Beware! Remember the Pharisee," she retorted. "Bring your Parimban's daughter here, if you will, this afternoon. I shall be glad to talk with her."

■

A WEEK later, on May day, Dan walked as he had often walked before—the deck of an unknown and very untidy steamship. He read again the letter from Massie Brothers and Brent Ltd., which he had answered by the cable.

The same old game went on. He had accepted their offer, sailed away for another piece of work which required cheapness and daring.

"Your life, as they say, in your hands." So Mr. Cyril Massie put the case in his neat current manuscript. "You know I do not as a rule exaggerate."

Dan paused by the after rail and smiled at the churning wake below. Danger? The real danger was past—for the time left behind. He smiled, yet recognized he was by no means happy. Not this year, nor the next year, should he fulfill his dream of going home.

No, he was not happy; but as he watched the lather of foam and boiling blue pay out astern he acknowledged a fresh experience in life: for suddenly there came to him an inward messenger, tapping at the door of the spirit, declaring news which could not be gainsaid. Through the tropic glare, from beyond the bounds of ocean, arrived a certainty, a whisper to tell him, once for all, that his friend Parimban lay in his grave, under the pigeon-flower tree, content.

"My golly!" said Dan. "It ain't the end of our troubles, though. That girl won't stay inside a nunnery for long. Not her kind. Sugar and spice and gunpowder. No, sir. We'll hear of her again."

He turned away, and walked forward to make friends with the captain.

"I clean forgot"—he halted and whistled—"I clean forgot to ask those ladies if they were Catholics, or Protestants, or Escolapians, or what!"

He snapped his fingers at this unbusinesslike absence of mind; then resumed the thread of his thoughts.

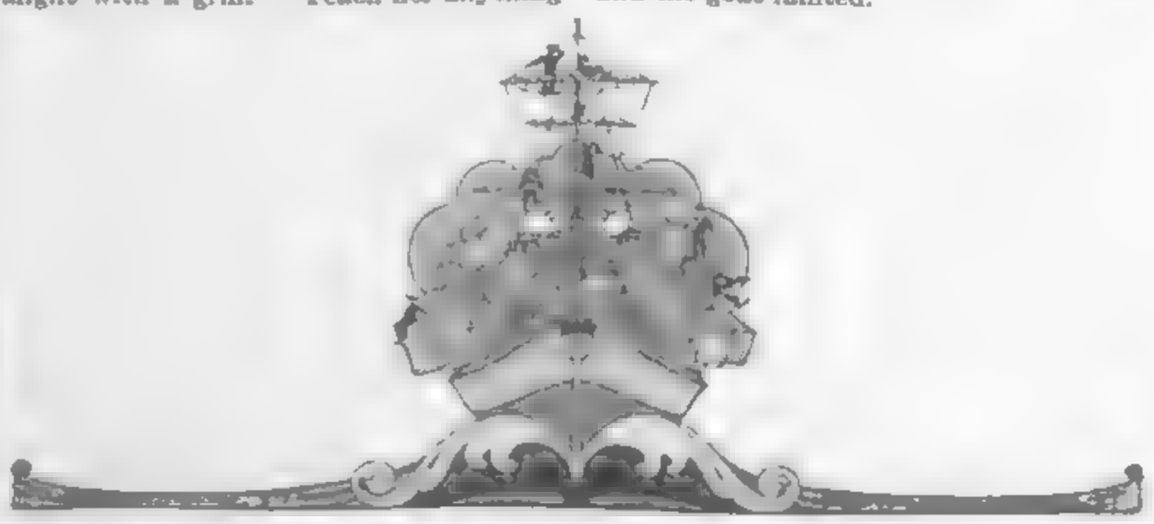
"Life in your hands, hey? A poor kind of life, not worth lugging round alone. I miss her fearful. Already. I certainly do miss that Leda, the little cuss."

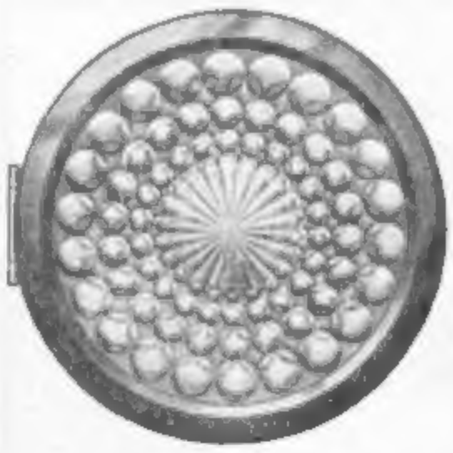
Dan stared at a green line of shore, narrowing, lengthening, sinking far behind to darken the ocean's rim.

"Vacation?" he laughed. "You don't need a vacation; what you need is funds. Got to come back after that child. Already. Funds. Go beat up for more, ye old pirate!"

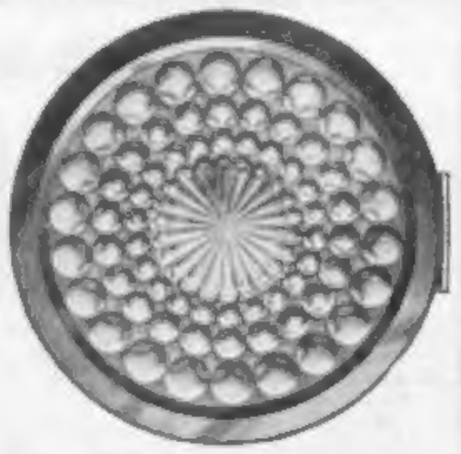
A Strength Test

A PARTY of English officers serving at the Dardanelles made a wager one day as to which smelled the louder, a goat or a Turk. To settle the wager a goat was brought into the Colonel's tent, and the Colonel fainted. When the Colonel was revived they brought a Turk into the tent, and the goat fainted.





Owners and Manufacturers of Automobiles



The Question:

Isn't it a fact that the question of perfect lighting for night riding has been a serious problem—very serious? The manufacturers are not to blame. They spend money lavishly in equipping with expensive electric lighting systems—but with all this thoroughness and expense, the results have been unsatisfactory—the light from your lamps was bad. They shot forth blinding rays of light—shafts or beams of glare that made night driving dangerous. So much so that driving at night was no longer a pleasure—nor safe; so much so that states, cities and villages were compelled to pass laws against automobiles with headlights giving a glare. These laws were for the protection of motorists as well as pedestrians—laws which every manufacturer, every motorist and every automobile club admitted were for the best interests of life and property. In many instances they were urged for adoption by automobile clubs.

The dimming devices are not supposed to give a driving light—they are there to give a faint light for parking cars. But motorists in sheer desperation attempted to use them for passing cars on dark country roads—and with sad results. They were utterly useless—this is not a mere statement—it is a fact, known and admitted by every motorist as well as every manufacturer.

As the laws of the cities demand that you shut off your glaring headlights, the laws of decency and the instincts of a gentleman demand that you turn them off when passing another car, and what is the result? You know—you are in almost utter darkness, and you must either stop altogether or slowly grope your way along the side of the roadway. Isn't this your experience?

* * * * *

The Answer:

The answer is the Warner-Lenz—not our answer, but the answer of tens of thousands of motorists, also manufacturers, who have given the Warner-Lenz the acid test—the test of driving in the city and country at night—the test of police authorities and the test in passing other cars. The Warner-Lenz gives man-made daylight for motoring at night. They take the place of the ordinary glass lenses in your present headlights. They diffuse the light and light up the road on both sides of your car and ahead of you—from 300 to 500 feet. They positively do away with the blinding glare prohibited by law. They eliminate the necessity of dimmers that are a menace.

The Warner-Lenz shows the driver the turns and corners before he reaches them and while he is turning. No other, that we know of, does that. Safety, pleasure and motoring etiquette all demand the Warner-Lenz in your automobile lamps. A courtesy you owe "the other fellow." Let your lamps reflect the light of a gentleman. The Warner-Lenz is not a lamp. It is simply a lens, and is easily attached to any automobile lamp of any size. This great invention carries the personal guarantee of Mr. A. P. Warner, father of the Warner Auto-Meter.

Indisputable Evidence—Over 200,000 Pairs Sold in Two Months

The Police Commissioner of one of the large cities, after issuing a certificate of approval of Warner-Lenzes, adds: "I believe the Warner-Lenz solves the headlighting problem," and he immediately ordered 51 pairs to equip all the police cars of his city.

Harry Newman, distributor of Chalmers cars in Chicago, when placing an order for 5,000 pairs, writes: "I have given Warner-Lenzes a very thorough test for all kinds of night-driving, both in the city and on dark country roads, and I find them not only entirely satisfactory, but an almost unbelievable improvement over the ordinary headlight."

The Chief Engineer of one of the best known cars, in ordering 26,000 pairs for full equipment, writes: "I have now been using Warner-Lenzes on my car for weeks, and find them very satisfactory. They not only give a beautiful light for driving in the city, but they also give all the light that I care for for night country driving."

Colonel R. P. Davidson, of the Northwestern Military & Naval Academy, Lake Geneva, Wis., equipped his ten Cadillac military cars with Warner-Lenzes. He says: "I wish to take this opportunity to express the satisfaction the Warner-Lenzes are giving on our military cars. Not only do they entirely eliminate the glare which is so annoying to anyone approaching the autos, but the light is so evenly diffused that the roadway appears as in daylight. We have tried a number of methods to obtain this result, but with no success."

David G. Joyce, of Chicago, writes: "I recently made a trip from Los Angeles to Chicago in a Packard car equipped with Warner-Lenzes. I was so impressed with them that I immediately equipped all my cars with Warner-Lenzes. They are wonderful both for cross country touring and for city work. In fact, for all conditions of motoring."

Barney Oldfield, racing driver, says: "Warner-Lenzes certainly are right. I will never drive a car with headlights that are not equipped with Warner-Lenzes. For city and country driving they surpass the headlight with the blinding rays. The time is coming, if not already here, when the glaring headlights must go. They are entirely unnecessary for night driving."

Dr. W. G. Coffey, Wheaton, Ill., says: "The lenses are great. I put them on my Hudson Super-Six and my wife has no fear of night driving, as it does away with the use of all dimmers and shows the sides of the road clearly."

Prices of *Warner-Lenzes* Per Pair

Diameter in inches	East of Rockies
5 to 9, inclusive	$3.50
9¼ to 10, inclusive	4.00
10¼ to 12, inclusive	5.00

West of Rockies 25c per pair extra

Please Read These Directions Carefully

To make sure of getting exact size, take out the glass from one of your lamps, lay it on a piece of paper and mark around it with a pencil. Then attach paper to coupon.

WARNER-LENZ

OWNERS—Order a pair from your dealer today.

BUYERS—Insist that your new car is equipped with Warner-Lenzes.

DEALERS—If you haven't already written to us, do so at once.

THE WARNER-LENZ CO., 918 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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THE WARNER-LENZ CO.
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Inclosed find (check, money order or cash), for which please send me prepaid one pair of Warner-Lenzes, with a guarantee that if not satisfactory money will be refunded upon return of the lenses within ten days. S. E. P.

Name _____

City _____ *State* _____

Name and Model of Car _____

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

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Velie Biltwel Six

Bigger - Better - More Power

Brings 500 New Dealers

ALL over the country the announcement of the 1917 Velie Biltwel Six has caused a genuine furore. Buyers and dealers alike have eagerly sought the opportunity to secure the new Six with its remarkable specifications and equipment at the low price of $1085.

The enormous facilities of A Mile of Velie Factory are required to keep up with the ever-increasing demand.

Five hundred new dealers have joined the Velie Sales Organization, and even now, so shortly after the announcement, the 1917 Velie Biltwel is appearing in large numbers in practically every community where good automobiles are sought.

Velie values are even greater this year than before. Eight beautiful, new body styles give a range of selection satisfying every need. The Touring car is larger, roomier and more graceful than ever. Timken axles front and rear, a more powerful Velie-Continental motor, multiple disc clutch, push button starter, with everything in and on—these are only indications of the values found throughout the car. Read the list.

Deliveries Now

See and judge for yourself. Ask for a convincing demonstration. The nearest Velie dealer can give you delivery now. Don't wait. After you have tried out the flexibility and power of the new Velie Six—after you have felt the luxury of high-grade leather and curled hair upholstery, and by comparison have seen the beauty of its new body and its mirror finish, you will agree that

Bigger—Better—More Power—Is an Assured Fact

Velie Motor Vehicle Co., 125 Velie Place, Moline, Illinois

Velie Biltwel Features

Six-cylinder Velie-Continental Motor—Timken Axles front and rear—Removable Cylinder Head for Inspection—Helical Gears in Motor, no chains—Enclosed Multiple Dry Disc Clutch—Hotchkiss Drive, no noisy torque arm—Spiral Gears in Floating Rear Axle—Remy Automatic Ignition—Push Button Starter—Double Bulb Headlights—Dashlight—All Wires in Metal Conduits—Rear Gasoline Tank—Vacuum Feed—Simple Rocking Gear Shift Lever—Luxurious Body, 4 inches longer—Unusually Wide Doors, easy to enter—High-Grade Leather Upholstery—Cushions Deep Tufted, Real Curled Hair—Long, Flexible, Underslung Springs—Expanding Tire Holder, no straps—Mirror Body Finish, 20 Operations Deep—Light of Weight—Economical of Fuel—Everything in and on, ready for the road.

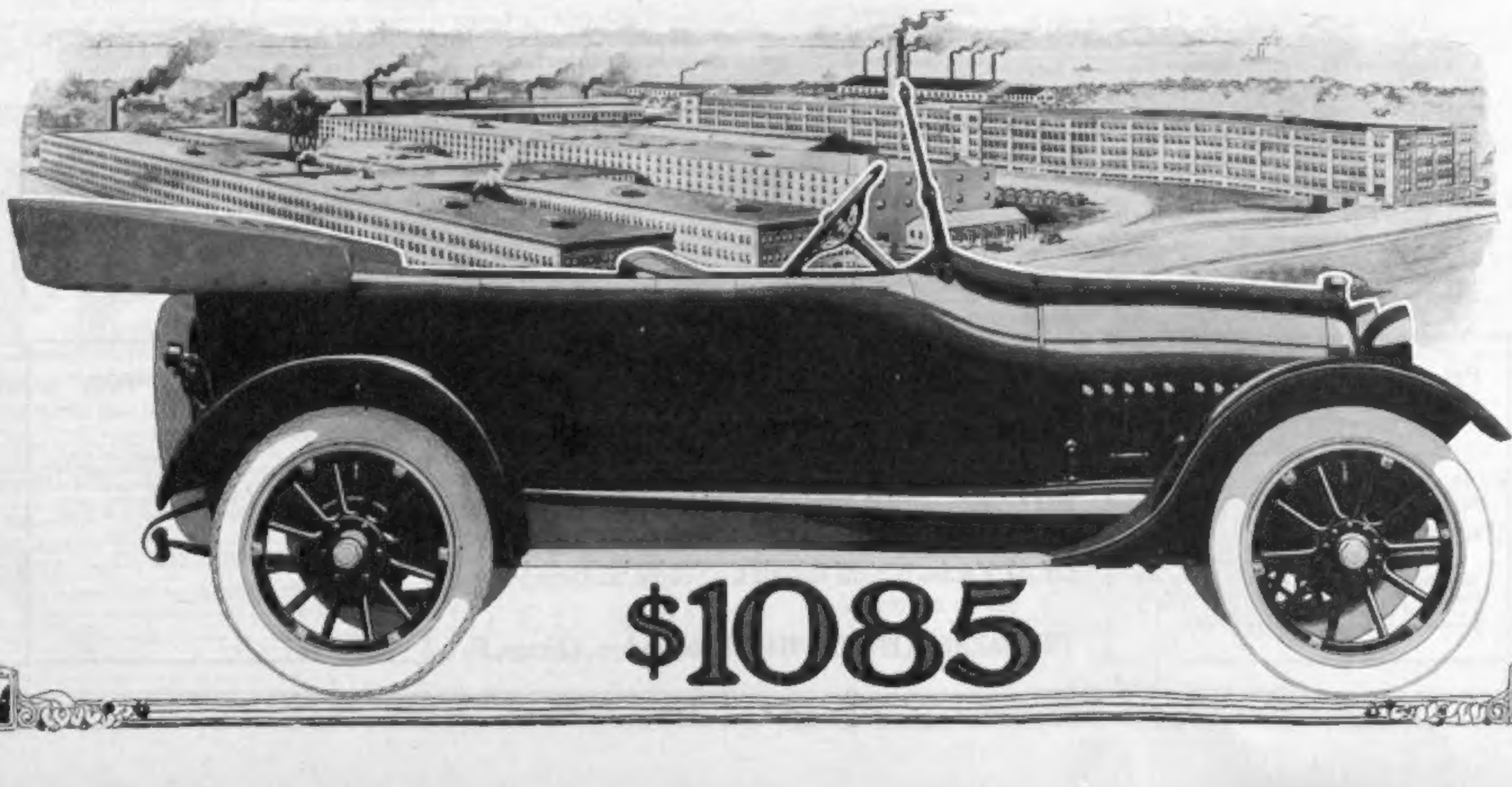
Eight Body Styles

Model 28, five-passenger Touring, $1085; four-passenger Companionable Roadster (original and exceptionally smart type), $1085; two-passenger Roadster, $1065.

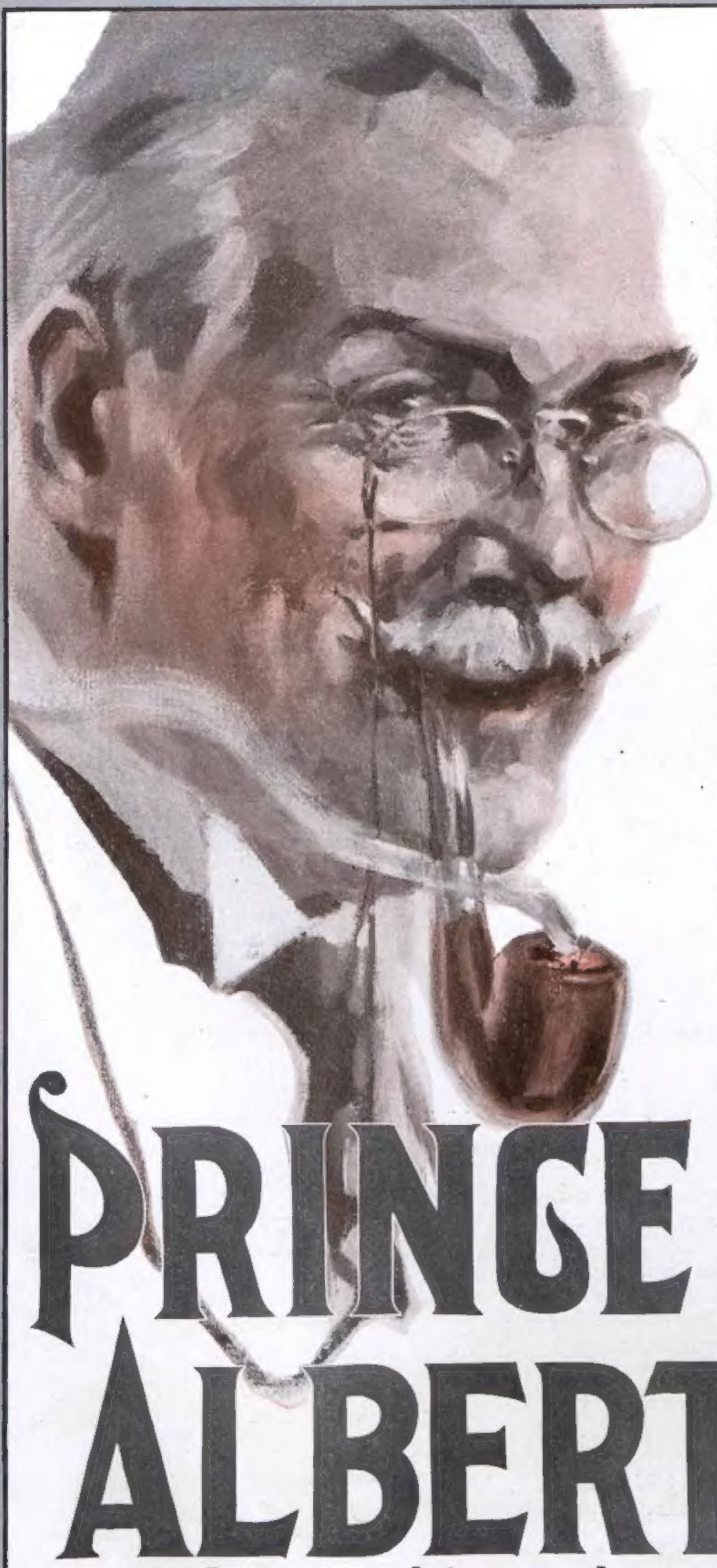
Enclosed bodies, exclusively designed: Cabriolet, $1485; Touring Sedan, $1685; four-passenger Sociable Coupé, $1750; Town Car, $2200.

Model 27, seven-passenger Six, completes the line; 124-inch wheelbase, 45 h. p., 35x4½ tires, 4-speed transmission. The utmost in luxury and refinement. Price, $1550. Ask for catalog.

See and judge for yourself. They are at your nearest Velie dealer's now.



$1085



Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors; and, in the clever pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such fine condition all the time.

P. A. quality wins men who smoke for real satisfaction!

Slip a few Prince Albert smokes into your system, then you'll uncork news that'll change your notions as to how good tobacco *can be* when your money *pays for quality!* For P. A. furnishes the kind of dividends that your smokeappetite craves. *It knocks clipping coupons all-hollow!*

Me-o-my, how multitudes of smokers all over the world have swung to P. A. and stuck to P. A.! That's because it makes good at any smoke angle! You can't hook P. A. up wrong with your taste desires *because it is quality right!* Which guarantees that delightful flavor, coolness and fragrance!

Add to this bunch of smokejoy that Prince Albert *can't bite or parch!* Bite and parch are *cut out* by the exclusive patented process by which Prince Albert is made!

Get the facts fast and straight as we bat 'em out! Then, lay in some P. A. *and get going!* It's only a question of *how soon!* You can't any more keep a P. A. smoking man off the Prince Albert firing line than you can make a kiddie believe candy isn't good!

Sure as you are foot high, you'll cheer for P. A. quick as you swing-in a few loads! Then, you too, will be singing that happy ditty: "The only match for Prince Albert is the one you fire up with!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Williams' Shaving Cream

The man who shaves wants lather. He wants a lot and he wants it quick. Lather has two jobs. One is to soften the beard; the other is to soothe the skin.

Williams' lather has made good on both counts for 75 years and Williams' Shaving Cream is this same old-time lather quality in another form. Lots of men prefer it—not because it's Cream but because it's Williams'. Get the big, generous Williams' tube. Squeeze a small bit on your brush or on your face, and watch the rich, thick, moist lather pile up!

That's the proof—lather; the kind that won't smart or dry on the face.

Williams' Shaving Soap comes in several convenient forms—

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid
and in round or square cakes

Send 12 cents in stamps for a trial size of the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer. Or send 4 cents in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder